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PRUDENCE PALFREY.

XIII.

JONAH.

MR. JOSEPH TWOMBLY was sitting on a high stool at a desk in the counting-room of Messrs. Rawlings & Sons, the Chicago bankers. It was after bank hours, and the office was deserted. The gray-haired head book-keeper, and the spruce young clerks who occupied the adjoining desks, had been gone an hour or more. The monotonous ticking of the chronometer, pinioned against the wall above the massive iron safe, was the only sound that broke the quiet of the room, except when Twombly made an impatient movement with one of his feet on the attenuated rungs of the stool, or drummed abstractedly with his fingers on the edge of the desk.

An open letter lay before him, and beside it an envelope bearing a Shasta postmark and addressed to Joseph Twombly at Rivermouth. This letter had just come to him inclosed in one of the deacon's, and was to this effect: —

SHASTA, CAL., *October* 31, 186-.

MY DEAR JOE:

You will probably be surprised to receive a letter from me after all these months of silence — or rather years, for it is nearly three years, is n't it? — since we parted. I have been in no mood or condition to write before, and I write now only because I may not have another chance to relieve you of any uncertainty you may feel on my account. I have thought it my duty to do this since I came to the resolve, within a few days, to give up my hopeless pursuits here and go into the army. If you do not hear from me or of me in the course of four or six months, you will know that my bad luck, which began in Montana, has culminated somewhere in the South. Then you can show this to my Uncle Dent, or even before, if you wish; I leave it to your discretion. Perhaps I shall do something in the war; who knows? It is time for me to do something. I am a failure up to date. I 'm not sure I am a brave man, but I have that disregard for life which well fits me to lead forlorn-hopes, — and I 've led many a forlorn-hope these past three years, Joe.

Ever since the day we said good-by at Red Rock I have been on the go. I have not stayed more than a month in any one spot, except this last half year at a ranch in the neighborhood of Shasta, where I went into the stock-raising business with another man (who did n't know I was the spirit of Jonah revisiting the earth), and would have made my fortune, if the cattle-disease

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had not got into the herd just as we were on the point of selling out at great profit. I was not aware that I had the cattle-disease myself, but I fancy I must have given it to the herd.

What had I been doing all the rest of the time? — for it took me only six months to ruin my friend the stock-raiser. I had been searching for George Nevins, Joe Twombly!

What a story I could tell you, if I had the heart and the patience to go over it all again! How I first heard of him in California, where I tracked him from place to place, sometimes only an hour or so behind him; once I entered a mining-camp just as he went out the other side, confound his cleverness! — how I followed him to Texas, and thence to Montana again, and from there to Mexico, where I lost trace of him; what I suffered mentally and physically in those mad hunts would not be believed if I could write it out! — how I worked my way from town to town, and from camp to camp, only halting here and there to earn a few dollars to help me on. Hunger, thirst, cold, and heat, I have known them all, Joe, as few men have known them. Shall I tell you — and that is the strangest thing! — what took the life out of me more than the poverty and the treachery and the rest? It was the conviction that that man, though I could not put my hand on *him*, had his eye on *me* all the while, — the certainty that I never went to sleep without his knowing where I lay down, that I never got up but he was advised of my next move, that I was under his espionage day and night!

I think my steps were dogged from the time I first left Montana, though I had no suspicion of it until long after. The suspicion fired me and gave me strength in the beginning, and then it paralyzed me, when I saw how easily he eluded my pursuit, and how defenseless I was. I could trust nobody. The fellow sleeping at my side by the camp-fire might be Nevins's spy. Every stranger that looked at me any way curiously sent a chill to my heart. Whether there were three men or a hundred employed to watch me, I cannot tell; but at every point there was some one to mislead me or balk my plan. The wilds of Montana seemed to be policed by this terrible man. Why did n't he kill me, and have done with it? I don't know. My life was in his hands, and is to-day. The sense of being surrounded and dogged and snared grew insupportable at last. Can you understand how maddening it was? I gave up the hope of meeting Nevins face to face, and only longed to hide myself somewhere out of his sight.

About six months ago I fell in with a man at Shasta, one Thompson, who owned a ranch twenty miles back in the country; he wanted help in managing his herds, and offered me a share in the stock. This business has just turned out disastrously, as I have said. Everything I touch turns worthless. It was a sorry day for you, poor Joe, when you joined fortune with me. I could sink a cork ship. I am Jonah without Jonah's whale. If ever *I* am thrown overboard, I shall be drowned, mark that!

I had to leave the ranch, and left it two days ago. The moment I put foot in Shasta, I felt I was again under the eye of Nevins's invisible police. I am not sure I shall escape them by going into the army. I am not sure, on patriotic grounds, that I *ought* to go into the army. My luck is enough to bring on a national defeat.

In all these thirty-six months, Joe, I had not heard a word from Rivermouth — until last night. I suppose you must have written to me; if you have, your letters missed fire. No one else, I imagine, has been much troubled about my fate. My dear old friend, Parson Wibird, is dead, and Miss Palfrey is going to marry his successor. So runs the world away! These two items of news gave a hard tug at my heart-strings. I got the intelligence in the oddest way. Last night, sitting on the porch of the hotel, I overheard a stranger talking about Rivermouth. You may fancy I pricked up my ears at the word, and invented occasion to

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speak with the man. He did not belong to the town, but he appeared to have come from there lately, and I gathered from him all I wanted to know — and more! Oh, Joe, there are things in the world that cut one up more cruelly than hunger and cold! But I can't write of this. I did not mean to write so long a letter; I meant only to let you know I was alive. Indeed, I am in frightfully good health. If I had been rich and happy, I might have been dead these two years. "There 's nae luck aboot the house!"

Good-by, my dear Joe. I hope you are prospering, you and your tribe. There must be a lot of you by this time! You continue, I suppose, to have an annual brother or sister? I trust Uncle Dent is well also. He is a fine old fellow, and I 've regretted a thousand times that I quarreled with him. But he *did* brush my hair the wrong way. I start from here to-morrow for the East. I have not decided yet whether to join the army in the North or in the West; but wherever I go, I am, my dear boy,

Your faithful and unfortunate friend,

JOHN DENT.

Mr. Joseph Twombly read these eight pages through twice very carefully, interrupting himself from time to time to give vent to an exclamation of surprise or pity or disapproval or indignation, as the mood moved him.

"Poor Jack!" said Twombly. "He is a kind of Jonah, sure enough, and I don't believe the healthiest whale in the world could keep him on its stomach for five minutes. What a foolish fellow to throw himself away in that fashion! Why in thunder did n't he tell me where to write him? October 31st. That 's more than a month ago. The Lord only knows what may have happened since then."

Twombly sat pondering for some time with his elbows on the desk; then he folded up the letter, and placed it in a fresh envelope, which he directed in a large, round, innocent hand to "Ralph Dent, Esq., Rivermouth, N. H."

XIV.

KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR MAID.

MR. DENT had watched the increasing intimacy between Prudence and the young minister with much peculiar, secret satisfaction, as the reader has been informed; and that afternoon, while she and Mr. Dillingham were gazing at the sunset through the embrasure of the fort, Mr. Dent, in spite of the pain in his ankle, of which he had complained earlier in the day, was walking briskly up and down the library, building castles for the young people.

When a man has reached the age of Mr. Dent, and is too rheumatic himself to occupy castles in the air, he indulges in this kind of architecture for the benefit of others, that is, if he has a generous nature; and Mr. Dent had a very generous nature. To see Prue well settled in life, and to have two or three of Prue's children playing around the arm-chair of his old age, was his only dream now. So, in constructing his castles, he added to each a wing for a nursery on a scale more extensive, perhaps, than would have been approved by either of the prospective tenants, if the architect had submitted his plans to them.

Mr. Dent had never asked himself — and possibly the question would have posed him — why he was so willing now for Prudence to marry, when the thought of her marrying had appeared so terrible to him in connection with his nephew. It was John Dent's misfortune, perhaps, that he was the first to stir Mr. Dent's parental jealousy; maybe Mr. Dillingham would have fared no better, if he had come first. At all events, he had come second, and Mr. Dent was far from raising objections.

He was in the sunniest of humors, this afternoon, contemplating Prue's possible happiness and his own patriarchal comfort in it, when Fanny

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brought in the evening papers, and with them the letter which Mr. Joseph Twombly had considerately mailed to Mr. Dent a few days before.

He tore open the envelope carelessly, recognizing Twombly's handwriting, but the sight of John Dent's penmanship gave him a turn. He ran over the pages hurriedly, and with various conflicting emotions, among which a sympathy for Jack's past and present sufferings was not, it is to be feared, so pronounced as Twombly's had been.

It was unquestionably a relief to know that Jack was alive and in good health; but it was a little unfortunate to have the letter come just then, when everything was going on so smoothly. The reflection that Jack might take it into his head to return to Rivermouth and insist on marrying Prue, was not agreeable to Mr. Dent. He had assented to this at one time; he had overlooked his nephew's poverty; but since then John Dent had not behaved handsomely to Prue.

Whatever Prudence's feelings were, this letter could but disturb her. It would set her to thinking of the past, and that was not desirable. But why show her the letter, at present? — he would have to show it to her if he spoke of it; why not wait until he heard again from Jack, whose plans were still with loose ends? He could not be put into possession of the Hawkins property or even informed that he was to inherit it, for the year specified in the will lacked several months of expiration. Moreover, the letter was one that for several reasons could not well be shown to Prudence; it spoke of her marriage as a foregone conclusion, — the very way to unsettle everything; and then what business had Jack to go and say there were things in the world that cut one up more cruelly than hunger and cold? What an intemperate kind of phraseology that was!

These reflections were struggling through Mr. Dent's mind when he heard the clatter of hoofs at the gate. He crumpled the letter in his hand, and thrusting it into his pocket, hastened out to the front door. In the middle of the hall he recollected what a bad state his ankle was in, and limped the rest of the way.

"Won't you stop to tea, Dillingham?" he cried, as he saw the young clergyman with one foot in the stirrup, Mr. Dillingham having dismounted to assist Prudence from the saddle.

"Thanks, my friend; but to-night, you know, is the night I am obliged to prepare my sermon."

With which words Mr. Dillingham touched his hat to Miss Palfrey, waved his hand smilingly to Mr. Dent, and rode away.

As Prudence came up the graveled path, with the trail of her riding habit thrown over her arm, showing two neat bronze boots, she was too much engaged with her own thoughts to notice Mr. Dent closely; at another time she would have seen that something had disturbed him. Mr. Dent was sharper-sighted, and he saw that Prudence was laboring under unusual excitement. Had Dillingham spoken at last? and if so, how had Prue taken it? He did not dare to conjecture, for he felt it would be a bitter disappointment to him if she had refused Dillingham.

"At any rate," Mr. Dent said to himself, "Jack's letter is not the thing for popular reading just now."

After tea Prudence told her guardian what had passed between her and Mr. Dillingham. He had asked her to be his wife, but so abruptly and unexpectedly, that he had startled her more than she liked. He had, without any warning, leaned forward and taken her hand while they were looking at the sunset in the bastion of the ruined fort; then he had stepped down from his horse, much as King Cophetua must have stepped down from the throne, and stood at her stirrup-side.

Prudence felt it would be dreadfully sentimental to repeat what Mr. Dillingham had said to her, so she did not repeat his words, but gave Mr. Dent the substance of them. The young man perceived that the suddenness of his action had displeased Prudence, and

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begged to be forgiven for that, and for the abruptness of his words, if they seemed abrupt to her; they did not seem so to him, for he had carried her presence in his thought from the hour he first saw her. If during the past months he had concealed his feelings with regard to her, it was because he knew his own unworthiness, and did not dare to hope for so great happiness as her love would be to him. He had betrayed his secret involuntarily; the hour, the place, and her nearness must plead for him.

"He really turned it very neatly," said Prue, trying to brush off the bloom of romance which she was conscious overspread her story, though she had endeavored to tell it in as prosaic a manner as possible.

"He 's a noble fellow!" exclaimed Mr. Dent warmly, "and is worthy of any woman, — the best of women, and that 's you."

"He is noble," said Prudence, meditatively; "and as he stood there, looking up at me, I think I more than half loved him."

"And you told him so!" cried Mr. Dent.

"No, I did not," said Prudence, with a perplexed expression clouding her countenance. "The words were on my lips, but I could not say them. I could not say anything at first; he quite took away my breath. When I was able to speak I was full of doubt. I do not know if I love him. I esteem him and admire him; he has genius and goodness, and I can understand how a woman might be very proud of his love; but when he asked me to marry him, it startled me and pained me, instead of — of making me very happy, you know."

Mr. Dent did not know at all; Prudence's insensibility and hesitation were simply incomprehensible to him; but he nodded his head appreciatively, as if he took in the whole situation.

"What did you say to him?"

"Almost what I am saying to you."

"But that was not a very definite answer to a proposal of marriage, it strikes me."

"I asked him not to refer to the subject again at present."

"That was dodging the question, Prue."

"I wanted time, uncle, to know my own mind."

In effect, Prudence had neither accepted nor rejected the young minister.

"Rather flattering, for a man of Dillingham's character and position," thought Mr. Dent, "to be kept cooling his heels in an anteroom that way."

"You see, uncle, it was too important a step to be taken without reflection. Thoughtless people should not be allowed to marry, ever."

"How long will it take you, Prue, to know your mind?"

"I don't know," she said, restlessly; "a week — a month, perhaps."

"And in the mean time Dillingham will continue his visits here just the same?"

"Just the same. I arranged all that."

"Oh, you arranged all that?"

"Yes."

"But won't it be a little awkward for everybody?"

"I suppose so," said Prudence, looking wretched as she thought it over.

Mr. Dent was too wily to say anything more, for he saw that if Prudence was urged in her present wavering humor to give Dillingham a conclusive answer, it might possibly be in the negative.

However, the ice was broken, that was one point gained; the rest would naturally follow; for Prue could not long remain blind to the merits of a man like Dillingham, after knowing that he loved her. Mr. Dent laughed in his sleeve, thinking how sly it was in the young parson to corner Prue up there in the old fort, and attempt to carry her by storm. A vague exultation at Prue's not allowing herself to be taken in this sudden assault, formed, in spite of him, an ingredient in the good gentleman's merriment.

Mr. Dillingham passed the following evening at Willowbrook as though nothing unusual had occurred between him and Miss Palfrey. If the beggar maid,

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instead of accepting King Cophetua on the spot, — as I suppose the minx did, — had reserved her decision for a month or two to consider the matter, the king could not have behaved meanwhile with more tact and delicacy than Mr. Dillingham exercised on this evening and in his subsequent visits.

Prudence carefully but not ostensibly avoided being left alone with him, and there was none of that awkwardness or constraint attending the resumption of purely friendly intercourse which Mr. Dent had anticipated.

Observing that the young people no longer rode horseback, Mr. Dent's ankle recovered miraculously, and the rides were resumed under his supervision; but the bridle-path leading to the old earthworks was tacitly ignored by all parties. Prudence and Mr. Dillingham had gone that road once too often if nothing was to come of it.

Mr. Dillingham retraced his steps so skillfully, and had come back with so good grace to the point from which he had diverged, that Prudence began to doubt if she had not dreamed that tender episode of the old fort, and to question if the old fort itself were not a figment. The whole scene and circumstance had become so unreal to her that one morning, riding alone, as she sometimes did now, she let Jenny turn into the rocky path leading to the crest of the hill, and secured ocular proof that the ruined earthwork at least was a fact. Standing there in the embrasure, she felt for an instant as if the young clergyman's hand rested on her own. That same evening Mr. Dillingham made it all seem like a delusion again by talking to her and smiling upon her just as he had done the month previously. But the recollection that he had asked her to be his wife, and that she had a response to make to the momentous question, now and then came over Prudence like a chill.

Rather vexatiously for Mr. Dent, somewhat restlessly for his ward, and perhaps not altogether happily for Mr. Dillingham, — however composed he seemed, — two weeks went by.

XV.

COLONEL PEYTON TODHUNTER.

At the end of those two weeks, Mr. Dillingham, who had not spoken to Mr. Dent relative to the position of affairs between himself and Prudence, took occasion to do so one December afternoon, as he was sitting with his friend before the open wood-fire in the library.

There is a quality in an open wood-fire that stimulates confidence; it is easy, in the warm, mellow glow, to say what would be impossible with other accessories to put into unreluctant words; there is no place like an old-fashioned chimney-side in which to make love or to betray the secret of your bosom.

Mr. Dent was in an unusually receptive state for the young minister's confidence. The slow process by which Prudence was arriving at a knowledge of her own mind did not rhyme well with her guardian's impatience, and was beginning to depress him. He had expected, as a matter of course, that his friend Dillingham would seize the first opportunity, and he had given him several, to broach the subject; but two weeks had elapsed, and the young man had not spoken. Mr. Dent drew a distressing inference from this silence. Perhaps while Prudence was pondering what to do, Mr. Dillingham was regretting what he had done. Mr. Dent ached to give the young minister an encouraging word; but he could not, without a sacrifice to his dignity, be the first to touch upon the topic. He desired above all things that Prudence should wed Dillingham, but he was not going to throw her at his head.

When Mr. Dillingham saw fit, then, this December afternoon, to break through his reticence, his friend welcomed the confidence eagerly. The younger man was gratified, but presumably not surprised, to find that Mr. Dent had his interests very much at heart.

"Nothing in the world, Dillingham, would make me happier," Mr. Dent

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was saying, with his hand resting on the young minister's shoulder, when Fanny came into the room and gave Mr. Dent a card.

"'Colonel Peyton Todhunter,'" Mr. Dent read aloud. "What an extraordinary name! Wants to see me? I don't know any Colonel Todhunter. Another subscription to the soldiers' fund, maybe. Show him in, Fanny."

"Perhaps I had better withdraw," suggested Mr. Dillingham.

"Not at all; the gentleman will not detain me long, and I have a great deal to say to you."

Mr. Dillingham rose from the chair and walked to the farther part of the library, where he occupied himself in looking over a portfolio of Hogarth prints. Presently Fanny, with a rather confused air, ushered in the visitor — a compactly-built gentleman somewhat above the medium height, with closely-cut hair, light side-whiskers, inclining to red, and a semi-military bearing. He wore, in fact, the undress uniform of an officer of artillery.

"Mr. Dent — Mr. Ralph Dent?" inquired this personage.

"Yes, sir; I am Mr. Ralph Dent."

"My name is Todhunter — Colonel Todhunter, of South Carolina."

Mr. Dent bowed somewhat formally, for he was an uncompromising Union man, and a South Carolinian colonel — a prisoner on parole, he supposed — was not a savory article to his nostrils.

"Of South Carolina?" repeated Mr. Dent, placing a chair at the colonel's disposal.

"Perhaps I ought to say, sir," said Colonel Todhunter, seating himself stiffly, "that I am in the United States army. I am one of the few West Point officers born in the South who have stuck to the old flag. Stuck to the old flag, sir."

Mr. Dent complimented him on his loyalty, and begged, with a slight access of suavity, to know how he could be of service to him.

"I come on very unhappy business; business of a domestic nature, sir," said the colonel, glowering at Mr. Dillingham as much as to say, "Who in the devil is that exceedingly lady-like young gentleman in the white choker?"

"Whatever your business is," said Mr. Dent, disturbed by this gloomy preamble, "do not hesitate to speak in the presence of my friend, the Rev. Mr. Dillingham. Mr. Dillingham, Colonel Todhunter."

The two gentlemen bowed distantly.

"I am the bearer of bad news for you, sir," said the colonel, turning to Mr. Dent. "Your nephew" —

"Gad, I knew it was Jack!" muttered Mr. Dent. "My nephew, Colonel Todhunter? I hope he is in no trouble."

"In very serious trouble, sir. In fact, sir, you must prepare yourself for the worst. In a skirmish with the enemy last month, near Rich Mountain, he was wounded and taken prisoner, and has since died. He was in my regiment, sir; the 10th Illinois."

Mr. Dent, who had partly risen from his chair, sank back into the seat. Though Jack's letter, when it came a fortnight before, had annoyed him, he had been glad to know the boy was alive and well, gladder than he acknowledged to himself. The intelligence of Jack's death, dropping upon him like a shell from a mortar, — for the colonel had acquitted himself of his duty with military brevity and precision, — nearly prostrated Mr. Dent.

"Dear me, Dillingham," he said huskily, "this is very sad."

He sat for several moments without speaking, and then, recollecting his position as host, he begged the young minister to ring for Fanny and ask her to bring in some sherry and biscuits for the colonel.

Mr. Dent took a glass of the wine mechanically, which he held untasted in his hand, leaving it to Mr. Dillingham to entertain the stranger.

"Did I understand you to say you were from South Carolina?" asked Mr. Dillingham, breaking through the thin ice of his reserve.

"From South Carolina, sir," replied the colonel.

"That is also my State," said the

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young clergyman. "I am distantly connected by marriage with one branch of the Todhunters, — the Randalls."

"I come from the Peyton branch, sir. I beg a hundred pardons, sir, but I did not quite catch your name when our afflicted friend did me the honor."

"Dillingham."

"Ah, yes, I recollect," said the colonel, fixing his eye abstractedly on the ceiling, and fingering his glass, "a Todhunter did marry a Dillingham; but it was one of the other branch. However, sir, delighted to make your acquaintance — delighted," and Colonel Todhunter, who had not spared the sherry, shook hands effusively with Mr. Dillingham, who immediately froze over again.

The conversation between them still went on, with a difference, and the colonel explained how he came to be the bearer of the mournful news just delivered. Young Dent had joined his regiment only a short time before, but he had taken a liking to the young man; saw his ability with half an eye, sir. Was terribly cut up when the report came in that young Dent was hurt. Dent had mentioned the fact of his uncle living at Rivermouth, and the colonel, being at Boston on private affairs, determined to bring the information in person. The report of Dent's death in the rebel hospital — or rather in an ambulance, for he died on the way to the hospital, sir — had reached the colonel as he was on the point of starting for the North.

After this the conversation flagged; the colonel made several attempts to leave, but the decanter of sherry seemed to exert a baleful fascination over him. Finally he departed.

"Upon my word, Dillingham," said Mr. Dent, "this grieves me more than I can tell you."

"I can understand your sorrow," said Mr. Dillingham softly. "I once lost a nephew, and though he was only a child, and I was very young then, the impression lingered with me for years. It was my first knowledge of death."

"I have known death before," said Mr. Dent sadly; "it is always new and strange." Then after a long pause: "I would like to have your advice on one point, Dillingham. Years ago there was a slight love-passage between Prue and my nephew, — a boy's and girl's love affair, which amounted to nothing; but for all that, this news will affect Prue seriously — under the circumstances. I am certain of it. How can I tell her?"

"Is it necessary to inform her immediately?" asked Mr. Dillingham, thoughtfully.

"I am afraid it is; there is, you know, a question of property involved."

"Of course," said Mr. Dillingham, "I would naturally advocate any step to shield Miss Palfrey from a thing likely to afflict her. So perhaps my judgment is not worth much; but suppose there should be some mistake in this? Colonel Todhunter's account, according to his own showing, is at second hand. It may or may not be authentic. Why take the darkest view of the case, while there is a chance to hope that he has been misinformed or deceived? Either of these things is likely. If I were entirely disinterested, I believe I should advise keeping this from Miss Palfrey as long as possible. In the mean time, with her mind undisturbed" —

"You are right; you are always right, Dillingham."

Mr. Dent grasped eagerly at the slight hope held out by the young minister's words. There was Lieutenant Goldstone, Goldstone's youngest son, reported killed at Big Bethel, reported officially; prayers were offered in church for the family, and they had gone into mourning, when young Goldstone announced himself at head-quarters one day, having escaped through the Confederate lines. This and two or three similar instances occurred to Mr. Dent, and he began to be sanguine that the worst had not happened. It would be a remarkable thing, indeed, if Jack, after passing three years unscathed among the desperadoes of Montana and California, should be killed within a week after setting foot on civilized ground,

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even in a state of war. Mr. Dent was one of those men who have the faculty of deferring the unpleasant, and seem, superficially considered, to be lacking in proper sensibility; while in fact it is the excess of sensibility that causes them to shrink, as long as may be, from facing what is disagreeable.

"Dillingham," he exclaimed, looking up quickly, "I hope Colonel Todhunter will not spread this rumor in town. It would be dreadful for Prue to hear it unprepared. Stories fly so! I wish you would hunt up the colonel and caution him."

"I will," returned Mr. Dillingham, "and I will do it without delay. I confess, however, that nothing less urgent would induce me to continue his acquaintance. I was not favorably impressed by him."

"Nor I. He likes his sherry," observed Mr. Dent, glancing at the empty decanter, and smiling.

"Much too well," said Mr. Dillingham gravely.

The young minister lost no time in returning to the hotel, and the first person he met was Colonel Todhunter, who had been refreshing himself at the sample-room attached to Ordione's grocery. The colonel was in so boisterous a mood that it was not pleasant to confer with him in so public a place as the doorway of the Old Bell Tavern, and Mr. Dillingham was obliged to invite the gentleman into the study.

During the four days he remained in town, Colonel Todhunter left very few sample-rooms unexplored. By sheer force of instinct, and seemingly without effort on his part, he went directly to every place where mixed drinks were obtainable. He made the acquaintance of everybody, spent his money with a lavish hand, and was continually saying, "Gentlemen, will you walk up and cool your coppers?" In less than twenty-four hours Colonel Peyton Todhunter was a marked character in Rivermouth, and stood deservedly high in the estimation of those gentlemen — mostly congregated at Ordione's grocery — whose coppers required periodical cooling.

Jeremiah Bowditch was seen flitting about the streets at this period, in a state of high cerebral excitement. He became almost ubiquitous under the colonel's inspiration, and nearly accomplished the difficult feat of taking two drinks at the same instant in two different sections of the town. Those were halcyon days for Mr. Bowditch.

Mr. Dillingham was grossly scandalized by the unseemly conduct of Colonel Todhunter, who, on the score of the far-off matrimonial alliance between their families, claimed a near relationship with the young minister, and insisted on dropping into his rooms at all hours of the day and night. "My cousin James," he would remark, a little pompously, to the admiring circle in Ordione's store, "has lost something of his hearty Southern manner since he came up North; but he's a good fellow at bottom." "Dill, my boy," he was overheard to say, one night, when the young clergyman was vainly remonstrating with him on the staircase of the hotel, "Dill, my boy, you're a trump, — you *are!*"

All this was very shocking, and for once the gentle face of Mr. Dillingham lost its serenity. The anxious, worn expression that came upon it showed how keenly he was suffering from the colonel's persecutions.

The day succeeding Colonel Todhunter's visit to Willowbrook, Mr. Dent drove over to town to pay his respects to the colonel, if he had not already gone, and to interrogate him more explicitly as to the sources of his information concerning the unhappy tidings he had brought. At the interview the day before, Mr. Dent had been too much distressed to inquire, as he afterwards wished to do, into the particulars of the case. The colonel was not in.

"Perhaps you are fortunate in not finding him," said Mr. Dillingham wearily. "He is drinking, and behaving himself in the most reckless manner. I have no doubt Colonel Todhunter is a warm-hearted, loyal person," — Mr. Dillingham would not speak unleavened evil of any one, — "and in the South his

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free, liberal ways would be thought nothing of; but here they seem strange, to say the least, and I shall be heartily glad when he clears out."

"I hope he has not been indiscreet about Jack," said Mr. Dent, uneasily.

"I do not think he has. I cautioned him, and he appeared to understand that he was not to mention the matter."

"But a man in his cups will talk."

"Still, I believe he has said nothing on the subject. I fancy he does not care enough about it. I trust to that for his silence rather than to his promise. I only wish he would go."

Mr. Dent went back to Willowbrook without seeing the colonel, who vanished from the town at the end of the week. But the fame of Colonel Peyton Todhunter was long kept green in Rivermouth, — in the confused brain of Mr. Bowditch, and in the annals of Ordione's grocery store, where the colonel had neglected to pay for numerous miscellaneous drinks. Fanny, the chambermaid at Willowbrook, used to allude to him as "that merry gentleman," his merriment (as Fanny afterwards confessed to Wingate, the coachman) having expressed itself to her in a most astonishing wink just as she was ushering him that day into Mr. Dent's library. Against the dull background of New England life the figure of the gay colonel of artillery stood out like a dash of scarlet in a twilight sky.

The gallant colonel had dawned on the Rivermouthians like the god Quetzal on the Aztecs, like Hiawatha on the Indian tribes of North America; and like them, also, he had departed mysteriously. A belief in his second coming, to inaugurate an era of gratuitous Jamaica rum, formed a creed all by itself among a select few. Mr. Ordione was very anxious to have him come again; but his was a desire rather than a belief.

The more Mr. Dent reflected on Colonel Todhunter's visit, the more skeptical he grew on the subject of his nephew's death.

"He's a rattle-brained, worthless fellow," said Mr. Dent, meaning Colonel Todhunter, "and I don't believe a word of it. But what could possess him to come to me with such a story? What possesses people to do all sorts of mad things? Maybe it was a drunken freak of the colonel's; perhaps he intended to borrow money of me, and forgot to do so. Very likely he borrowed money of Dillingham. I'll ask him."

Colonel Todhunter *had* borrowed fifty dollars of the young clergyman. Mr. Dent enjoyed that.

"You may smile, my friend," said Mr. Dillingham, acknowledging the fact, "but I was not so blind a victim as you imagine. I attached a slight condition to the loan, — that he should clear out on the instant. If he had suspected his strength he could have wrung ten times the sum from me. The colonel was an infliction, a positive agony, and I think I did very well to invest fifty dollars in his departure."

"You may rely upon it, Dillingham, that man was an impostor, and his purpose was money."

"I begin to fear so," said Mr. Dillingham. "It is disheartening to see a man of good average ability, like the colonel's, fallen so low."

Mr. Dent laughed, not at the unworldliness of the young clergyman, — that was rather touching to Mr. Dent, — but at the picture he had in his mind of the consternation and panic into which his friend must have been thrown by the insolent familiarity of the dashing Southern colonel during his sojourn at the Old Bell Tavern. The man had necessarily stayed at the same house, there being but one hotel in the town.

That Colonel Peyton Todhunter was an adventurer and a rascal was so excellent a key to the enigma of his raid on Rivermouth, that Mr. Dent in his heart forgave him, and felt rather under obligations to him for his moral turpitude. If the colonel had been a gentleman, Mr. Dent would have been forced to receive his communication in good faith; as it was, Mr. Dent was not going to give it the faintest credence.

"Must know Jack, though," Mr. Dent reflected; "must have known that

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Jack was not in the habit of writing to me, or the man would not have dared to come here with any such yarn. If the colonel is a sample of the friends Jack has picked up, I hope he has not picked up many."

The result of Mr. Dent's cogitations was that Colonel Todhunter's statement was a fabrication, at least the tragic part of it; the man must have had a general knowledge of Jack's antecedents and of his present surroundings, or he would not have been able to invent so plausible a story. The colonel was a bounty-agent, a camp hanger-on of some kind, and had come across Jack in the army. It was clear that Jack had carried out the intention, expressed in his letter to Twombly, to join the service; the rest was apocryphal.

Strengthened by Mr. Dillingham's view of the case, Mr. Dent concluded for the present to keep from Prudence the nature of Colonel Todhunter's visit, and also decided not to mention the letter which John Dent had written to Twombly. If it had not been for Parson Hawkins's will, Mr. Dent would have laid both matters before her now without hesitation; but he remembered how Prudence had recoiled at the mere suggestion of becoming John Dent's heir, — it was not to be wondered at under the circumstances, — and he lacked the courage to inform her of Colonel Todhunter's ridiculous report.

If Jack had actually been killed in action, it was not a difficult thing to obtain an official statement of the fact; if there was nothing in the story, it would be worse than useless to annoy Prue with it. The matrimonial question still remained open, and was sufficiently vexatious without other complications.

Prudence's capricious delay in making up her mind about Mr. Dillingham pressed more heavily each day on Mr. Dent. It was so unfair to Dillingham; but what could he, Mr. Dent, do? If he urged her to marry the young man, she would probably refuse. If he let matters take their own turn, they might be Heaven only knew how long in coming to a satisfactory end. In the mean time, there was John Dent likely to be alive or likely to be dead at any moment.

Mr. Dent's was an open nature, and to be the repository of secrets weighed him down. His face was a dial on which the workings of the inner man were recorded with inconvenient accuracy. Prudence observed her guardian's perturbed state, and attributed it to her own perversity in not loving Mr. Dillingham on the spot.

Though Mr. Dent discredited the colonel's assertions, they troubled him; but Prudence's procrastination troubled him more. Mr. Dillingham had borne it with noble patience, but he was obviously becoming restless under the suspense. A man may be a saint, yet, after all, there are circumstances under which a saint may be forgiven for recollecting that he is a man. Of the three people concerned, Mr. Dent was perhaps the most worthy of commiseration, though Prudence was far from being as unruffled and happy as she had the grace to appear.

The conference between Mr. Dent and the young minister, interrupted by the apparition of Colonel Peyton Todhunter that winter afternoon, was resumed a few days subsequently, and was most satisfactory to both parties. Prue's conscientiousness, which amounted almost to a flaw in her character, explained her hesitation in responding to his young friend's wishes. (That was the way Mr. Dent put it.) When she did give him her heart, it would be a heart of gold, and would be given royally. Mr. Dillingham did not regard this extreme delicacy as a flaw in Miss Palfrey; on the contrary, it heightened his admiration for her, and he would await the event with as much patience as he could teach himself.

"By the bye, Dillingham," said the amiable tactician, "I got a letter this morning from the War Department. My nephew is not down on the pay-roll of the 10th Illinois. I wrote to them relative to Colonel Todhunter. The colonel of the 10th Illinois is — what 's his name? — I declare it has slipped my mind; and there 's no such

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person in the regiment as Todhunter. Practically, I suppose there are plenty of tod-hunters in the regiment, but they are not so named."

Mr. Dillingham smiled, as one smiles at the jokes of one's meditated father-in-law.

"And so the man really was an impostor?"

"Of course he was. I suspected it the instant I set eyes on him," said Mr. Dent unblushingly.

XVI.

HOW PRUE SANG AULD ROBIN GRAY.

When, months before, Mr. Dillingham's intimacy at Willowbrook had given rise to those cruel stories which made Prudence half wish the young minister would fall in love with her, that she might refuse him and prove how far she was from dying of blighted affections, — at that time it had seemed a simple thing to Prudence to tell Mr. Dillingham that she valued his esteem very highly, that she wanted him always for her friend, but that she could never love him. One cannot be positive that she had not, in some idle moment, framed loosely in her thought a pretty little speech embodying these not entirely novel sentiments; but if this were the case, there was a difficulty now which she had not anticipated in the pronouncing of that little sentence.

Did she want to pronounce it? If such was to be the tenor of her reply to Mr. Dillingham, why had she not spoken the words that evening in the fort? There had been her time and chance to sweep all the Rivermouth gossips from the board with one wave of her hand, and so end the game. To be sure, Mr. Dillingham had confused her by the abruptness of his declaration; but she had recovered herself almost instantly, and ought to have been frank with him then and there. But she had been unable to give him an answer then, and now two weeks and more had slipped away, leaving her in the same abject state of indecision. Thus far Mr. Dillingham had shown to Prudence no sign of impatience; but her guardian was plainly harassed by her temporizing, and to Prudence herself the situation had grown intolerable.

She knew what her guardian's wishes were, though he had not expressed them, and his delicacy in not attempting to sway her, influenced Prudence greatly. She knew that her hesitation was adding to Mr. Dillingham's disappointment and mortification if she finally said No. He could not but draw a happy augury from her delay; for if, in grammar, two negatives make an affirmative, in love, too much hesitation is equivalent to at least half a Yes. She was not certain that her vacillation had not made it imperative on her to accept his addresses. She stood aghast when she reflected that without speaking a word, she had partly promised to be his wife.

The time when she could think lightly of putting aside his proffered love was gone; she shrunk now from the idea of giving him pain. Since Mr. Dillingham settled in Rivermouth her life had been very different, and if he passed out of it, as he must if she could not love him, the days would be blank again. Her esteem and friendship for him had deepened month by month, and during the past two weeks his bearing towards her, his deference, his patience, and his tenderness, had filled her with gratitude to him. There were moments when she felt impelled to go to him and place her hand in his, but some occult influence withheld her. There were other moments, for which she blamed herself, when the thought of him made her cold, a sense of aversion came over her, — an inexplicable thing. Mr. Dillingham was so wise and noble and conscientious, there was no one with whom to compare him. He had the stable character, the brilliant trained intellect, all the sterling qualities, in short, that — that John Dent had not had. He was not arrogant, or impetuous, or light-minded, as John Dent had been: he had a singularly gentle and affectionate nature, and yet — and the absurdity of

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the fancy caused Prudence to laugh in the midst of her distractions — she could not imagine herself daring to call Mr. Dillingham "James." It was twice as easy to say "Jack" even now. In her girlish love for *him* there had been none of these doubts and repulsions and conflicts! She had given him her whole heart, and had not known any better than to be happy about it. Why could she not do that now?

It was the oddest thing how, whenever she set herself to thinking of Mr. Dillingham, she thought of John Dent. There was no one to whom Prudence could appeal for guidance out of the labyrinth into which she had strayed. Mr. Dent could not offer her unprejudiced counsel; she had an intuitive perception of the unfitness of her friend Veronica to help her, and the old parson was in his grave.

It was positively necessary that she should come to some determination soon; but she was as far away from it as ever that afternoon when these thoughts passed through her mind for the hundredth time.

"Let me think! let me think!" cried Prudence, walking up and down her room with a tortoise-shell dressing-comb rather unheroically in one hand.

Unheroically? I suppose Ophelia twined those wild-flowers in her tresses with some care before she drowned herself. Medea and Clytemnestra would not make so graceful an end of it if they did not look a little to the folds of their drapery. One must eat, and drink, and dress, while life goes on. And if I show my poor little New England heroine in the act of putting up her back hair, — it being nearly six o'clock, and Mr. Dillingham coming to tea, — I feel that I am as true to nature as if I set her on a pedestal.

It was her chief beauty, that brown hair, and there were floods of it, with warm sparkles in it here and there, like those bits of gold-leaf that glimmer in a flask of Eau-de-vie de Dantzick when you shake it. She was arranging the hair, after the style of that period, in one massive braid over the brows, making a coronet which a duchess might have been proud to wear. The wonder of this braid was, it cost her nothing.

As Prudence set the last pin in its place, she regarded herself attentively for a moment in the cheval-glass, and smiled a queer little smile, noticing

> "With half-conscious eye,
> She wore the colors he approved," —

a cherry ribbon at the throat and waist.

"I'm growing to be a fright," said Prudence, looking so unusually lovely that she could well afford to say it, as women always can — when they say it.

There was a richer tint to her cheeks than ordinarily, and a deeper glow in her eyes this evening, and it did not escape the young minister, who, without seeming to see, saw everything.

When she came into the library where the two gentlemen sat, both were conscious of the brightness that surrounded her like an atmosphere. "Dillingham's fate is to be signed and sealed tonight," was Mr. Dent's internal comment; "there is business in her eye." But poor Prue's brave looks sadly belied her irresolute, coward heart. She had no purpose but to look pretty, and that she accomplished without trying.

It was Mr. Dillingham's custom to leave Willowbrook at ten o'clock, unless there was other company; then he kept later hours. There were no visitors on this occasion, and the evening appeared endless to Prudence, who paused absently in the midst of her sentences when the time-piece over the fire-place doled out the reluctant half-hours. It seemed to her as if ten o'clock had made up its mind not to come. Once or twice in the course of the evening the conversation flickered and went out curiously, as it was not in the habit of doing among these friends.

When the talk turns cold in this sort, it requires great tact to bury the corpse decently. Even with a gifted young divine to conduct the services, the ceremony is not always a success.

At half past nine Mr. Dent violated the tacit covenant that had existed between him and Prudence, by leaving her

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alone with Mr. Dillingham, — for the first time since it had become embarrassing to be left alone with him. They had been discussing a stanza in Lowell's Vision of Sir Launfal, and Mr. Dent had coolly walked off to the library on a pretext to look up the correct reading.

Prudence regarded her guardian's action as a dreadful piece of treachery, and the transparency of it was perhaps plain to Mr. Dillingham, who came to her rescue, for an awkward silence had immediately fallen upon Prue, by requesting her to sing a certain air from Les Huguenots, which she had been practicing.

Prudence was in no humor for music, but she snatched at the proposition with a kind of gratitude, and sang the passage charmingly, with a malicious enjoyment, meanwhile, in the reflection that her recreant guardian, hearing the piano, would know that his purpose was frustrated. And in fact, at the first note that reached the library, there came over Mr. Dent's face an expression of mingled amusement and disgust, in strange contrast with the exquisite music that provoked it. He stood with one hand lifted to a book-shelf, and listened in a waiting attitude, but when the aria was finished, he made no motion to return to the drawing-room.

Prudence sat with her fingers playing in dumb-show on the ivory keys, wondering what the next move would be. Mr. Dillingham, who had been turning over a portfolio of tattered sheet-music, took up a piece which he had selected from the collection, and came with it to the piano.

"I wish you would sing this, Miss Prudence. It is an old favorite of mine, and it is many years since I heard it. These homely Scotch ballads are not perhaps high art, but they have a pathos and an honesty in them which I confess to admiring."

As the young minister spoke he spread out on the piano-rack some yellowed pages containing the words and music of Auld Robin Gray.

Prudence gave a little start, and a peculiar look flitted across her face, then she dropped her eyes, and let her hands lie listlessly in her lap.

"But perhaps you don't sing it?" said Mr. Dillingham, catching her half dreamy, half pained expression.

"Oh, yes, I do," said Prudence, rousing herself with an effort, "if I have not forgotten the accompaniment."

She touched the keys softly, and the old air came back to her like a phantom out of the past. She played the accompaniment through twice, then her voice took up the sweet burden, half inaudibly at first, but gathering strength and precision as she went on. It was not a voice of great compass, but of pure quality and without a cold intonation in it. One has heard famous cantatrici, all art down to their fingernails, who could not sing a simple ballad as Prudence sang this, because they lacked the one nameless touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. "'Young Jamie loo'd me weel,'" sang Prue, —

"Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and socht me for his bride;
But saving a croun, he had naething else beside:
To mak that croun a pund, young Jamie gaed to sea;
And the croun and the pund were baith for me.

"He hadna been awa a week but only twa,
When my mother she fell sick, and the cow was stown awa;
My father brak his arm, and young Jamie at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray cam' a-courtin' me."

Mr. Dillingham, who understood music thoroughly, as he seemed to understand everything, listened to Prudence with a sort of wonder, though he had heard her sing many a time before. The strange tenderness and passion there was in her voice brought a flush to his pale cheek, as he leaned over the end of the piano, with his eyes upon her.

"My father couldna work, and my mother couldna spin;
I toiled day and nicht, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and wi' tears in his ee,
Said, Jenny, for their sakes, oh, marry me!

"My heart it said nay, for I looked for Jamie back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack:

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The ship it was a wrack — why didna Jamie dee?
Or why do I live to say, Wae 's me?

"My father argued sair; my mother didna speak;
But she lookit in my face till my heart was like to break;
So they gied him my hand, though my heart was in the sea;
And auld Robin Gray was gudeman to me."

It was with unconscious art that Prudence was rendering perfectly both the sentiment and the melody of the song, for her thought was far away from the singing. It was a day in midsummer; the wind scarcely stirred the honeysuckles that clambered over the porch of the little cottage in Horseshoe Lane; John Dent was telling her of his plans and his hopes and his love; it was sunshine and shadow, and something sad; again he was holding her hand; for an instant she felt the touch of his lips on her cheek; then she heard the gate close, and the robins chattering in the garden, and the tears welled up to Prue's eyes, as she sang, just as they had done that day when all this had really happened. And still the song went on: —

"I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When, sitting sae mournfully at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it he,
Till he said, I 'm come back for to marry thee.

"Oh, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say;
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away:
I wish I were dead" —

Suddenly something grew thick in Prudence's throat; the dual existence she was leading came to an end, and the music died on her lip. She looked up, and met the young clergyman's eyes glowing upon her.

"I — I can't sing it, after all," she said, with a wan look. "I will sing it another time."

Then she pushed back the piano-stool abruptly, hesitated a moment, and glided swiftly out of the room.

Mr. Dillingham followed her with his eyes, much mystified, as he well might have been, at Prudence's inexplicable agitation and brusqueness. He leaned against the side of the piano, waiting for her to return; but she did not come back again to the drawing-room.

In a few minutes Mr. Dent appeared, and could scarcely control his astonishment at finding the young minister alone.

It was as plain to Mr. Dent as one and one make two (though they sometimes refuse to be added together) that events had culminated during his absence. He had intended they should; but there was a depressing heaviness in the atmosphere for which he was not prepared. He did not dare to ask what had happened.

Mr. Dillingham was ill at ease, and after one or two commonplace remarks, he said good night mechanically and withdrew.

"She has thrown him over, the foolish girl!" muttered Mr. Dent, as he went gloomily up-stairs with his bedroom candle in his hand, "and I am devilishly sorry."

For my part, I think the young minister's fortunate star was not in the ascendant that night, when he asked Prue to sing Auld Robin Gray.

T. B. Aldrich.

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FANCIES.

I.

An Oriole.

How falls it, Oriole, thou hast come to fly
In tropic splendor through our northern sky?

At some blithe moment was it nature's choice
To dower a scrap of sunset with a voice?

Or did some orange tulip, flaked with black,
In some forgotten garden, ages back,

Yearning toward heaven until its wish was heard,
Desire unspeakably to be a bird?

II.

A Humming-Bird.

When the mild gold stars flower out,
As the summer gloaming goes,
A dim shape quivers about
Some sweet, rich heart of a rose.

If you watch its fluttering poise,
From palpitant wings will steal
A hum like the eerie noise
Of an elfin spinning-wheel.

And then from the shape's vague sheen
Deep lustres of blue will float,
That melt in luminous green
Round a glimmer of ruby throat.

But fleetly across the gloom
This tremulous shape will dart,
While searching for some new bloom,
To quiver about its heart.

And you, with thoughts of it stirred,
Will dreamily ask of them:
"Is it a gem, half bird?
Or is it a bird, half gem?"

III.

A Bat.

Hap-hazard hybrid that one sees,
Half bird, half reptile, fluttering thro

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Those sultry twilights, when the trees
  Loom breezeless on the dreamy blue;
Strange, blundering mongrel of the air,
At random war with here and there,
  Now wheeling wild and swooping now;
In what mad mood did nature please
Her sweet, rich harmonies to scare
  With such dark dissonance as thou?
  Shape that unseemliest traits endow,
Grotesque, chimeric, cold, impure,
With Satan's wings in miniature!

Nay, is it that thou lingerest here
  As the last-left weak heir of what
Survives from many a wrecking year
  In shadowy fable, trusted not?
Does altered time in thee behold
One waif from horrors manifold,
  Ghoul, griffon, dragon, ouphe, gnome, sprite,
That living shook the earth with fear,
And dying when the earth was old,
  In mockery of their crumbled might,
  Foredoomed to thee thy dismal flight
Through lands where once, by dread dismay,
Thine awful ancestry held sway?

IV.

A Toad.

Blue dusk, that brings the dewy hours,
  Brings thee, of graceless form in sooth,
Dark stumbler at the roots of flowers,
  Flaccid, inert, uncouth.

Right ill can human wonder guess
  Thy meaning or thy mission here,
Gray lump of mottled clamminess,
  With that preposterous leer!

But when I meet thy dull bulk where
  Luxurious roses bend and burn,
Or some slim lily lifts to air
  Its frail and fragrant urn,

Of these, among the garden ways,
  So grim a watcher dost thou seem
That I, with meditative gaze,
  Look down on thee and dream

Of thick-lipped slaves, with ebon skin,
  That squat in hideous dumb repose,
And guard the drowsy ladies in
  Their still seraglios!

Edgar Fawcett.

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BEHIND THE CONVENT GRILLE.

ONE route to Montreal is straight up the Vermont Central Railway, and means nothing more than fifteen hours' transit over a country of little interest; another is by way of Lakes George and Champlain to Ogdensburg, and thence by steamer down the St. Lawrence, sliding delightfully over all the Rapids and under the Victoria Bridge, until one steps on shore at the Pier Jacques Cartier, near the Bonsecours Market, and feels one's self already in foreign lands. This route takes a little more than twice as much time, and is rather more expensive, but yet is much to be preferred; at least so decided the band of adventurous spirits whose observations are to be recorded, and who hereby introduce themselves as Alix, expensionnaire of the Convent-School of Hochelaga, conducted by the Sisters of the Order of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary; Miselle, the matron of the party; and her two daughters, St. Ives and Bud; the former a young lady at the age when "they want to know, you know," and the latter aged only twelve, but yet the most important person of the expedition, since its purpose was to place her at the abovenamed school, should the young lady herself find it attractive, and her mamma find herself satisfied not only with the educational and hygienic system pursued by the sisters, but with their pledges of non-interference with the religious principles transmitted in a straight line to little Bud from heroic Plymouth Rock.

A short but spirited combat between Alix and a hackman, called in Montreal a carter, resulted in engaging a carriage at a moderate price; and a selection having been made from a pile of luggage so large that the carter muttered impertinent allusions to the necessity for a dray to carry it, the tired, happy travelers crowded themselves and two boxes into the carriage and drove merrily away upon the Hochelaga road.

"I will just state, my dear friends," remarked Alix calmly, "that the convent doors are hermetically sealed at nine o'clock every evening, and that it is now half past that witching hour. I will add, moreover, that there is neither knocker nor bell attached to the outer doors, the profane world being absolutely excluded after hours." The exclamations, questions, and propositions induced by the information thus tardily conveyed were not yet exhausted in variety when the carriage paused before the closed gates of a large building, its façade of gray stone surmounted by a colossal statue of the Mother and Child glimmering ghostly white in the moonlight. The dim figure of a man started from the shadow of the wall, exchanged some words of Canadian *patois* with the carter, and then throwing open the gates, ran before the carriage up to the house, upon whose many windows the moonlight glittered, but whence shone no other light.

"The doors are closed, madame; the ladies are at their prayers and will see no one, I assure you," said the carter, already calculating his charges for driving back to a hotel in the city.

"Hold, my friend! I will run round to the nuns' house; they will be there, and I shall make them hear; wait but a little!" And the good-natured shadow ran clattering round the end of the building, and could presently be heard hammering upon some door in the rear and shouting in what may be called a style of respectful vociferation. Relying upon the success of his efforts the travelers dismounted and softly climbed the steps of the grand portico, their steps and voices involuntarily subdued to the tone of the moonlight night, the sleeping nunnery, the hoarse murmur of the mighty St. Lawrence hastening toward

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the sea. This novel feeling was not diminished when on reaching the great doors they found one leaf drawn noiselessly back, and saw standing upon the threshold the slender figure of a woman draped in clinging black, a long veil of the same hue flowing from the back of her head, and a coif of transparent white muslin closely surrounding a pale and beautiful face whose dark eyes rested in calm inquiry upon the faces of the strangers.

"Sister Antoinette! Don't you know me? Are not we expected? I wrote to Sister Marie" — began Alix confusedly, and a faint smile of recognition stirred the pale lips of the nun as she laid her finger-tips upon the shoulders of the former pupil, and lightly touched her upon either cheek, while she said in French, —

"You are very welcome, Alix, and she ladies your friends. You were expected this morning. Come in."

She turned as she spoke, and led the way through a vestibule closed at the farther end by folding doors fitted with a lock but no latch, and with a movable panel through which all visitors are inspected and interrogated before proceeding farther. If they come simply upon business they are answered and dismissed without penetrating farther; if to visit one of the pupils, or to make inquiries relative to placing a new one, or to speak with one of the sisters who attend to the outside business of the convent, they announce their wishes to the portress as she stands framed in the open panel, and she by pulling a cord opens a door, giving entrance from the vestibule to an ante-room and thence to a long and handsomely decorated drawing-room; the door closes as noiselessly as it has opened, and the guest finds himself inside the convent indeed, but as completely shut off from all communication with the interior as if he had remained outside. The sister portress meantime sends word to one of the directresses of the young ladies that Miss So-and-so is wanted "at parlor," to speak with her father, brother, mother or sister, as the case may be, and usually the sister attends the girl down, greets the visitor courteously, and having seen that all is as it should be, withdraws, leaving the pupil and her relative together.

All these formalities were, however, omitted in the case of our travelers, and unlocking the door of the vestibule, which she had jealously closed behind her, Sister Antoinette showed them into a little reception room, where some one had already placed a lamp, and went to call Sister Marie. Miselle, attracted by the glimpse she had already caught of the *terra incognita* around her, lingered at the door instead of decorously seating herself upon the sofa pointed out to her, and feasted her eyes upon a scene not often to be chanced upon at this day and within a few miles of the borders of New England. A wide and lofty hall led straight from the entrance doors to the doors of the chapel opposite, and this hall was intersected by a long corridor running the length of the building, the two forming a cross, one arm pointing to the world and one to the church. At the point of intersection hung a lamp, its faint light flickering upon lofty ceilings, dim corridors, pillars, arches, paintings, statues, a few dim, black-robed figures gliding in or out of the chapel and disappearing in the gloom which hid its extent; a faint odor of incense still hung upon the quiet air, and Miselle was wondering if it could really be that yesterday she was in Massachusetts, when a door swung noiselessly open, and a tiny, black-robed figure glided across the hall toward the reception room. Miselle retreated, and the next moment a lady entered the room, cordially embraced Alix, and greeted her companions with a graceful ease savoring more of courts than convents, and with a hospitable warmth not to be learned in courts. Miselle admired her at first sight, believed in her as soon as she heard her voice, and before the month of her sojourn was over loved her dearly, and must always love, and believe in, and admire her, in spite of opposing creeds and utterly divergent schemes of life.

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A young girl, dressed in the black robes and white veil of a novice, presently appeared and quietly laid the cloth, and in a very little while served an excellent "meat-tea," of which the travelers stood in considerable need. The little novice waited upon the table with a quiet grace that, as St. Ives subsequently remarked, formed rather a cruel contrast with such ministrations as mere money can procure. This sort of service seems to enter into the lessons of humility and self-denial which are among the first inculcated upon the mind of the young *religieuse*, and it is to be hoped may prove as beneficial to her as it is charming to the recipients. Sister Marie also assisted from time to time in the service, and Miselle urged her to sit down and partake with them, until she pleasantly replied, —

"Thanks, madame, but we never take anything out of our own refectory unless when we visit other convents;" and Alix added, —

"No, indeed! I remember how you used to take us girls into Montreal shopping, and when we went to the confectioner's and devoured all sorts of dainties, you never would touch a thing, but sat aside so patient and amiable, although you must have been hungry too."

"You remember your convent life with pleasure then, my child," replied Sister Marie, leading away from her own habits with easy grace; and it was not the last time that Miselle observed this airy barrier erected between the world and a careless discussion of conventual customs and rules, although serious questioning was usually met in a spirit of frankness and candor.

Tea over, the travelers were conducted to one of the six bedrooms devoted to guests or to parlor boarders; a charmingly white, nice, plump little bed stood in each corner of the room, and Sister Marie proposed that *la petite* should remain with her friends instead of going to the dormitory for some days at least.

The next morning was Sunday, and Miselle was awakened by strains of harmony so sublime, so penetrating, so thrilling, that at first she thought it must be the continuance of a celestial dream, for never had she supposed such music possible on earth. She roused her companions, and Alix, listening a moment, sleepily explained, —

"It's the nuns in chapel practicing for vespers. Splendid, isn't it? The organist is one of the sisters too; that Jenny Lind voice is Sister ——; she might have made her fortune as an opera-singer; they have the best voices in Montreal here."

Alix's own voice trailed off into slumber, and Miselle, softly opening the door, stood listening to such music as no opera-singer could ever make, no paid choir ever utter; for neither the hope of fame nor the hope of riches can awaken or feign the ecstasy of adoration, of love, of beseeching, that thrilled through that *Stabat Mater* and *Gloria in Excelsis*.

A few days after their arrival, Sister Marie escorted her guests over the entire convent, which consists of two parallelogrammic buildings connected by the chapel. Of these the one facing the road is the *pensionnat*, containing, besides the great drawing-room already described, and some smaller sitting-rooms, an apartment called the bishop's parlor, and another containing a collection of stuffed birds, curiosities, and specimens of drawing, fancy-work, etc., made by the pupils. Below these are the kitchens and refectories for both pupils and nuns, and on the floor above are the airy and spacious class, recreation, and music rooms. Above these again are the dormitories, with their rows of little white beds, and ample arrangements for bathing. Above the dormitories is the flat, graveled roof, with the great statue of the Virgin Mother with her baby in her arms, serenely holding watch over all; and here the sisters come sometimes at sunset to breathe the pure air, and look at the wide landscape, with the city at their right hand, and the great river close in front, and the mountain dominating the whole, the same mountain

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that Jacques Cartier climbed more than three hundred years ago, and named Mount Royal.

Descending to the first floor, the visitors pass from the pensionnat into the chapel, first covering their heads with some of the black or white net veils used by the pupils for this purpose, since it is considered irreverent for women to enter the presence of the blessed sacrament uncovered. Sister Marie leads the way to the upper end of the chapel, sinks light as thistle-down to her knees as she reaches the steps leading to the altar, whispers a few words, and rising, leads the heretics, a little puzzled as to what is proper for them to do under the circumstances, past the altar to the sacristy, where she exhibits some magnificent robes of various colors and degrees, and promises her guests that they shall see the finest of them all upon the 4th of August, when certain new sisters are to be admitted and grand ceremonials observed. From the sacristy the party pass through a small sitting-room where, after mass, which must be said fasting, the priest is usually served with some refreshment, to a large, bare room called the nuns' parlor, where they receive their female relatives and friends. On the floor above are several similar rooms: one devoted to the ring-sisters, or those who have accepted the ring which seals them irrevocably to the church; another for the black-veiled sisters, or those who have assumed the dress and provisional vows; and others for the novices and lay-nuns, of which latter class more hereafter. Above these sitting-rooms, furnished in the barest and most comfortless manner consistent with perfect neatness and wonderful cleanliness, are several large work-rooms, where all the garments worn by the sisters, even to the shoes, are manufactured, and much of the sewing for the pupils. Several sewing-machines stood ready for use, and Miselle was glad to hear that her own favorite was the most popular of these, and regrets that "circumstances over which," etc., forbid her to mention which it is; upon this floor, also, is a very attractive oratory lighted by two windows of stained glass, one of the many gifts of the Valois family, the founders of the convent. The upper story is devoted to the dormitories of the nuns, who no longer enjoy, as in the days of old romance, separate little cells, but are all accommodated in three or four large chambers, in the same fashion as the pupils.

Having thus seen the entire building, the party returned to their own quarters, pausing, as they reached the great entrance hall, to read the inscriptions at each side of the central door of the chapel. These were, —

"Deo Omnipotenti Maximo hoc Templum consecratum fuit die 28 Augusti, A. D. 1860." And, —

"Sanctissimo Nomini Mariæ ex munificentia Simonis Valois."

Above the three doors were the respective shields of his Holiness the Pope, of the Bishop of Montreal, and of the community itself.

"And who was Simonis Valois?" asked Miselle, spelling out the inscription.

"Our revered benefactor, and the founder of our house. You shall see his tomb in the subterranean chapel," said Sister Marie; and then with all the enthusiasm of a truly grateful nature, she went on to tell how the Community of the Holy Nuns of Jesus and Mary, founded in 1844 by three pious ladies of Longueil, who took for their convent the small private house occupied by one of their number, struggled on for fifteen years surrounded by every difficulty and discouragement, until it happily attracted the attention of Mons. Simon Valois, a benevolent and pious Canadian gentleman who had retired to Pied-du-Courant, as the point of the St. Lawrence opposite the convent is called, to enjoy the fruits of his successful mercantile career. This gentleman not only aided the infant community in establishing some of its missions, and in other ways, but entirely at his own expense built and presented to them the portion of the present convent known as the nuns' house, and the chapel connected with it. For

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several years the front of the chapel formed the façade of the building; but, as the community prospered, it erected at its own expense the pensionnat, shaping it in uniformity with the nunnery, and connecting it with the chapel through what had been the outer doors of the latter. Mons. Valois also bestowed upon the sisters the use and privilege of about thirty acres of land adjoining the immediate grounds of the convent, and this land is farmed with great success, partly by the lay-nuns and partly by hired male labor.

Having finished his work this good man went to his reward, and after magnificent obsequies, at which all Montreal assisted, he was laid in the tomb which forms the principal feature of the subterranean chapel of the house, which is itself his best monument. His surviving family, who still live nearly opposite the convent, continue his fostering care for the institution.

A day or two after the arrival of the travelers, they received in their apartment a visit from a tall and stately lady in the prime of her rich beauty, whom Alix joyfully greeted as "mother," and to whom she presented her friends, each of whom the mother lightly kissed upon both cheeks, and welcomed to the convent with a grace nothing short of majestic.

"I am so much occupied that I have but little time for my friends, but if I can serve you in any manner, I shall be the obliged one," were her parting words, and it was very pleasant to believe that she meant what she said.

"What a perfect lady!" exclaimed one as she closed the door.

"A lady superior," remarked another; and Alix added, —

"Not only a perfect lady, but a woman of most uncommon ability. It was she who personally superintended the building of this convent. They say that she used to sit out there day after day, overlooking and directing, and never wearying until the work was done. It must have made a striking picture! that rich brunette beauty glowing in the noonday sun, and the still, pale-lipped nuns standing patiently behind her chair."

"I should think the workmen would have spent all their time in contemplation," suggested St. Ives.

"No danger of that," returned Alix. "The mother is far too good a business woman to overlook any idling; it would have been 'no work no pay,' they would soon have found."

"Is this the first mother the community has had?" asked Miselle, who was making notes.

"No; the first was one of the three foundresses. She was called Mother Rose, and is buried in the cemetery of the mother-house at Longueil. The other two, Sister Marie Madeleine and Sister Marie Agnes, are still alive and live at the mother-house, which, by the way, we ought to visit. Perhaps Sister Marie will go with us."

Sister Marie would, and the next morning the party, with the addition of two or three other ladies also staying at the convent, were driven in two of the convent carriages to the landing of the ferry-boat, and made a short but charming voyage across the river to Longueil, a pretty village containing several objects of interest. The convent lies about half a mile from the landing, and a hack-carriage conveyed four of the party over that distance, for the sum total of twenty-five cents; driving being one of the cheapest luxuries of Canada. Turning in at the gate of some extensive grounds, the carriage stopped before a long, low building of gray stone, whose small, sunken windows, thick walls, and picturesque irregularity of outline, suggested an antiquity and gradual growth more harmonious with the idea of a convent, than the modern and brilliant design of the house at Hochelaga.

A heavy outer door stood open, but an inner one bearing the monogram of J. and M. was locked and without handle. A bell-cord hung beside it, and this being pulled, a wicket in the door presently opened and a pale face, lighted by two great, dark eyes and straitly surrounded by the linen bandage and

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transparent coif of the order, silently appeared.

"We have come from Hochelaga with Sister Marie," began Miselle, feeling as if she had arrived at the house of the interpreter, and ought to say, "I am Christiana, and here are Mercy and two other damsels come to ask hospitality," but a voice as sweet as the face interposed: —

"Je ne parle pas Anglais, madame."

A contribution of French was immediately taken up in the party and tendered to Sister Hélène, who presently exclaimed brightly, —

"Ah, you come from Hochelaga with Sister Marie, and you are to visit our house? But where then is she?"

Not waiting however for the halting explanation, the little nun disappeared, and presently opened a door at the right hand of the vestibule, admitting the guests to a great, cool parlor, its floor of dark, shining wood, its low ceiling crossed by heavy beams, and floating curtains of white muslin covering the deep-seated windows. At one side of this room a heavy archway led into a smaller apartment where stood a harp, some antique chairs, and a wide, comfortable sofa; and hither the little sister presently led Miselle, to repose until the arrival of the rest of the party. The swinging casement was open, and the summer air, laden with the perfume of a whole garden of flowers, floated the muslin curtain inward, sighed softly across the loosened strings of the harp, and swept like the touch of loving fingers across the burning brow and eyes of the idler upon the sofa; while from the outer room came the merry voices and subdued laughter of the others, as they rested and partook of the refreshment set before them by the good nuns.

"Come, mamma, we are going over the convent now," cried Bud's fresh little voice; and mamma, leaving her delightful retreat with half a sigh, followed the rest through a long corridor lighted only by windows looking into a sort of cloister with the garden beyond, to a flight of stairs made of the same polished wood as the floor of the parlor. In a niche at the foot of these stairs stood a madonna richly dressed in white and blue, and before this Sister Marie lingered.

"When I was a novice here, it was my duty to care for this image of the Blessed Virgin," said she, with the smile of a woman recalling the days of her earliest maidenhood. "How I used to love it, that pretty labor! how carefully I used to arrange her dress and remove every speck of dust! I was so young, you see, and it was a responsibility."

"What a charming little novice she must have been," whispered the girls to each other; and Miselle thought, —

"And what a wife and mother she might have been."

They ascended the polished stairs, so smooth and dark that they might serve as mirrors, to long rows of class-rooms, recreation-rooms, music-rooms, drawing and painting rooms; for at Longueil, as at Hochelaga, the "Ladies of Jesus and Mary" devote themselves to the instruction of young girls. Above the class-rooms is the dormitory with its little white beds, but not all of one pattern, as at Hochelaga, since it was formerly the custom for each pupil to furnish her own establishment throughout, and many of these little bedsteads are of rich dark wood, some with carved posts, some arranged for hangings; these were probably bought by the daughters of wealthy houses, and given to the convent at their departure. Beyond the dormitory and lavatory, some stairs led to the roof, whence a magnificent view is to be obtained of Montreal, with its many spires, noble quays, and glittering metallic roofs. Close at our feet lie the richly cultivated grounds of the convent, and beyond, the flat Canadian landscape stretches in mile after mile of greenery to the horizon.

"It is a fine view, is it not?" asked the sister who now escorted the party. "I never in my life went so far as one can see from here."

No doubt the young and pretty sister was happy in her vocation, and would not have abandoned it if she might; but the look in her eyes as she opened them

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wide upon that view was too much like that of a bird peeping between his prison bars at the world he has never tried.

Down-stairs again, with a peep by the way into the cool and shady infirmary, its nice beds all happily unoccupied, to the chapel; where the stations of the cross are marked by quaint old Spanish engravings, and where among other votive offerings before an image of the Virgin hung the chaplet of Mother Rose. Here also in a quaint little gallery stood an organ, upon which the sister organist was so kind as to play, and with much skill and taste. From the chapel through a cool, wide corridor to an open door, whence shallow, sunny steps led to the garden; an old French garden, with fruit-trees and vegetable-beds and bee-hives and great, fragrant flower-plots, where busy bee or idle butterfly might feast and dream all through the summer day, and the south wind linger lovingly, drowsily; a garden to loiter in for hours with a book that never need be read, or vague, sweet thoughts that never need be said or written, — the rambling, picturesque roofs of the old convent, with its latticed windows swaying open to the summer, and its sombre chapel with the old Spanish pictures, and the wide-open door at the top of the shallow, sunny steps, and the vague, dark corridor beyond, forming one side of the picture, while at the other rises the black wooden paling that incloses another garden, the garden of the dead.

Lifting the simple latch that secures the gate, the sister enters, and points to the central plot laid out in the shape of a great cross, and crowded with pansies and mignonnette and pure white roses. A tall wooden cross is at the head of this flower-cross, and the inscription upon it shows that here lies the Mother Rose whose memory is still kept so green in the house she helped to found, and in whose service she met her early death. The visitors all read the simple lines, and stand for a moment silent; then the sister plucks a flower or two and offers to each; some receive the gift carelessly, some reverently, some as an idle compliment, some as a relic, and the party passes on to a long row of carefully tended flower-plots, each headed by a little black wooden cross bearing the name "in religion" of the sister who lies beneath. All are gathered here, all who have lived and died in the picturesque old house across the garden, and the flowers are as fresh and bright upon the grave of the oldest, as upon that one at the end of the significantly incomplete second row, whose date is not yet a month old.

One of the older graves especially attracted Miselle's attention, for it bore only the Christian and family name of its occupant, instead of the saint's name with the prefix of sister, by which the nuns replace their worldly appellatives upon entering the convent. In answer to her inquiries the sister gravely answered, —

"No, poor child, she never was of us although she lived and died among us. There was mental alienation in her blood; in fact, both father and mother had died insensate, and the rules of the community forbade her entrance; but so great was her desire for the life of a religieuse that she at length obtained permission to assume the robes and conform to the rules of our order, and to live among us, helping in all our labors, bearing all our privations, and like us giving up the whole world to better devote herself to the service of Heaven. Yes, madame, she lived and died in this house, and her last request was that she might sleep in this cemetery with those whose companion she so long had been. It is a simple story, and yet, to my mind, a sad one, madame."

"May I pluck a pansy from her grave, my sister?"

"But yes, as many as you will, madame."

"Only this pansy. Thanks, my sister."

But that one poor little pansy is the embodiment of a story such as the Book of Martyrs does not excel.

Near the gate of the cemetery stood a *prie-dieu* in black painted wood, and close beside it a box was attached to

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the fence, with "Remember the Poor" painted upon it, and Miselle half regretted, as she dropped a mite into the latter, that her ingrained faith would not allow her to bow her head and bend her knee as did the Catholics of the party, for she would have said a word in memory of that poor unreceived vestal whose lamp remained indeed untrimmed, yet through no fault of her own.

And so, the pleasant visit over, the friends said good-by to the fair garden and thoughtful house, and retraced their steps through the quiet village, and across the river, to the statelier convent upon the other shore.

The happy month that followed was all too short for the pleasures that our travelers crowded into it. They went to Quebec and stayed at Le Chien d'Or, model of little French hotels. They returned to Montreal and spent many a pleasant hour in rambling over the old churches, still redolent of a faith frank and child-like enough to express itself in votive offerings, and visible proofs of miracles performed, such as the chair in the Church of Bonsecours out of which a helpless cripple rose at the end of protracted prayers and walked away, leaving the chair for the confusion and confutation of all scoffers and unbelievers.

After the churches our friends visited the convents, of which there are many in Montreal, and all devoted either to the instruction of young girls, or to works of benevolence and mercy. Connected with these houses is the memory of the brave and devoted women who established them and nursed them through their feeble infancy, and it is in the lives of Marguerite Bourgeois, Madame d'Youville, Jeanne Mance, Madame de la Peltrie, that the thrilling and romantic history of early Canada is to be traced. One cannot but hope that the spirits of these noble and fearless women are permitted to see and rejoice in the prosperity of the institutions for whose establishment they, delicately nurtured, highly educated, and refined as most of them were, shrank not from hunger, cold, rude manual labor, and contact with loathsome maladies and pitiless savages. But to describe these most interesting establishments, and even mention their early history, would require a larger space than can be allowed to the present paper, and omitting it all for the present, we come to the 4th of August, day memorable in the lives of at least a score of the religieuses of the Convent of Hochelaga as the date of their betrothal or marriage with the church. The day itself was a lovely one, and at an early hour the friends arose, and having donned their best apparel devoted themselves to the decoration of little Bud, who had received an invitation to act as bridesmaid to one of the novices about to take the black veil. The compliment was the greater as this was the first instance of a Protestant child employed in such capacity, and if Bud should ever be dressed for her own bridal she will not probably feel half the anxiety on the subject of gloves, boots, veil, sash, bretelles, etc., that caused her to make life a torment to her loving friends upon this occasion. When she was considered ready, one of the sisters came to inspect her toilette, and from that proceeded to glance at those of the young ladies, at first with the naive interest and appreciation of a young woman, and especially a French young woman; but after the first few moments education overcame instinct, and she turned away, muttering, —

"Mon Dieu! Quel esclavage! Quel esclavage!" and to this day those three heretics refer to ribbons, lace, jewelry, and such matters, as "esclavage."

Sister Marie, who upon this occasion multiplied herself like the fairy she looked, was the next visitor, and in bestowing her thistle-down morning salutes, gayly exclaimed, —

"All ready, and like so many brides! Come to chapel now, and let me place you before the world arrives."

"But we have had no breakfast, sister," plaintively remarked one of the party, and it was beautiful to see how immediately the look of surprise that one should wait for such a trifle

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was replaced by the polite concern of a hospitable hostess.

Breakfast was eaten, but "the world" had meantime arrived, and it was only by a stretch of Sister Marie's influence that two prie-dieus near the altar had been reserved, and two other seats were found farther back for "le fils de madame" and one of the girls. Mass had already commenced, and as our party entered, two of the attendant priests brought forward a gilded chair of peculiar form and planted it in front of the grand altar; then, returning to the sacristy, escorted the bishop, Monseigneur Pinsonncoult, who seated himself, with the ten assistant priests on either side. And now was heard from the room behind the altar, and corresponding to the sacristy, the deep voice of a priest singing, —

"Prudentes virgines, aptate vestras lampades. Ecce, Sponsus venit, exite obviam ei!" and to this the sweet voices of the sisters responding in the words of the one hundred and twenty-first Psalm, singing which, they entered the sanctuary and descended to the seats reserved for them in the body of the church; first the young girls who come to request admission into the novitiate as *postulantes;* then the postulantes who are ready to receive the religious habit and white veil of the novice; then the novices who, having completed their year of probation, desire to assume the black veil and make the first vows; and, lastly, those who, after five years' experience, decide to take the irrevocable vows and receive the ring symbolizing their marriage to the church. At any one of these steps the religieuse may retract her promises and return to the world; and this sometimes, but not often, occurs.

Each of the eight novices who took the black veil and five years' vows upon this occasion, and each of the five postulantes who assumed the white veil, carried in her hand a lighted candle, and behind her walked her little bridesmaid dressed all in white and blue, and covered with a veil of white net. They bore the baskets containing the robes, veils, crosses, books, and rings about to be bestowed, which they placed in passing upon a table in the sanctuary, and then following the brides, seated themselves in front of them, and received the candles when the latter relinquished them.

The superior general of the community and the mistress of the novices followed and seated themselves in readiness for their important offices.

A short sermon in French was next delivered by the bishop, and as soon as he had resumed his seat, the two young girls who desired admittance to the novitiate came forward, knelt, and preferred their request, which was granted. One of them was dressed in ordinary dark clothes, but the other was dressed in the blue and white costume of a bridesmaid, and attended in that capacity her elder sister, who was about to take the black veil. These girls retiring, the five postulantes, who, having spent several months in the novitiate, demand to be received as novices, come forward, kneel before the railing of the sanctuary, and are questioned by the bishop as to the sincerity of their intentions, the freedom of their actions, and their full comprehension of the rules of the order. These questions answered in the affirmative, the bishop, the postulantes, and the choir unite in chanting the *Veni Creator*, the organ sustaining and carrying on the grand harmony with sublime effect.

Returning to his chair of state, the bishop takes the silver *bénitier* presented by one of the priests, and sprinkles with holy water the robes destined for the postulantes, who receive them from his hands, and then retire, led by the superior and mistress of the novices, to put them on. While they are gone the choir sing *L'Adieu du Monde*, and as the last plaintive strain dies away the postulantes return, chanting some verses of Scripture, and again kneel before the altar. They are now dressed in the robes of the order, except for the head, which is covered with a simple square of white net. The bishop asks each one as she kneels at his feet

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whether she persists in her intention, and she replying in the affirmative, he takes one of the white veils, after sprinkling it with holy water, and gives it to the postulante; the superior and mistress of the novices deftly slip away the square of net, and replace it by the veil of white muslin, the bishop meantime repeating, —

"Accipe velamen sacrum," etc., and presently the novice arises, her robe and veil still glittering with drops of holy water, and stands aside until joined by her companions, when all resume their places.

The novices of a year's standing now present themselves, and one of the assistant priests, bowing before the bishop, begs him, if it seem best in his eyes, to receive and bless these young virgins, and to unite them in a spiritual union with the church.

The bishop in turn, addressing the assistant, demands if he believes them to be worthy of this alliance, and, receiving an affirmative reply, exclaims three times, —

"Venite, filiæ, audite me; timorem Domini docebo vos!"

At this invitation the novices rise, singing, advance some steps, incline themselves profoundly, and at the third repetition, kneel before the bishop, who questions them as he has already done the postulantes, and having received satisfactory answers, he blesses the black veils, and each novice kneeling at his feet receives one, which is placed upon her head, and the white one withdrawn by the superior and mistress of the novices, the bishop meantime repeating the same words used in bestowing the white veils, —

"Accipe velamen sacrum," etc., the new nuns responding also in singing. When all have received the black veil, they return to their seats and resume the candles, which have meantime been held by the little bridesmaids, or "filles d'honneur."

The mass now continues until the moment of administering the communion, when the nuns who have completed the five years' probation, and desire to make the perpetual vows, present themselves, and kneel at the rail of the sanctuary, holding a lighted candle in one hand, and in the other the formula of their vows written and signed by themselves. They are followed by the new nuns who have just assumed the black veil, and by the new novices and new postulantes. Each of the first two classes reads her vows aloud, either in French or English, according to her nationality, and having heard and accepted them, the bishop at once administers the sacrament and passes on to the next. The novices and postulantes make no vows.

After the communion the prelate, resuming his seat, invites the older nuns to approach, in these words: —

"Desponsari dilecta veni, hiems transiit, turtur canit, vineæ florentes redolent."

At these words the sisters one by one rise, approach the prelate, and kneel at his feet, while he, having blessed and sprinkled the rings, which are heavy and rich, — of gold for the choir nuns and silver for the lay-nuns, — presents one to each applicant, the superior receiving and passing it upon the ring finger, the bishop meantime reciting, —

"Desponso te Jesu Christo filio summi Patris; accipe ergo annulum fidei signaculum Spiritus sancti," etc.

After this, the bishop solemnly blesses "these holy virgins who have come to consecrate themselves irrevocably to God," and they return to their places.

The new nuns now advance one by one to receive the crucifix which the sisters of this order wear suspended upon their breasts, and the book of rules which is to be their future guide of conduct, and these having retired, the new novices in their fresh and pretty white veils come forward, and the bishop, addressing each in turn, bestows upon her the saint's name by which she is in future to be known, as, "From this moment you shall no more be called Mademoiselle Désirée de Maisonneuve, but Sister Marie Rose du Calvaire;" and so wholly does the new name take place of the old one, that it is very difficult to discover the original

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title of any religieuse. The mass is now terminated by the *Te Deum Laudamus*, and a most interesting occasion is over.

The remainder of the day was devoted to the reception of visitors to the convent, or to the few pupils who remained during vacation, and in the last part of the afternoon to some magnificent singing by the choir of nuns at the service called Benediction. A few days later Miselle with St. Ives and Alix returned home, leaving little Bud to her new and promising life. Many of the anxious friends who so kindly decide upon our lives, without the perplexity of knowing much about them, disapproved of this course, and indignantly or sarcastically inquired if Bud was in training for a Romanist and a nun. To such Miselle tranquilly answered, No, she entertained neither wish nor expectation of that sort, although some of her best friends and most agreeable acquaintance were of the Romish faith, and the nuns whose life she had studied as closely as possible for a month seemed to her a class of wonderfully brave, conscientious, and pure-minded women, daily practicing the virtues of industry and self-denial to a remarkable extent, and doing the good work that lay before them with a zeal and perseverance that might well be imitated by any woman or any man of any faith or mode of life whatever. But still it would be a great grief to Bud's mother to see her relinquish the inheritance with which her ancestors freighted that wonderfully elastic little Mayflower, and she did not leave her until well convinced that proselytism is not one of the objects of the Sisters of Hochelaga, for as one blunt, frank Connecticut girl assured her, "They think it 's better to do what good they can to us poor heretics by keeping us here, than to scare our parents into taking us away by trying to convert us."

A noticeable feature of the house, felt by guests and pupils alike, is a restful calm that seems to brood in all the great rooms and lofty corridors, a gentle and subduing influence that renders turbulence or discord impossible, a pray-be-on-your-best-behavior appeal that reaches every little heart and makes every form of discipline except gentle words and a system of rewards apparently unnecessary; and yet a healthier, merrier group of children than collected on the croquet-ground beneath the windows of the guest-chamber, or sat chatting beneath the trees with sweet Sister Agnes in their midst, would be difficult to find.

The fever-hurry, the competition, the urging forward of overtaxed brains and failing physical powers, which is the curse of our modern school-systems, does not enter within the convent walls; the affectations of toilette, the outside gossip, the daily walks, or travel in public conveyances, so justly dreaded by thoughtful parents who place their daughters in fashionable city schools, are here done away with; and instead of pale and languid little miniature ladies, one sees genuine children, plainly dressed, simple mannered, ignorant of the world outside the convent gate, learning steadily but not swiftly, occupied with little matters, and gathering strength and courage by and by to face larger ones. In short, the city education is the short, sharp road across a scorching desert, and the convent education the cool and shaded detour to the same point, twice as long perhaps, and out of sight of the spectators who applaud the rapid, brilliant course, but bringing the contestant to the goal with unexhausted energy, and reserved strength and courage for the future.

Jane G. Austin.

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THE TOWER.

I AM the tower of Belus, — the tower! yes, I!
Under the rifting lines of the gloaming's tremulant sky,
Under the shifting signs of the ages circling by,
I stand in the might of the mighty, — the tower of Belus, I!
Who are these at my feet, like pigmies, scorched in the sun?
Who, but the petty hordes of a race that has just begun?
It matters little to me whether prince or Bedouin stand,
Or the lizard creep at my feet, or the jackal up from the sand.
What does the time-bound traveler know of the dim by-gone —
What can he tell of the glory that died with the world's bright dawn,
More than the son of the desert? the slim, green, creeping things?
The night-owl fast in his crevice? the bat with his ghostly wings?
Each in his own way imagines the past and the yet-to-be;
Each to himself is greatest: equal alike to me!
I am the tower of Belus; ages unnumbered are mine;
Mightier I than the gods who dreamed themselves divine!

Is this the grandest of rivers, that rolled like a king to the sea,
Crying, "I am the great Euphrates! bring all your tithes unto me"?
How the ships with their treasured freight went down to their rocky bed!
Are there ghouls, insatiate still, with grinning mouths to be fed,
That you burst your stony embankments, ravaging meadow and fen,
Making drearier drear desolation, in scorn for the arts of men?
Ah! Babylonia, where, — ah! where is thy fruitful plain
Spreading sea-like unto the ocean its billowy fields of grain?
Where now is the mighty city secure with its brazen gates
And walls on whose towering fastness the Assyrian warrior waits,
His milk-white steeds in war-gear, his blazoned flags unfurled,
Hurling in grim defiance his challenge out to the world?
Where are the toiling millions who wrought with their cunning skill
Sweet dreams of a fair ideal in forms that were fairer still?
Oh! Babylon's looms are silent; in silence dead are the plains;
And dead is city and soldier; the tower alone remains.

I am the tower of Belus! I stand in the grasp of fate!
I and the Semitic princess, together we watch and wait,
She for her lover's coming, I for oblivion's knell;
Which with the greater longing the heavens alone can tell.
Is there any joy in existence void of hope or of fears,
In painless, slow dissolution through thousands of weary years?
Or rest for the ghost of the maiden that alike in life and in death,
While years into centuries ripen and centuries wane, keeps faith?
She counts not night nor morning, but each new moon to greet
She cometh with shadowy garments whose subtle perfume sweet,
From balms forever forgotten, floats over the secret bed
Where her lover, impatient, is sleeping the sleep of the restless dead.

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For had he not said, "Beloved, come at the mystical hour
When the young moon lightens with silver the shade of the mighty tower"?
Had he not sworn, "Though I perish! though Belus lie in the dust" —
And the trust of a loving woman is blind and unending trust.

Three hands were joined at their parting, three voices breathing love's breath;
The voice of the third was ghostly, its hand was the hand of death:
And the white stone goddess had shivered while the glow of the sunset dyes
Had deepened in one broad blood-streak and blazed in the western skies;
But the maiden, unheeding the omen, hears only her lover's last oath,
Nor dreams that her life has been purchased with this as he dieth for both;
The grave that is reeking with vengeance no tale of its mystery brings, —
Gods! — he was a Tyrian soldier, she the daughter of kings!
And what but death can be reckoned as price of unequal love,
And what but the vow recorded by direful fates above
Could save the life of the maiden? — the vow that never again
While the tower of mighty Belus o'ershadows the haunts of men
With its ancient and storied grandeur, — ay, more! that never the while
One upright stone shall be standing alight with the young moon's smile,
Shall body or ghost of the soldier under its shadow wait:
But death is longer than life-time and love is stronger than fate!

There were hope e'en yet for the tower, standing stark and alone,
Had the flames of an altar-fire e'er burned in its heart of stone;
Had the depths of its adamant bosom e'er thrilled with a love or a hate,
Stern destiny's grip must have slackened, slackened sooner or late.
I am the tower of Belus! Can the story be written, "I was"?
Shall the tide of an ended existence flow back to the primal cause
Which sent it first into being, and records of age sublime
In utter nothingness vanish under the finger of time?
Hist! a jar in the ragged brickwork! it totters, and now is still;
I can feel the sand slow trickling with a cold, unearthly thrill;
Perchance but a stone is falling, — perchance it is death's last throe, —
Ay! under the young moon's glitter I catch the roseate glow
Of the maiden's royal mantle; the clang of a mailèd tread
Tells that the past has canceled its debt which held the dead.
He cometh with step triumphant! he readeth the fateful sign!
The last grim arch is shattered which linked their lot with mine.

Ah, fate, to the last relentless! thy vassal allegiance owns —
Go back to your cities, O stranger! write, "Belus, a heap of stones."

Emma Huntington Nason.

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A TERRIBLE TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

Dr. Drennon was a guest at our cabin in the Florida backwoods for several weeks on two occasions in the year 1871. The good people of the neighborhood were rather puzzled about his pursuits at first, and opinion long wavered as to whether he was a bee-hunter or a "yarb doctor." He certainly was attentive to that insect which improves each shining hour, but he did not limit his attention to that single insect; the spendthrift butterfly was quite as attractive as his thrifty rival with the golden thighs.

Also he was a "yarb doctor," and of the potency of certain herbs, such as black-weed, snake-root, hoarhound, hemlock, dog's-bane, poke-root, wild cherry, and the like, no pioneer dame of seventy was better informed. Yet his interest did not stop there. It increased over a leaf and culminated in ecstasy over a flower. The doctor was a sad puzzle to us all, in his queer pursuits and passions. But he was a lively little fellow, fond of a joke, and spirited as a wire-grass pony. He would go at anything or everything, and always contrived to come out tolerably even, in one way or another. He left us in May or June, 1871. I am afraid his queer propensity for bugs did not enhance his popularity. A man who is charmed at catching a Florida red-bug — a vile, odorous sort of vermin, in smell and shape like certain bedfellows at bad inns — cannot look for sympathetic applause from the unlearned, outside world. He had little paper boxes of all sorts of odd things of the insect kind, including several splendid butterflies, and a little green and gold spider, like an emerald with a spark of yellow flame in it. He explored drops of water, leaves, petals, and stamens of flowers, flies, bugs, spiders; and would talk in quite an interesting way about them when we would let him.

It was at his second visit, in August, that the incidents occurred which I am about to report as well as I can remember them. He returned from his expedition to the St. John's and Indian rivers, and indeed had a very choice collection of rare fauna and flora from those prolific regions. For two weeks after his return he was wholly occupied in classifying, labeling, and arranging his collection of specimens, and digesting his theories thereon. I believe these were subsequently delivered in lecture form before more than one institution of learning; but the adventures I am about to narrate, I am satisfied, have been withheld, to this day. After he had concluded his 'abors, he hung about for a day or so, trying to get up a party for an excursion to the Cross Prairie. After various vain endeavors, on the 15th of August, he rather impatiently ridiculed our reluctance, and set out afoot with his gun and dog, to make the trip, notwithstanding the warning that the rainy season was at hand.

The afternoon and night of the 15th the terrible cyclone that swept over this region of South Florida came upon us, with all its terrors; and we were occupied enough with our own losses and dangers to forget the little professor. But on the next day, the 16th, the fury of the cyclone not yet having abated, he returned to us in a pitiable plight. His coat, pantaloons, boxes, and satchel were gone. He had on nothing but light linen drawers and a check undershirt, and these were much torn and scratched. The dog Bragg, which he had taken with him, had also disappeared. He was welcomed and provided for as well as was possible in the midst of a driving hurricane, when food and fuel had become necessaries not easily accessible; and a few days later he gave a full account of all his adventures and singular escapes. The weather had cleared, and our lovely little Galilean Sea, with border of pine and palm and

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orange grove, shone like a jeweled picture, so that he could point a finger to the scene of every incident on that lively chart before him.

"I intended," said he, "to go by the Ranche to pick up one of the young-uns for company. I had H——'s long rifle, a splendid gun, especially to sell by the weight, a satchel, some boxes for specimens, and a short crow-bar with a sharp hook blade, that served at once for hatchet and pruning-knife. I thought to get provision of my young friends for the day, and supposed we would reach Cross Prairie by the afternoon. But the rifle was heavy, and I had not gone half a mile before I resolved to limit my hunt to botany and entomology. My purpose was to leave the gun at the Ranche, but meeting the captain at the neck of Wilcomb Holm Peninsula, I handed it to him, with the request to turn it over to the owner. Bragg, dog-like, wished to follow the piece, and well for him and worse for me if he had; but I would not consent to that. I urged him and called him, and he followed, rather reluctantly. I had been thinking over the excursion, the impending rainy season, the improbability of my finding company at the Ranche, and before I had gone fifty steps, I was willing to give up the plan.

"It then occurred to me that the hummock[1] at the farther extremity of the peninsula on which I stood, was a treasury of entomological and floral curiosities. It was there I found my emerald spider, and I remembered hearing some of you say that the epiphyte, the wild pine, was about to bear a second blossom. This last determined me. The pitcher-plant grows, as you know, in a bowl around a hollow centre of long, flag-like leaves, fixed to the bark of the live-oak, and draws its entire nutriment from the air. The hollow of the leaves will contain a quart of water, and it is much sought for by the thirsty traveler. The flower is a marvel of beauty. Imagine a clear ruby as long as your fore-finger, an inch and a half wide at the calyx and three inches at the salver of the corolla, carved into thin, translucent, blood-colored petals!

"The hummock, too, is the home of the water-spider, the death's-head moth, the great Atlas moth, — and clouds of blind mosquitoes. I have been told that in Northern Florida they feed and fatten hogs on the immense swarms of the last. Is that so? Looks like only two removes from cannibalism, or, at least, vampirism, to eat Florida pork, if it is so. Well, these, less the mosquitoes, were excuse enough for changing my mind, and I turned my steps down the peninsula.

"The captain and I had parted perhaps five minutes, when I arrived at this conclusion. The main-land, up which he was slowly moving with his ox-team, forms with the jutting peninsula, at this point, a V. The captain was going up the left arm of the letter from the point of intersection, and I, by my change of course, was going up the right arm. The lake lay between us in a little bay, about which a huge alligator was nosing, now with just his snout and now with his long spine showing above the water. The maiden cane, in the lake, and the thicket of nightshade, young palms, and scrub-oak concealed me from the captain's view, but I could catch occasional glimpses of the wagon, and see the long whip waving in the air. You may not have observed, gentlemen," said the professor, "that I am a little deaf," at which some of us tried to look civilly surprised. "Well, it is true," continued the professor, "I am often very deaf. Consequently I heard no report, but a sharp, angry phut! at my ear, and the bark of a pine, immediately at my right hand, burst into a white, sap-bleeding bullet-mark. There it was, and calculating from the positions and object, I could not and cannot account for my escape. It seems to me the bullet, aimed by the captain at the alligator, glanced on the water and went 'in one ear and out at the other.' I am ashamed to say that I had not, at the moment, a full sense of gratitude. The dog seemed not unreasonably to think

[1] The local name for a copse or grove of trees.

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he was at the wrong end of the gun, and was making back, when I recalled him. He was reluctant, and I launched the small iron crow at him. It brought him to heel; but it was very odd, and is. I could not find the iron, a foot long, thrown into a plain space of bare ground free of undergrowth. I marked the spot where it should fall, but it was not there, nor anywhere. It went vaporously to nothing from my hand. I never heard of the ghost of an iron poker, gentlemen, but it vanished like that, in the broad, bright blaze of full noon.

"This, however, is not the story of my adventures. Here was one sudden and singular escape from death; it was not the last. It was to be followed by others, with infinitely more terror and hazard. The dog, after that, followed me steadily. The alligator disappeared at the shot, but I have a vague recollection of noticing him, or another large one, far out in the lake west of me, as I entered the first hummock. The peninsula is divided, you observe, and contains three hummocks. The first is on the extremity of the main peninsular land. Between it and the second is a 'slue'[1] or bay.

"The first hummock had been burned off and was now brilliant with pink and purple orchids, late as the season was, and the varied, beautiful wild phlox. I was delighted to find the cream white, the pearl white with purple heart, and other white varieties with magenta edging. It was a charming garden, and no one is so prone as myself to forget the botanist in the lover of flowers. I waited an hour or more before leaving this spot. Bragg amused himself with a huge gopher.[2] After a pleasant nooning in this way, I went on toward the second hummock. I found the water risen in the bay to knee deep, and, in the slue or narrow passage, waist high. The second hummock did not detain me. It is larger, but less luxuriant in floral vegetation, and I pushed on almost immediately.

"I was soon satisfied I should have to swim. The water was deep in the channel or slue on the far side. On the near side, however, for two hundred yards, it was scarcely deeper than the first bay. But as you approach within fifty yards of the hummock, it deepens, and now covered the tall maiden cane with a smooth, shining sheet of water. I was provoked at my neglect or thoughtlessness in not using the skiff, which I might easily have done; and what a wretched twenty-four hours I should have been spared if I had done so!

"But to turn back from a swim of fifty yards in smooth water was absurd. I threw off my light linen coat, bound my cottonade pantaloons and shoes and socks on my head, and waded in, Bragg, the dog, following. The maiden cane was in every way embarrassing. Familiar as I am with Florida, I had the sensation of putting my bare feet on snapping turtles, water moccasins coiling in the spears of grass about my ankles; and the bearded tops hindered the view, and were unpleasantly familiar with my nose — which, as you observe, is conveniently large to poke straws in. It was with a sense of relief I rolled carelessly into a swimming posture on the open water, and struck out for the other shore, Bragg paddling manfully or dogfully in my wake. I was in no hurry. The water was of a delicious, enervating warmth, and the change from the rasping, nervous touch of the grass, very grateful. I put out therefore with a leisurely sweep of the arms, in which lies the strength of good swimming; the body is lightly sustained just under the surface without effort, and the lungs inflated at every full, regular stroke. I know the faculty disapproves of noon or midday bathing, and perhaps I would hesitate to prescribe it to one of my patients; yet I believe, in my frequent excursions, I have derived as much re-

1 A "slue" is an open marsh meadow with a water-channel, full, however, of grass. A bay is an inlet of marsh meadow and woodland, but the term is applied indifferently to any low grass lands overrun at seasons with water.

2 The Florida land terrapin, said to furnish an excellent anti-scorbutic, as the chelonia will keep its flesh for months, without food. In sea-ports, therefore, it has its regular price, according to size, from a ten-cent stamp, up to a dollar.

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freshing, healthful vigor from a bath at midday, under the blazing sun, as if taken in dewy eve or under the pounding knuckles of a Turkish bath servant. Certainly I never enjoyed any bath as I did that one. The slightest movement kept me afloat, and indeed, the art of swimming, once fully acquired, ceases to be an art, and becomes nature. Your gentle Galilee here, like its prototype, is unusually clear. There is a sparkle of salt in it, not enough to flavor, but quite enough to give it brilliance and transparency. I could see the bottom six or eight feet below, with its pure white sand; and now the surface was broken into bright prismatic ripples, till I seemed to be floating on a sea of pearls. A charming languor, the exquisite luxury of ease and relief, was almost akin to pain in its delicious relaxation and repose. This state of entrancing rest and refreshment was interrupted by the dog. Bragg jumped upon my back as I swam, with something between a yelp and a whine. My first thought was that the old fellow was as hugely content as myself, but more boisterous, and was for a splashing romp in the water. Nothing loath, I turned to give him a good tousle for his liberties, when horror! not twenty yards away, his long snout and saw-like spine bubbling sinuous above the waves, was the accursed dragon of Old Nile, a huge alligator, making right at us!

"There were two of the monsters; one at a greater distance to the right, but nearer the shore to which I was swimming; the other between me and the impossible haven I had left. I was utterly and instantaneously unnerved. The woman's nature in me has never yet been so overcome by my studies as to familiarize into indifference an instinctive abhorrence of anything of the serpent kind. An innocent chameleon lizard, with his pretty gorget of striped carmine and white, and his changeable green and gray coat, is repugnant to me; the garden snake, fangless and harmless as a butterfly, arouseth old Adam as much as the coiled adder; and a crocodile adds his grisly, unredeemable ugliness to intensify the dread and hate.

"The blood curdled in my heart, and *per ossa*, as the Latin strongly puts it. I struck out madly, furiously, without sense or discretion; but was checked and recalled to my proper self-command by one dreadful fact: *the dog was outswimming me.* Now I knew as well as if it were a thing done, that one of us must be sacrificed for the other. One might possibly escape from those two monsters, but two could not. A man having any self-control can easily outswim a dog. Aroused by this reflection, I struck out again vigorously; but with long, steady, oar-stroke sweep. Not overhand, which gives only an appearance of speed, like Mr. Pecksniff's high trotting-horse, but long, regular frog swimming. I soon saw the effect of it. I passed the dog, who turned in toward me, with a whine and effort, as I passed. A crocodile or alligator — they are one and the same — swims quite rapidly; but he does not dart like a fish. The dog's nose or foot touched me, and I looked over my shoulder involuntarily. An alligator's jaw in the dry skeleton is terrible to look at; the serried fangs are all made for destructive rending, not mastication: 'His horrid jaws agape with double fang,' as Æschylus describes it. But that huge, tongueless, lipless maw, —

> "'And that more wondrous was in either jaw,
> Three rauckes of yron teeth enraunged were,
> In which yet trickling blood and gobbets raw
> Of late devoured bodies did appear,' —

ugh! that I saw, as I live to tell it, with the exaggerated monstrosity of destructive power in its eighty teeth fitting in alternate sockets; the slits of narrow eyes glowering above; the long, serrated spine bubbling above the water right at my heels.

"There was a dull, deadened *chumpf*, the drowned yelp of poor Bragg, and dog and dragon disappeared in a surge of bubbles.

"I was spared this time, but not yet safe. Sliding over the spot where they had disappeared, came the second alligator, not ten yards away. At the moment, I caught the overhanging limb of a stout, black-jack oak, clustered with

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jasmine and green-brier, and, heedless of scratches, swung myself aloft. I had the satisfaction of seeing the disappointed monster nosing about below.

"I know," continued the doctor, "that very many declare the alligator will not readily attack a man; and it is quite likely they were in pursuit of the dog, rather than my indifferent pork. But the animal will attack a human being; and Humboldt and other naturalists cite examples. Not to mention the escape of Mr. Butler, a South American missionary, there is a circumstance within my own knowledge, of a gentleman who was attacked in crossing a stream in Florida, and only saved by his dog, that gallantly came to his rescue and was sacrificed to save his master. Had I been armed with a light ax or hatchet, I might, possibly, have ventured back; but the urgency should be great indeed, to compel me to so desperate a venture. The alligators exhibited no intention of withdrawing; but cruised about in a very official manner, standing off and on, man-of-war fashion, to keep me blockaded. You can understand that, under the circumstances, I needed rest; rest for my nerves. I am glad to remember," said the doctor, speaking lower, "that I did not then forget to whom my gratitude was due, nor fail to acknowledge the debt." After a momentary pause, which we respected, for we saw how the little professor was silently engaged, he raised his head with an odd smile, and went on: —

"Some naturalists," said he, "rank the alligator with the lowest order of vertebrate intelligence. It has no regular ganglia like the brain in higher animals, and the spinal cord is a simple ganglion that can only originate reflex actions; that is, such as are involuntary, and may occur from simple nerve force without the knowledge of the individual. If this is the case," said he, with a smile, "how will you account for the evidence of malicious intelligence manifested in a studied plan of revenge; the pursuit, the delay of an attack until I was helpless in his element, and even the conjunction of additional blockading force? It looks rational to suppose that the captain's bullet was accepted as the opening of hostilities, and, from that time, I and the dog became enemies, or at least contraband of war. There was a look of familiarity in the two ironclads as they cruised about there. I seemed to recognize two swift blockaders of the Federal force in one of the Carolina sounds.

"The thickets of oak, jasmine, green-brier, and palmetto cut off any extensive outlook; but I could see the enemy patiently vigilant. An alligator will cruise about the same beat of a hundred yards square, for days and weeks. There was no certainty when those fellows would leave. I could only watch my opportunity. With this conclusion, I began to look about me. The size of the hummock was sensibly diminished by the rise. A foot of water covers a great deal in the low slopes of Florida, and the half dozen acres were reduced to less than a quarter. One strikingly peculiar and observable consequence of this diminution was in the abundance of reptilia, venomous and harmless; loathsome vermin and other unpleasant animal creation crowded into a small space: roaches as big as gophers; huge spiders with Hop-o'-my-Thumb's seven-league boots on, with slender waists and great hairy thighs and mandibles, large enough to destroy a linnet; scorpions unpleasantly vivacious in the August heats; huge, ugly *scolopendra*, the largest I have seen out of the tropics; black poisonous beetles not classified in entomology; lizards, spreading adders, it seemed at every few feet; long white or cream-colored whip snakes; rattlesnakes as thick as your arm, with a dozen rattles and a button; and a singular serpent with brassy metallic scales, the veritable reptile lifted up by Moses in the wilderness; a wild cat scurrying up the trees, and traces of the *mustela putorius* in every thicket. These various creatures had all been crowded into a small space by the rapid rise, and it required caution to avoid them. A Florida reptile does not know fear. The adder will lie in your path, not offering

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to move; and every venomous creature shows fight at the first intimation of hostilities. Luckily they are even more deficient in the rational ganglia than the blockaders without, and strike their fangs indifferently into the stick or club you present. That island was no pleasant place, and yet how to get off? Yonder, in clear view over the water, was the comfortable weather-boarded cottage, and a skiff lay at the little platform. It was visible enough to me, but I could not be seen from it. The dense foliage overhung the deep water. If I climbed over, nothing but my head could be seen, and that, of course, would be undistinguishable two miles away. No one knew where I was; I had left the impression that I was going to Cross Prairie. There was the house, so near apparently, yet as remote from me as the farther Indies and the pole. It was part of the hardship in all my peril, that I was perishing so near to prompt and efficient help, if my situation had been known. Examination on the farther side of the island developed the snouts of other alligators. It was the deep midsummer, when they are most active and ferocious. If I attempted to swim to Whitner Point, they would discover, and, I believed, attack me in the water. After hesitating, I saw no other plan than to wait until night. The alligator takes a final cruise at sunset, and then is off. I could retrace my way very readily by starlight across the 'bay,' and back to my hospitable friends.

"This was all very prudent and sagacious, but it left out of consideration the unexpected incident of the cyclone. The disastrous effects of that hurricane we all know.

"'The winds . . . .
As in revenge have sucked up from the sea
Contagious fogs, which, falling on the land,
Have every pelting river made so proud
That they have overborne their continents:
The ox hath therefore stretched his yoke in vain,
The plowman lost his sweat, and the green cane
Hath rotted ere his youth attained a beard.
The fold stands empty in the drownèd field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock.
. . . . . .
The human mortals want their winter here:
No night is now with hymn or carol blest;
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound,
And thorough the distemperature we see
The seasons alter.'"

It was admirably recited by the professor, but perhaps it derived its effect from the accurate and literal picture it drew of the devastations of the then recent hurricane. Up to that time the promise of harvest in South Florida had been of unparalleled fruitfulness. The cane and cotton fields were unrivaled; the orange harvest the most abundant that had been seen for many years; and now, in thirty-six hours, the whole labor of the year was destroyed. Nor were its visible effects less terrible than disastrous. The destruction of property; the overblown pine tenements; the wreck of *fencing, everywhere opening the much*-injured fields to devastation by the vast herds of wild cattle that range these Southern everglades; the pine forests, shattered, broken, and torn to pieces, so that a wagon and team could not go its own length in any direction — all united to show vividly the terrible power of the hurricane. Our attention recalled to these facts, there was a lengthening of visages as the professor resumed the story of his own adventures.

"As you remember, the cyclone set in with a rising wind from the north and north-northwest, settling into the latter. Until dark, it had not reached a pitch of unusual violence, and just before that time, though the waves were running high, I ventured again into the water, the blockading alligators having been driven out to sea, so to speak, by the storm. It was the rashest thing ever undertaken. The wind, setting for three hours from the north, had put the whole body of water in motion, and the surface rolled and foamed and dashed in white, chopping, strangling crests. I tossed and bobbed about on the surface, as helpless as a cork. It was more providential than through discreet effort that I was again carried under my friend the black-jack, and I crawled back drenched through and through, and chilled, this time, to the bone. Fortunately, I had succeeded in getting a fire out of a whole box of parlor matches, a wretched imposition

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whose unsulphurous phosphorus attracts and generates moisture in its own chemical composition. I collected the fire as well as I could; lighted a huge light-wood — that is, pitch-pine — log, and, backed against an immense live-oak, prepared to make a night of it.

"It was the wildest, worst night that fell upon this earth anywhere; and I had chosen the gloomiest, loneliest spot in all the land. For a while, the mass of jungle protected the fire, but it soon began to roar and sparkle in the wind. The huge flame was torn to pieces like rags by the storm. The hurricane bellowed and roared, and I could hear the moan and dash of the lake growing more and more metallic in its violence, to a dull, clanking plunge. Yet it was a calm to what followed. I could still see the glimmer of the cottage lamps at Fannistan, across the water, and contrast its comforts in my mind with my own exposed, dangerous situation. It occurred to me then, that if I died in the violence of that night, or was drowned, no one would know it or suspect it. I had given out to every one, even to the last of the colony I had met, an intention to go to Cross Prairie. If my disfigured remains were tossed on shore, not a soul would suppose it was the professor. As I heard the lake moan and moan in the surging, like a living thing in trouble, I felt a passionate horror of committing my unknown body to its care. I was full of an earnest human yearning that this poor mortal frame, that had served me faithfully so long, should have benediction, recognition, and rest in consecrated ground. But how to effect it? How to increase the probabilities of its becoming known? My fly boxes were none of them waterproof; my india-rubber satchel had a mouth as 'wide as a church door,' and the conventional bottle, jug, or phial of shipwrecked mariner, was not in my collection. Finally, it occurred to me that my watch, a double-cased gold, had my name scratched deeply on the inner plate with a penknife. My guard chain was a long buckskin cord that had been steeped in neat's-foot oil, and was waterproof. Using this, I tied my watch into the watch pocket, but so attached to my limbs that it would not be lost while the ligatures of my physical frame held together. But long before this was planned or completed, the intolerable fury of the elements increased, in the dense volumes of descending rain floods. It exceeded in extent and quantity any rain-fall I ever experienced. I felt the incipient asphyxia, the gasping for breath that attends submersion; and the scarce and scattered oxygen, in the whirl and storm, refused to fill and satisfy my lungs. How the whole firmament blazed with continuous flashing, and shook with the sharp, imminent thunder of its descending bolts! A tall pine, at a little distance, went quivering and bursting from the dazzling pleonasm of staring brightness into the deep, thunderous abysses of darkness. I thought I had been struck. My whole brain, not simply the optic nerve, but my very body, in every fibre and corpuscle, saw the furious, sudden brightness; and the impulse went quivering from the nervous centres out to the fingers' ends. Not an electric current from without, inwardly, but the reverse; as if the animal magnetism of my whole corporal frame rushed out exultant to greet its kindred fluid in the victorious thunderbolt. I am not asserting a scientific fact, but illustrating a physical sensation by such analogy as it suggests.

"The next day I examined the stricken pine. It was gnarled; the grain ran in intricate involution by twists and curves around the trunk. At the blossom end the sinuous bends were large and sweeping from limb to limb; and here the lightning rent the fibres open, splitting the tree, and breaking it off high up the trunk. But where the curves in the grain were knotted and contorted, it appeared as if the subtle fluid, impatient at its tedious path, had burst the solid wood into filmy, feathery fragments.

"I need not dwell on that hideous night, or nightmare of confused storm and darkness. Clinging to the slippery bulk of the giant oak, I expected every moment

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to be blown out of its sheltering arms, or to hear the crash of its jarring trunk. All sense of might or strength or durability was gone. Huge trees of centuries' growth were rent like saplings, and blown into the air; the furious bursts of wind, the sharp, sudden crackle of the thunder, and the dazzling blaze of lightning, confused all thought. I could hear the waves beating and surging with that hollow, metallic clang, like huge sheets of copper banged together, and knew the lake was rising with fearful rapidity. Dense floods of rain were blown and dashed over me like waves of the sea; and I felt or thought I felt the slime of reptiles crawling to higher ground, or into my wretched seat, whenever I put my hands down.

"I cannot say that I slept. I cannot recall any distinct change from one state to the other, and I was always conscious of where I was, and of the driving storm and horror about me. But there did come a change in which I was conscious through it all of a dear presence encouraging and strengthening me. The psychology of sleep is the least explained and most familiar problem of our nature. There is one third of a man's life cut off and separated from his daily existence, and of which his waking hours know nothing, except by glimpses of remembered dreams. The reinvigorating influence of healthful sleep is more surely a fact than it is capable of explanation. The mastery of the will, the vigilant *ipsissimus* that constitutes the waking self, is withdrawn; yet thought goes on, intelligence and memory are not lost, though the tiller seems to blow about in the wind, and the sails fly loose. You meet old friends; you talk of scenes and events unfamiliar to your daily life; you hear question and answer, novel and contradictory. You know by an infallible test that it is an alien mind, and not your own, that offers suggestion or inquiry. There is nothing so keen in us as that intuitive perception which recognizes at once, and infallibly, the thought that has gone through the processes of germination and birth, as our own. It is very different from the same thought offered independently and originally as the product of another intelligence. That test, without seeking mysteries in spiritualism, every man or woman has. Call up your last night's dream. It has as strongly marked tests of conference with intelligence other than your own, as you will meet to-day. We lose the thread in waking. We do not see the connection, and it all looks jumbled and confused. But how confused our waking thoughts would be, if subjected to like tests, although these go on under the conscious supervision of the will! In sleep, as in waking, we confer with other intelligences than our own, and do it perhaps familiarly and frequently. It is no answer to call this transcendentalism or spiritualism. It is a question of fact. You do or you do not. Settle in your own mind whether you do receive suggestions in your sleep, independent of any processes of your thought, and accept the whole consequence. It need not be very wise or very prudent; the test is not its wisdom or its prudence, but the absolute fact of the independent suggestion. That done, do not let specious philosophy argue you out of the plain evidence of your senses. No doubt the Ptolemaic theory of astronomy gave a rational explanation of the movements of the planetary system, yet it was wrong, though it stood the mathematical tests of a thousand years, and received the approbation of religion and philosophy.

"At this crucial point, when the thought was in my mind to anticipate by a few hours or moments the end, the comforter came, or rather was with me. Now in my weakness she supported me when I needed support. There has been no day since the separation of our material existence when life's heavier trials have not found that comforter by my side.

"The dawn came slowly and heavily, with no cessation of the fierce shock of the contending elements. At times the sphere of the firmament seemed to burst and shiver with the blinding, quivering flash; the solid waves banged and broke upon one another; and

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the huge oaks groaned and fell under the blast. The mighty waters of rain rolled down with ebb and flow, as if a lake set upright poured its surface down and obscured everything at a few yards' distance. The most terrifying fact visible in all this confusion was the rapid rising of the lake. The black-jack oak, that had received me out of the alligator's jaws, had now its top branches and vines sweeping and tossing in the water. Below me the contracted surface of the island was swimming in pools. The eye could not detect any difference between the level of the lake and the level of the land. In a few hours the island would be entirely submerged, and the rain fell as if the reservoirs of the heavens were inexhaustible. Nothing in that fearful hour kept up my strength, exhausted by fatigue and twenty-four hours' fasting, but the sense of companionship, the assured comfort of that loving, encouraging presence. Though I might take refuge in the trees as the waters rose, yet they were places of difficult or doubtful security. Every hour some forest giant yielded. As the water rose, and sapped the strength of the roots, what probability was there that any one would outstand the storm? Climbing the tall, slippery shaft of the one or two pine-trees that still stood was impossible, and the huge oaks branched low with boughs bending downward. Hour after hour went by, the hurricane still at its height, and I clung to the crotch of the oak, planning and rejecting a dozen impossible modes of escape. As it drew on toward noon the wind abated; the violence of the rain ceased, and I could see, to my surprise and gratification, the cottage at Fannistan still standing. The lull did not last long. I used it in digesting a plan of escape.

"I observed that as the storm renewed its violence the wind was setting from the opposite point of the compass. It had been north-northwest, and now it was south-southeast. From this fact I drew several important conclusions.

"First, that the very centre of the cyclone must have passed over this vicinage. Otherwise there would have been a chopping and changing to various points, as we skirted the circle of the wind. A cyclone is a moving whirlwind of greater or less diameter. The body of the storm has its own general progressive direction, besides carrying within itself the long, circular, gyratory motion of the wind; just as a top moves down a slight incline, while the toy itself is spinning rapidly on its peg. The top, that is, the circle of the wind, crossed us as it moved from east to west. It began north-northwest, and continued so till we were in its centre, where there was a lull of short flurries. The other hemisphere of the wind, the reverse current, caught us in coming back from the south to the north.

"The second consideration, or corollary, was that as the violence of the wind in one direction had lasted from ten P. M. of the 15th, to twelve M. of the 16th, we might expect the same duration of violence, fourteen hours, before the other half had passed over us. This dissipated any doubts as to the practicability of remaining on the hummock. I had to choose between the risk of drowning in an attempt at escape, and the same hazard of drowning if I remained on the island.

"The lake was certainly an ugly thing to look at. No light craft could possibly live there. I must choose a heavier vessel; something sluggish, inert, steady, that could not be beaten to pieces or tossed about like a skiff, even if that choice was permitted to me. My refuge must be one of the logs or trees that occasionally floated by, or were blown upon the island. I got down into the shallow water and crossed to my point of observation at the black-jack. A little cape jutted out from this end like the blade of an ax. Obliquely across, a similar point on the second hummock reached out into the water. These abutments projected nearly opposite each other, though on different ends of the hummocks, and the current of wind, south-southeast, bore directly from one to the other. There was my point of departure.

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"Dragging themselves loose from entangling vines and the bottom, as the water arose, lay two trees in the water. The farther end of both was beginning to sway out. When they reached the open current, they would swing violently loose, and rush through the gap or sluice; and I had not much time to choose.

"The outer one, which would soon be free, was the trunk and branches of a huge pine. The fronds were still green upon it, and the limbs unbroken. It had been blown, probably, from the bank on the main-land, and tossed over to this point. Its branches, the fronds that would partially protect, and the huge weight and solidity recommended it. The other tree did not present as safe projections by which I could hold on or bind myself. But I had felled too many pine-trees to put confidence in this one. Often the last chip will fall out before the momentarily balancing trunk will incline to its fall. The weight around the stem of a pine is divided evenly among its branches, so that it is balanced, as I have seen the corky substance of a bit of cornstalk poised on the point of a knife by thrusting two table forks at proper angles and distances into it. In the water there would be no preponderating weight to bear any side of my floating pine down, and keep it steady on an even keel. It would inevitably roll, and in the flood and the storm roll rapidly. It was a theory, but I had to be guided by theory, and I turned to my other raft.

"This was a huge, bare live-oak with the trunk divided into two large limbs. If there had ever been any others, they were broken off. It was in the form of a great Y. At the stump was a root or two that I might hold on by, but it looked precarious. It would not roll, certainly, and that was the main consideration. As I mounted it pickaback, and girded myself to it with my cotton-ades and suspenders, the pine launched off, dragging my raft loose in the effort, and swam splendidly into the gap. I thought I had missed my calculation, but, as it got free, it shot in, spinning like a whirligig. My barge followed, plunging somewhat, but comparatively steady. Every wave dashed over me. I was frequently strangled and blinded, and had no time to think of anything but clinging to the log. It turned slowly round as it went, for which I was not sorry. How anxious I grew as it neared the cape! I slipped loose my fastenings for a plunge, but it swung round and lay snug and close right against the bank.

"I had looked forward with some unnecessary apprehension, as it proved, to the passage of the second slue. Fortunately a great heap of logs had drifted in and was lodged. To climb over these to the shallow water on the farther side cost only a few scratches and bruises. In less than twenty minutes after my raft got afloat, I was safe and sound on the main-land, and half an hour later I was sipping Señorita Fanchon's hot brandy toddy; and that is the whole story of my perils and escape."

Will Wallace Harney.

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RACHEL AT THE WELL.

By an elm-tree half decayed,
In a skeleton of shade
  From the bird-forsaken boughs,
With the melancholy stains
Of a century of rains,
And its quaintly mended panes,
    Stands the house.

From the modern street aloof,
It uprears its olden roof
  In the sleepy summer air;
And the shadow falls across,
And the sunlight sheds a gloss
On the patches of old moss,
    Here and there.

Near the gate that guards the lane,
With its rusty hinge and chain,
  Hangs, half-shut, the crippled wicket.
Lilac clumps, beyond the wall,
Grow neglected, filling all
The wild dooryard with a tall,
    Tangled thicket.

There 's a little path between
The encroaching ranks of green;
  Then a garden, half-grown over
With striped grass and poppies red;
There the sunflower hangs her head;
And you scent somewhere a bed
    Of sweet clover.

There is fennel mixed with phlox;
And, with pinks and hollyhocks,
  Here the mistress of the place,
In her lone and widowed age,
Keeps her caraway and sage,
Immemorial heritage
    Of her race.

Midway from the darkened gable
To the battered barn and stable,
  Is the well; and there, aslant,
Warped and cracked with sun and rain,
Stands the well-sweep in the lane,
On its one leg, like a crane,
    Long and gaunt.

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In her ancient bombazine,
And her hood of faded green,
From the kitchen, on her crutch,
Comes the widow with her pail;
In the hook she hangs the bail;
And the well-sweep gives a wail
At her touch.

With a dismal, wailing creak,
Like an almost human shriek,
Down the slow sweep goes, and up
Brings the wavering pail once more;
While in yellow pinafore
Runs her grandchild from the door,
With a cup.

Grandchild, did I say? Behold!
Like a fleece of living gold
Just let loose from fairy-land,
Half to perfect beauty spun,
And half flying in the sun,
Making sun and shadow one,
See her stand!

In old Rachel can there be
Aught akin to such as she?
Winter's snow and summer's glow!
Poor old Rachel, bent and thin,
Withered cheeks and peakèd chin,
Has outlived all other kin
Long ago.

From the curb, with many a groan,
Comes the bucket to the stone;
And the crutch is in its place;
And now, pausing at the brink,
For the elf to dip and drink,
She, poor soul, must breathe and think
For a space.

Lo! the cloudy years, they part
Like a morning mist; her heart
For a moment is beguiled
By sad fancies thronging fast:
She beholds the glowing past,
Her own girlish image, glassed
In the child.

And will ever that sweet elf
Be a creature like herself,
Bowed with age and grief and care?

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Can such freshness fade away
To a phantom of decay —
Golden tresses, to a gray
Ghost of hair?

'T was but yesterday she saw
Her own grandam go to draw
Water, with her pail and crutch,
And she wondered to behold
One so pitifully old!
Eighty years, when all is told,
Are not much.

Like a vision of the dawn,
Youth appears, and youth is gone;
From four summers to four score
Is a dream! 'T is ever so:
Roses come and roses go,
Roses fade and roses blow,
Evermore.

Ruined petals strew the walk;
Laughing buds are on the stalk;
Mighty nature is consoled.
Surging life no bounds can stay;
Beauty floods the young and gay;
Life and beauty ebb away
From the old.

We are figures on the loom:
Out of darkness, into gloom,
We but flit across the frame;
And the gnomes that toil within
Care not for the web they spin;
Ever ending, they begin
Still the same.

While sad Rachel dimly peers
Through the glimmering film of years,
There the grandchild, all aglow,
Stooping, dipping, sees by chance
Her own merry countenance
In the water wave and glance
To and fro.

Tossing arms and gleeful scream
Startle Rachel from her dream;
And as sunshine in dark seas
Gilds some lone and rocky isle,
On the wrinkled face the while
Rests a heavenly light, a smile
Of deep peace.

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In her love she lives again:
Worlds may pass, if love remain,
And the soul is reconciled.
Rachel knows not age nor care,
Life and hope are everywhere,
As her heart goes out in prayer
For the child.

Little fingers drop the cup,
Which old Rachel must take up;
Rachel, smiling, stoops with pain,
While away the maiden hies,
After birds and butterflies,
Clapping hands with happy cries,
Down the lane.

J. T. Trowbridge.

THE CATS OF ANTIQUITY.

CATS!

"I hate cats."

"Do you! I adore them."

"You are an oddity."

"And so are you."

The human race may be divided into people who hate cats and people who adore them; the neutrals being few in number, and for intellectual and moral reasons not worth considering. Such at least we may suppose to be the view of those grimalkin rabbis who hold that the earth and man were created for cats.

This division takes place early in life. Even in short clothes one boy will stone the sweetest kitten, while another will coddle the rustiest and crustiest tommy. A Hindoo might suggest the explanation, that in some previous state of existence the first urchin had been a dog, and the second a cat; but not having been born in India, I feel at liberty to reject the doctrine of the transmigration of souls; I am quite as much inclined to attribute this diversity to predestination. I mean, of course, a predestination arising from some innate peculiarity of the sensibilities.

The distinction in question not only comes early in life, but it comes for good. I never knew a cat-hater to be converted from the error of his ways in mature years; nor did I ever know a cat-fancier who was permitted to fall from his beautiful faith. But here a moral discrimination must be made: there are those who pet pussy to please themselves; there are others who pet him to give him a pleasure. The true cat-lover is he whose object is, not to feel the soft fur or to watch the diverting gambols, but to make the animal happy.

It must be admitted, however, that circumstances have something to do with the development of these contrary instincts. Old maids and old bachelors especially are quite settled in their minds as to whether they hate or love cats. Why is it that celibacy leads to such an interest in the feline race, and will not accept of neutrality? Because the feline race is pettable; because it makes a strong claim to be taken to your bosom; you must either welcome it warmly, or repulse it vigorously. And the celibate, particularly if of the female gender, is by necessity a person who either needs a pet, or who has learned to war with pets. The old maid identifies her cat with some lost man, and worships him; or she identifies your cat with some faithless man, and abhors him. No neutrality for her; a

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beating heart goes into the matter; she must love, or she must detest.

The select natures who adore cats will hereafter honor the name of Champfleury. With the taste and sensibility of a humane soul, and in that crystalline prose which every Frenchman writes as soon as he is born, Champfleury has composed a charming volume of three hundred and fifty pages on the history, habits, and character of cats. The book is published in Paris by J. Rothschild (not the Jewish banker), and the triumphant fourth edition bears the date of 1870. I shall draw on it largely for facts, and shall venture to add a few of my own.

Authorities differ as to the date, cause, and manner of the creation of the species *cattus*. The Greek mythologists assert that Apollo having made a lion to frighten his hunting sister Diana, the latter, by way of satirizing his monster, made a grimalkin. But the Greeks being polytheists and addicted to fables, I place small faith in their declarations, especially on so grave a subject. I prefer to listen to the Arabs, who, as a sister people of the Jews, ought to have traditions of the creation which one can "tie to," and who, as the authors of the Thousand and One Nights, have earned a title to our confidence. The fact then appears to be that after Noah had entered into the ark, his family represented to him that the mice would devour their provisions; whereupon the patriarch addressed a prayer on the subject to Allah, who in response caused the lion to sneeze a full-grown cat from his nostrils; the result being that the mice were not only kept in order during the Deluge, but were impressed with that timidity which has made them lurk in holes ever since. Such is the narrative of Damirei, an Arab naturalist, who, in the eighth century of the Hegira, wrote a history of animals under the title of *Haout el Haiawana*. I will simply remark concerning his statement, that I have never seen it contradicted.

It should inspire our youthful nation with an immense respect for cats, to learn that they have been known in history as domesticated animals for 3558 years. Just 1688 years before the Christian era, 1071 years before the birth of Pharaoh Necho, who overthrew Josiah king of the Jews, 935 years before the birth of Romulus, and 88 years (according to Josephus) before the flight of the Jews into the desert, cats first appear on the Egyptian monuments.

What species? Ehrenberg, who examined various cat mummies, says that they resemble a kind still extant in Abyssinia, both in the domesticated and savage state. De Blainville thinks he has proved that the Egyptians had three varieties, and that they all exist still in Africa, both wild and tame. But when we compare cat habits in the time of the pyramids with cat habits in the era of steam navigation, we are puzzled by the difference. Our nineteenth century grimalkin has no taste for hunting in marshes, and swimming back with a booty of dead ducks to his master. Clever as the Egyptians were in getting day's works out of Hebrews, I don't believe they could have got any such day's works out of our water-hating felines. A larger and wilder breed it must have been; a breed still retaining much of the strength and the hunting furor of a state of nature; something approaching nearer to a wild cat than to what we understand by a tame one.

However, a cat of some kind this animal was; we have statues and medals and pictures showing his form; we have his mummies and his mummy cases, all cat-like; and finally the Egyptians called him Maou. Clearly enough the beast spoke the same language then that he speaks at present. Clearly enough, also, he named himself. "Maou." Very considerate of the Egyptians to give him his own cry for a cognomen. Perhaps the fact indicates that their language was still in a child-like state, and not very well furnished with words or even with sounds. Possibly also it shows that the animal was known to and named by them long before they were civilized enough and artistic enough to

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paint and carve his form upon their monuments and medals. If this suggestion seem reasonable we may give his domestication a higher antiquity even than 3558 years.

Well, here we have Maou in old Egypt; under the best of discipline, like everything else in old Egypt; going out hunting in boats with his master; adequate to swimming and to fetching game; a helpful actor in a new civilization; worthy of showing on monuments. One mural picture represents him seizing a large bird with his teeth, a smaller one with his fore paws, and a still smaller one with his hind paws, with the obvious intent of bringing all three to an Egyptian in a boat. Another exhibits him in a boat, raising himself up against the knees of his master, while the latter is about to throw the curved *schbot*, or boomerang, at some quarry. Paintings of this character, proving that the cat had been trained as a retriever, date mostly from the XVIIIth and XIXth dynasties, 1638 and 1440 years before our era.

But Maou was also a member of the family circle. In some pictures we discover him under the chair of the mistress of the house, the fellow-pet of dogs and monkeys, no doubt already a good purrer. A certain King Hana, who appears to have reigned as far back as the XIth dynasty, has been obliging enough to leave us his statue in the necropolis of Thebes, and, between his feet, the image of his cat Bouhaki. Many little bronze or terra-cotta figures represent pussies decorated with ear-rings and broad collars, the ear-rings glorious with jewelry in gold, and the collars showing the staring eye which symbolized the sun. As sun-worship is rationally supposed to be the oldest of all human inventions in religion, here, in this glaring eye, we have another squint at vast antiquity.

In fact, Maou had already made his way into the circle of Egyptian devotions. The goddess Pasht or Bast or Bubastis generally wears the head of a cat, and in her temple cats were kept as sacred animals. Egyptian ladies, who made the worship of Bubastis their special orthodoxy, have signified the fact by leaving funeral statues bearing the inscription Techau, a word signifying *tabby*. By the way, Techau, if pronounced in my fashion, which is of course the correct one, gives a very fair idea of the *spit* of a suspicious pussy. Another instance of the consideration of the Egyptians for the understanding of cats. Maou and Techau! Of course the cats could comprehend who was referred to.

What part Maou and Techau played in the worship of Bubastis we cannot say; perhaps their main duty was to catch the profane vermin who defiled the temple; probably their reward was to help the priests finish the sacrifices. Three tables — first the goddess; then the holy men; then the holy beasts. By the time that these last had done their part, it is likely that the temple mice had cause to be as poor as our own proverbial church mouse.

After Maou had accomplished his pious labors in this life, he was prepared for the cat resurrection by embalming, and was safely stored in an honorable tomb. He did not make a handsome corpse; even the paint which was sometimes daubed on his preserved face has not rendered him lovely; you feel as little desire to pet him as to kiss the mummy of Pharaoh's daughter. Long, narrow, and meagre, wrapped closely to the neck in curiously plaited straw, his head alone is exposed, and is too obviously a skeleton caput, its once sleek fur changed to an ugly parchment. The entire "conserve" looks rather like an oblong bundle than like an animal. The cases, on the contrary, exhibit the feline shape, rudely carved and archaic, but not unlike life.

It is probable that Maou had the honor of being embalmed only when he was attached to a temple. Herodotus tells us that in general dead cats were carried to sacred buildings, salted, and then buried in the holy city of Bubastis, the seat of the goddess Bast. From this it would appear that all grimalkins were held to be more or less worshipful.

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And yet, if we may confide in the confiding old Greek, Maou had some eccentricities which ought to have shaken the faith of his adorers. For instance, he was in the habit of assassinating his offspring, and this for no better reason than that he wanted the exclusive attention of his wife. For a wife he had; the Egyptians, in their benevolence, were cat match-makers; to every tom they assigned a suitable tabby, having due regard to character and appearance. Another of Maou's freaks was suicide, and that by fire, indicating perhaps a reaction against his aquatic education. In case of a conflagration the Egyptians were less anxious to save their property than their cats, gathering in a crowd about the burning building, for the purpose of keeping the animals at a distance. Meanwhile Maou, possessed with a frenzy, squeezed between the friendly legs or jumped over the adoring heads, and so frequently made a way to his funeral pyre.

"Whenever this happens," says Herodotus, with his alluring good faith, "it diffuses universal sorrow. Also, in whatever family a cat dies, every individual cuts off his eyebrows."

But no absurdity could quell the Egyptian's devotion to Maou. Diodorus Siculus relates that a Roman having accidentally killed a cat, the common people of Egypt attacked his house in a fury, and in spite of the king's guards and the majesty of the Roman name, put the unlucky fellow to death. It is only fair to add that all domestic animals, and some which could hardly have been domesticated, were worshiped in the land of the pyramids. The ibis was always buried in Hermopolis; the shrew-mice and the hawks in Butos. It has been suggested that the priests promulgated the sacredness of such animals as were useful to man, in order to save them from useless slaughter, increase their numbers, and thus aid the progress of civilization. But how does this explain a reverence for hawks, mice, and crocodiles? We must allow some force here to pantheism; to the idea that the creator reappears in his creatures.

On the whole, Maou puzzles me not a little. If his resurrection should come in my day, I should find him a very interesting study, but I should hardly know how to treat him. In his tastes for swimming, for following up the cast of a boomerang, for bringing game to his master instead of eating it himself, for destroying his kittens, and for committing suicide, I fail to recognize the cat of the nineteenth century. Probably it is a fair inference that the Egyptians, having few domestic animals, took special pains with the education of such as they had, and thus brought out capacities and characteristics which we scarcely suspect. By the way, if the subjects of the Pharaohs had possessed dogs, would they have taught cats to hunt? Perhaps, after all that has been said for Bow-wow, Maou may be the oldest ally of man.

Did Herodotus take a cat back with him to Greece? Probably not; the Egyptians could hardly have been willing to spare him one; moreover the beast is an unwilling traveler. Imagine the great historian dodging about every burning house that he came to, in order to keep his Maou from pelting into the embers! It seems certain that he not only did not carry a cat to Greece, but that he did not even carry thither the taste for cats, inasmuch as we find no mention of the animal in early Hellenic history. The lack of this fancy is the greatest blot that I discover in the æsthetic character of the founders of classic art and literature. It is likely that they were well punished for it; they must have been troubled with mice as well as Macedonians.

No distinct mention of Greek cats is to be found until we reach Theocritus, the inventor of bucolic poetry, born about one hundred and sixty years after Herodotus, or about two hundred and seventy-five years before our era. Even in this case the animal may have been Greek only in a colonial sense, and finally may not have been Greek at all, inasmuch as the poet was a native of Syracuse, and passed several years of his life in Egypt.

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"Eunoa, water!" calls Praxinoë, in the dialogue of The Syracusans. "How slow she is! The cat loves repose. Bestir yourself. Quick, some water."

A lazy and pleasure-loving slave is compared to a cat. Here I find my familiar friend, the soft pet who likes a warm lap, the snoozing pussy of the nineteenth century. At least I find him as the world misrepresents him, for in his special line of business he is not an idle creature, but patient, painstaking, and indefatigable.

And now for a stroke of sublimity. From the XVIIIth dynasty of Egypt down to Agathias, a writer of the age of Justinian, this cat of Theocritus is the only distinct and authentic cat in Levantine history. In all the tramplings of armies, the batterings of sieges, and the tumblings of empires throughout a sweep of twenty-two centuries, we hear but one unsupported purr and one isolated mew. Agesilaus has his Epaminondas; Plato is obliged to measure himself against Aristotle; but the pussy of The Syracusans is without a rival. If there is any grandeur in solitude, here you have it.

As for Agathias, a very clever advocate and scholar by the way, he makes an ass of himself by versifying two epigrams against a clever cat that had killed his tame partridge. A still greater ass is Damocharis, a disciple of Agathias and known among his contemporaries as "The Sacred Column of Grammar," who rushes to the consolation of the bereaved lawyer with another epigram. He calls the cat one of the dogs of Actæon; declares that in eating the partridge of Agathias, he had devoured Agathias himself; and charges him with thinking of nothing but partridges while the mice dance and rejoice. At all events, one learns from this hullabaloo that cats were kept in the Eastern Empire to kill mice, and that they were far from holding the worshipful position of semi-sacerdotal Maou in ancient Egypt.

Turning now to the Romans, we learn from Ovid's Metamorphoses that Diana once took the form of a cat, therein getting ahead of Satan and his witches, who frequently performed the same miracle in the Middle Ages. As Diana was identified by the classic nations with the Egyptian goddess Bast, we find in this story a reminiscence of the sacred Maou of Bubastis.

Pliny speaks of cats; and so does Palladius, a writer of the times of Roman decadence; and from the latter we learn that they were useful in clearing granaries of mice. All thanks to the man for his information, though we could have guessed as much, unassisted. But had he *nothing to say concerning the fur*, the song, the arching back, the gentle fondlings, the innumerable graces of my favorite beast? There have been only two golden ages for pussy; that of the ancient Egyptians and that of modern Christianity; and the first was even more gloriously golden than the last.

In a Pompeian mosaic, preserved in the museum of Naples, we find record of a cat who must have lived several centuries earlier than the slayer of Agathias' partridge. He too is a bird-fancier, for he has something like a quail under his left paw, and you can see that his mouth is about to open on the neck of his victim. A stout-bodied beast, with thick limbs and a massive tail, he resembles the wild species rather than the tame.

A later age furnishes us with a seal, in the bad workmanship of the Roman decadence, on which is inscribed the name of the defunct owner, a lady called Lucconia Felicula. As Felicula signifies little cat, or kitten, here we have another feline monument. At Orange, in the south of France, a mosaic of the Roman period, representing a cat catching a mouse, was found by the antiquarian Millin. As if in mockery, — as if to show that the chasings of this world never attain their prey, — Father Time had taken the trouble to deface the image of the mouse. There is the eternal pursuit of happiness and success, and there is its object escaping into the invisible.

Next comes a rude funeral monument, also of the Gaulish Roman period, ex-

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hibiting a young girl holding a cat in her arms, while a cock stands at her feet. There too the old destroyer has been busy, this time banging away at the feline image, as if it had just occurred to him to avenge the partridge of Agathias. In spite of this wrath, the fact is evident to us that kittens might be pets to children who spoke Latin, and that bereaved parents who spoke Latin might sympathize with the taste. The drawing of the figures, by the way, is wofully poor, and shows that the Gallo-Roman artists of those days were far inferior to the Japanese of our time, and scarcely superior to the Chinese.

Thenceforward we must give up Roman cats, except so far as we may learn something from old moderns who wrote on heraldry, and who probably had access to Latin works which are lost to us. Palliot, one of the most venerable of prose-writing Frenchmen, who published in 1664 The True and Perfect Science of Blazonry, delights us with the information that various companies of the soldiers of the Cæsars had cats painted on their banners. There was a sea-green cat for the *Ordines Augustei*, a half cat on a red ground for the *Felices Seniores*, and a cat with one eye and one ear for the *Alpini*. Palliot is so sure of his case that he gives us an engraving of the "half cat," a lively animal, exceedingly well sketched, whose head, fore-paws, and tip of tail are all up in playful style, while his hinder moiety stands in the unbeknown. With this two-legged quadruped we take our leave of cats classical.

We come now to the Middle Ages, a time of great spiritual potency for tom and tabby. Like some other creatures once identified with the worship of divinities, cats were now identified with the powers and principalities of darkness. They haunted blood-stained castles, accompanied witches in their nocturnal gambols and journeyings, and otherwise troubled the sad imagination which characterized mediæval Christianity, especially among the Germanic peoples. When St. Dominic preached concerning the devil, he represented him under the form of a cat. Numerous legends give us the strongest reason to believe that when Satan desired to trouble the peace of the faithful, he frequently clothed himself in the body, or at least in the skin, of a black tommy. Out of what nest-egg of fact were these tales hatched? No doubt partly out of the old pagan union between the animal and certain forms of idolatry, such as the worship of Bast and of Diana. Among the northern peoples it had once been believed that the car of the goddess Frigga was drawn by cats. There is also a physical cause: the beast's eyes glisten strangely in the dark; even by day his glassy stare is disquieting to some nervous temperaments; and so, like the owl and other glaring, lustrous-orbed creatures, he was handed over to devil worship.

The old-time peasant of France believed that if a cat was in a cart, and the wind blew from him to the horse, the latter would have a double load to draw. Same increase of burden to horses, if cavaliers wore cat fur on their garments. Sorcerers, as well as their great master, sometimes took the feline shape. A certain woman of Billancourt in France was cooking an omelet, when a black cat which sat in the chimney-corner remarked, "It is done, turn it over." The woman, being a good Christian, threw the omelet in the cat's face and burnt him. The next day one of her neighbors, well known to her as a sorcerer, had a scar on his cheek. In presence of these facts, reason bows his conceited head, and faith asserts dominion. Perhaps it is the cats who give power to planchette, and enable Mr. Home to fly out of windows.

We must not be specially bitter on cats because they were so mixed up with the rampagings of Lucifer. The canine race had something of the same repute; the ringleaders of the Salem witchcraft were aided by Satan in the form of a large black dog; and Tam O'Shanter saw him at Kirk Alloway in the guise of a "towsy tyke, black, grim, and large." Moreover, grimalkin now

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and then turned against his satanic master. A French architect of the good old believing times being unable to finish an audaciously planned bridge, the devil offered to bring the work to completion on condition that he might have the first soul which crossed it. The work done, the sly architect scared a cat over; the devil, though disappointed, advanced to seize his prey; the beast made fight and scratched his black face for him; defeat and flight of the arch enemy.

Another true story. A certain Count of Combourg, who was noted for possessing a wooden leg and a black cat, died several centuries ago for reasons best known to his doctor. But something troubled his repose, or he had provocation to trouble that of other people. Every now and then he turned out for a nightly promenade, and was encountered an unpleasant number of times on the grand stairway of his castle; but occasionally, finding that his personal attention was not needed, or being occupied otherwheres, he sent his wooden leg and black cat on these expeditions. Champfleury gives us an impressive sketch of the beast descending the grim old stone staircase, closely followed by the stumpy limb with bandages flying. Such is the verisimilitude of the picture that infidelity must fade before it.

Degraded like Moloch, Beelzebub, Lucifer, and other names of ancient worship, to a companionship with Satan, the cats had a hard time of it among our sombrely and savagely pious ancestors. The culmination of many a religious *fête* in France, Germany, England, etc., consisted in pitching some wretched pussy off a height or into a bonfire. In 1573 certain Frenchmen received a quittance of a hundred *sols parisis* for having furnished during three years all the cats necessary for the fires of the festival of St. John. In 1604 the boyish Dauphin of France, afterwards Louis XIII., obtained mercy of the king for all the cats which were to be scorched on this pious occasion. The same Dauphin, however, was not so far enlightened but that he hunted cats on horseback, doubtless by way of preparing him for the chase of wilder game.

In 1323 the Abbot of Citeaux, assisted by several of his monks, buried a black cat in a box, with provisions for three days, all with a view to dealings with the devil. Animal howls; citizens dig him up; abbot and monks are tried for satanic practices; two are banished and two burnt at the stake. Now and then a cat got into more intelligent, humane, and truly pious company. A certain hermit of the time of Pope Gregory I. is celebrated by John, a deacon of Rome, for the blessed content with which he regarded his only property, a no doubt exemplary grimalkin. Deacon John even assures us that the holy man received a revelation from heaven, congratulating him on being as happy in his tommy as the Pope in all his splendor and power.

No longer ago than 1818 a decree was issued at Ypres, in Flanders, forbidding the throwing of a cat off a high tower in commemoration of a Christian festival. In France such ignoble devotions were practiced among the peasants until very lately. To see the laborers of Picardy skylarking around a pile of blazing fagots, some dancing, some playing fiddles, some firing guns, and the children screaming "Hiou! hiou!" while a cat, smothered by the smoke drops screeching into the flames, is not a delightful religious reminiscence.

If the race had mediæval troubles, it also had an occasional honor, especially in the way of blazonry. Palliot, who has thrown such light on Roman ensigns, blesses us with the further information that the Burgundian Clotilda, wife of King Clovis, inherited from her paternal house a coat of arms representing a sable cat killing a rat of the same. The German family of Katzen had a silver cat holding a mouse, on a field of azure; the Chetatdic of Limoges, two silver cats, one above the other, on azure; the Della Gatta, Neapolitan nobles, a silver cat, on azure.

Meantime the animal had a political significance, and thereby got into the

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noble heraldry of nations. He was the emblem of independence: perhaps because of his somewhat solitary and unattached disposition; perhaps because of his watchfulness, "eternal vigilance being the price of liberty." This idea of independence or freedom was attached to him very early. In the Temple of Liberty, built at Rome under the direction of Tiberius Gracchus, the goddess was represented with a cat at her feet. The Sessa family, the great printers of Venice in the sixteenth century, used the figure of a cat as their printing mark, probably as a symbol of the freedom springing from intelligence. During the first French revolution the emblematic grimalkin of Tiberius Gracchus was resurrected, and in the patriotic pictures of Proudhon and others we once more find him sitting at the feet of the goddess of Liberty.

Having now traced the history of the animal from his earliest recorded appearance in the family which man has gathered, let us trace the history of his present name: Vulgar Greek, *katus;* vulgar Latin, *catus*, or *cattus;* Italian, *gatto;* Spanish and Portuguese, *gato;* French, *chat;* Burgundian, *chaî;* Picard, *ca*, or *co;* Provençal, *cat;* Catalan, *gat;* Walloon, *chet;* old Scandinavian, *kottr;* Anglo-Saxon, *cat;* German, *kater* or *katze;* Danish, *kat;* Swedish, *katt;* Welsh, *cath;* Cornish, *cath;* Irish, *cat;* Lapp, *gatto;* Polish, *kot;* Russian, *kots;* Basque, *katua;* Turkish, *keti;* Armenian, *kaz;* English, CAT. In Arabic *kitta*, or *kaïa*, means a male cat.

Isidore, one of those decadent Roman authors who brought *cattus* from the vulgar speech into literature, explains that it is derived from *cattare*, to see, meaning thereby a seeing or watching animal. Champfleury looks askant at this derivation, and suggests that the word may have got into Latin from the Teutonic languages, an idea which seems probable enough when we reflect that Germans made up whole legions of the Roman army at the time when *cattus* appears in Roman writings.

Now for varieties. The catamount of North America is not a cat, but a far larger and stronger animal, and of a different species. The wild cat of Europe is nothing but the tame cat in a savage state. The Manx cat not only differs from the common breed in having no tail, but his hind legs are longer, his head larger, and his intelligence, I think, somewhat higher. Possibly the spinal nervous force which was formerly absorbed by his caudal extremity has ascended into his brain and reinforced its action. The suggestion is thrown out for the benefit of those philosophers who insist that man's first step in improvement was the getting rid of his tail. If this reasoning is correct, we may expect something great of the Japanese pussy, which is also tailless.

At Tobolsk there is a red breed; in China a variety with drooping ears; in middle Asia the Angora, with long fur and a mane. Of this last species is the favorite of Victor Hugo, a monstrous old curmudgeon in the style of a small lion, who inspired the poet Méry with the saying, "God made the cat to give man the pleasure of caressing the tiger."

A grimalkin which was brought from the coast of Guinea to England had short, bluish-gray fur, a curiously wrinkled skin, as black as a negro's, ears partially naked, long legs, and a general eccentricity of aspect. In New Zealand, in the Highlands of Scotland, and probably in all other countries, the animals which return to the savage state take on a dappled gray color. When therefore you see a gray cat, you may infer that he has a good constitution and a large infusion of the hunting instinct.

Wild cats, when domesticated, bear a high character as mousers, but are furious quarrelers with their own sex of the tame species.

J. W. DeForest.

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THE WHITE ROVER.

They called the little schooner the White Rover,
When they lightly launched her on the brimming tide;
Staunch and trim she was to sail the broad seas over,
And with cheers they spread her snowy canvas wide;

And a thing of beauty, forth she fared to wrestle
With the wild, uncertain ocean, far and near,
And no evil thing befell the graceful vessel,
And she sailed in storm and sunshine many a year.

But at last a rumor grew that she was haunted,
That up her slender masts her sails had flown
Unhelped by human hands, as if enchanted,
As she rocked upon her moorings all alone.

Howe'er that be — one day in winter weather,
When the bitter north was raging at its worst,
And wind and cold vexed the roused sea together,
Till Dante's frozen hell seemed less accurst,

Two fishermen, to draw their trawls essaying,
Seized by the hurricane that plowed the bay,
Were swept across the waste; and hardly weighing
Death's chance, the Rover reefed and bore away

To save them, — reached them, shuddering where they waited
Their quick destruction, tossing white and dumb,
And caught them from perdition; then, belated,
Strove to return the rough way she had come.

But there was no returning! Fierce as lightning
The eager cold grew keener, more intense.
Across her homeward track the billows, whitening,
In crested mountains rolling, drove her thence;

Till her brave crew, benumbed, gave up the battle,
Clad in a mail of ice that weighed like lead;
They heard the crusted blocks and rigging rattle,
They saw the sails like sheets of iron spread;

And powerless before the gale they drifted,
Till swiftly dropped the black and hopeless night.
The wild tornado never lulled nor shifted,
But drove them toward the coast upon their right,

And flung the frozen schooner, all sail standing,
Stiff as an iceberg on the icy shore;

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And half alive, her torpid people, landing,
Crept to the light-house, and were safe once more.

But what befell the vessel, standing solemn
Through that tremendous night of cold and storm,
Upon the frost-locked land, a frigid column,
That glittered 'neath the stars, a ghostly form?

None ever saw her more! The tide upbore her,
Released her fastened keel, and ere the day,
Without a guide, and all the world before her,
The sad, forsaken Rover sailed away.

Yet sometimes, when in summer twilight blending,
Sunset and moonrise mingle their rich light,
Or when on noonday mists the sun is spending
His glory, till they glimmer thin and white,

Upon the dim horizon melting, gleaming,
Slender, ethereal, like a lovely ghost
Soft looming, in the hazy distance dreaming,
I seem to see the vessel that was lost.

Celia Thaxter.

IVAN TURGÉNIEFF.

Of the novelists now living, Turgénieff is probably not the one who is most widely known, but in the estimation of those who are familiar with his writings he holds a place above any rivals. There is nothing strange in either his comparative obscurity or the warmth of the admiration which more than outweighs the calmer interest that might be felt in a writer who contented himself with a more superficial view of life and a less profound consideration of the problems which await us all, demanding some solution, or, more truly, some attempt at solution on our part. Of the novelist in general it may be said that he has two parts to play in order thoroughly to succeed: he has to entertain the listless, and at the same time, in order to be a great writer, in order to leave a mark on the history of his time, he has to bring to the treatment of the main questions of our existence a wise comprehension of their meaning, and a sympathetic power of interpreting as well as of narrating the events he imagines and puts before us. In his own way, with somewhat different materials, he works at the same task as did the old dramatists, or as do musicians and artists of any sort. The first essential condition is that we be entertained; no useful information unaided by imagination, no mere statistics, will draw spectators to see a play or get readers for a novel; we might as well set the report of the State Board of Health to music. Entertainment, in its less ignoble sense, is what we demand of all artists, whether they work in marble, in colors, or with pen and ink. And of them all we ask for aid, not in the way of alms-giving, of formal philanthropy, but such as we feel in the sympathy of a friend, or

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when we are encouraged by the sight of a noble example. The novelist differs from the others in the fact that he is more of a realist in his workmanship. A tragedian can have the aid of poetry; the characters in his play, if it be necessary, need only be affected by a single dominant feeling, which may raise them above the petty criticism of those details that are considered requisite in a novel, in which the characters, like people in real life, are under the influence of rules of etiquette forbidding the statuesque posing which is allowable in tragedy. In stories the tension of passion is relieved by the description of external peculiarities such as the eye notices even at times of the greatest solemnity; men's and women's faces are described, the motley sequence of feelings is told us; in a word, our imagination is aided in every way in forming a picture complete in all the details. How much the predominance of novel-writing at the present day is due to this curiosity for detail is an important question which this is not the time to discuss. But at any rate it is interesting to notice how much that feeling, whatever may be its origin, is hostile to the broad handling required by tragedy, and favors the mechanical exactness to be found in the novel.

But in spite of this difference in external form, the novel is a work of imagination, although drawn with lighter and more varied touches. The more serious the nature of the problem it discusses, the higher its position as a work of art. Many novels are written which claim to do no more than help the reader to forget the monotonous routine of his daily life. Some, like The Initials, are the classics of this kind; they always amuse and have thereby won warm admiration from old and young. Certainly it would be a harsh and futile sort of criticism that should seek to decry such innocent and agreeable work. But while there is a persistent demand for novels of this sort, which succeed more or less well in their business of entertainment, there are always certain writers of higher and more serious aims who take the same form for their writing, since thereby they reach their readers more easily, and it is a form more congenial to themselves in proportion as they are influenced by that mysterious thing, the spirit of the age. That these writers should choose this mode of expression need not cause us any regret, nor is it in any way necessary to open any discussion of the relative positions of a novel and other forms of artistic work. We should here as elsewhere take what we have set before us, with as much gratitude as possible; and when we have novels to read, we should not weep for epic poems. Nowadays novels are written; the authors sometimes dignify their task by the treatment of human life in a thoughtful way, and it is of a writer of whom this remark is exceptionally true that we wish to speak here.

Ivan Turgénieff was born in the district of Orel, in the centre of Russia, November 9, 1818, and there he passed his boyhood; from 1834 to 1838 he studied at Moscow and St. Petersburg.[1] Then, in his twentieth year he went to Berlin, and at the university in that city he studied especially history and philosophy for two years. Hegel's philosophy, although it had lost somewhat of its earlier glory, still had a controlling influence in Germany at that time, as indeed it had until 1848; but on Turgénieff's mind it seems to have made, or at any rate to have left, an unsatisfactory impression, for we often find in his writings irreverent mention of the German philosopher. After returning to St. Petersburg he for a short time occupied a position under government in the Ministry of the Interior, but this he soon left in order to devote himself to literature. He first tried his hand at poetry, but without success. We have never seen a line of his verse, but if, as we are told, it was written in the style of Pouschkine and Lermontoff, who were themselves imitators of Byron, its failure need not be wondered at. His first

[1] Vide Glagau's *Die Russische Literatur und Iwan Turgenjew*, pp. 43, 44, to which we are indebted for most of our statistics.

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success was in the prose sketch Khor and Kalinitsch, which our readers will remember in his *Récits d'un Chasseur*. This appeared in 1846. Soon afterwards he went to Paris, and there he wrote the greater part of the Récits, which appeared from time to time in a Russian magazine. It was in 1852 that they first appeared in book-form, after eluding all opposition from the censors of the press, who, according to Mr. Otto Glagau, did not detect the hidden purpose which lay under what seemed to be merely a collection of pictures of Russian life, — the purpose, namely, of portraying the sufferings and degradation caused in that country by the existence of serfdom. Afterwards, however, when they were collected and published together, the censors avenged themselves in the following way. They took for their pretext an article which Turgénieff had written on the death of Gogol in the same year, and had him banished to his estate for two years. Nothing but the intercession of the Czarovitch, the present Czar, freed him from this sentence. After that time he lived in Russia, France, and Germany until 1863, when he chose Baden-Baden for his home. In that pleasant little town, which was the resort, at one time or another, of almost all the interesting people of Europe, he has since for the most part lived, having for neighbors his friends Louis Viardot and his wife, the celebrated Pauline Garcia-Viardot. At times, too, we hear of his presence in England.

Before discussing their literary merits, it should be said of the Récits d'un Chasseur that they were in a great measure the cause of the abolition of serfdom by the present Czar. In this respect they may be compared with Uncle Tom's Cabin, but there is no further likeness between these books. Turgénieff's method, here as everywhere, is so quiet, he is so careful to avoid anything like an expression of his own feelings, that the censor's mistake seems very natural. He writes, not with an avowed purpose which is to be read between the lines by the most indifferent, but as if his aim were entirely of another sort, simply to describe certain Russian peculiarities, and the inference about serfdom were almost something which had escaped his own observation.

What we find in the Récits d'un Chasseur is a number of sketches by a hunter, who evidently, in fair weather and foul, morning and evening, has wandered about the country with his gun on his shoulder, making the acquaintance of all his neighbors, learning to know all the serfs he meets, spending the night in their huts or camping out with them when they have no roof over their heads. In almost every one of the sketches we find some wonderful description of the beauties of nature, which, too, has the merit of being appropriate and readable. Too often even the best of descriptions has an air of having been done under some other inspiration than that by which the story was written, into which it is inserted with more or less cleverness; but Turgénieff's enjoyment of nature, and his keen observation, make him a truthful painter, while his sensitive avoidance of anything that might fatigue the reader saves him from the most frequent error of the landscape-painter who works with pen and ink. The sketch *Le Bois et la Steppe* especially deserves mention, for it is all description, and all natural. Among so many that are good it is hard, as well as, perhaps, unnecessary, to say which is the best, but among the most impressive, to our thinking, is the one called in the French translation *La Prairie*.

At the end of a hot July day which the writer has passed shooting grouse, he loses his way, when seeking to return home. At last he finds himself at the top of a precipice overlooking a wide plain; beneath him he sees two fires, around which are collected some human beings. He makes his way down to them, and on approaching he sees they are peasant boys who are guarding horses; they call back the large dogs who are barking violently and threatening to attack him. By their fire he prepares to pass the night. He watches the spread-

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ing darkness, and the ever-increasing brilliancy of the fire; every now and then a horse comes into its light, bites a twig from a small bush, and trots away. There is scarcely a sound to break the silence; occasionally the splash of a fish in the river near by is heard as it springs out of the water, and the little waves it has made break softly against the shore. The boys, five in number, gather about the fire; the oldest is only fourteen, the youngest not more than seven. Soon they begin to talk about all the uncanny beings which still exist in the imagination of uneducated Russians. A vague sound, such as often fills the night, is heard, and all, for their nerves are set on edge by their talk, are frightened except Paul, who laughs at them and bids them sup. They still go on with their anecdotes, with every now and then a little alarm at the cry of some night-bird breaking the deep silence. Paul is seen comforting them, and trying to explain away their terror at their ghostly stories, not with the aid of any superior knowledge, but as if he were anxious to silence his own alarm. Soon he determines to go to the river to draw some water; his companions warn him to be careful, listen to his retreating steps, and are telling stories of boys who were drowned, who were dragged into the river by the water-nymphs, when Paul returns safely. He has been frightened, however, for he has heard some one calling him by name; they are all much impressed by this, but soon they go to sleep. The writer, who had been listening to it all, likewise falls asleep, and early the next morning he is off, nodding good-by to Paul. The sketch ends as follows: —

"I ought to add that to my great regret Paul died that same year. He was not drowned, he was killed by a fall from a horse. I am sorry for him; he was a capital fellow."

That is all; it is as simple a study as could be written; there is not an incident in it, but it is a perfectly complete picture. Another, which is drawn with similarly slight materials, is the one called *Lgove*. In this, the author merely gives us an account of a trifling accident while duck-shooting, the sinking of the boat in which he is with some peasants, and their wading ashore; but the way in which he describes the conduct of some of the serfs, and his conversation with them, throws a great deal of light on his method. He gets talking, for instance, with an old fisherman whose leaky boat the others are putting in readiness; he asks, —

"Have you been a fisherman long?'

"Seven years," answered Soutchok.

"And what were you before that?"

"I was a coachman."

"Why did you give that up?"

"My mistress wanted me to."

"Who is your mistress?"

"The one who bought us lately. Don't you know her? She is Elena Timofeievna — a stout lady who is no longer young."

"Why did she make you a fisherman?"

"Heaven knows! She arrived one fine day from Tamboff, and bade us all assemble in the court-yard. Then she came out before us; some went forward to kiss her hand; that did not seem to vex her, and all the rest did the same thing. Then she began to ask us questions; she asked each of us his name and occupation. When my turn came, she asked me, 'Well, and what are you?' 'I am the coachman,' said I. 'The coachman!' said she, 'a fine coachman you are; you must be my fisherman. You must always keep the table supplied with fish.' So that's the way I became fisherman."

"To whom did you belong formerly?"

"To Serg Pektereff. We had been left him by will, but he only kept us about ten years. I used to be his coachman in the country, but not in town."

"So you had always been a coachman?"

"Oh, no;" and he goes on to tell that he had been cook, valet, and likewise an actor. "Our mistress," he says, "had built a theatre."

"What parts did you take?"

"I don't understand."

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"What did you use to do in the theatre?"

"Why, don't you know about it? They took me and gave me some handsome clothes; and then I would walk about or stand or sit down, as it happened. They used to tell me what I had to say, and I would say it. Once I played a blind man; yes, they stuck peas under my eyelids to make me keep them shut."

And then he mentions briefly his other occupations, showing us the absolute control held by masters and mistresses over their serfs, the degradation it caused in the victims of the tyranny, and the brutality in those in authority. This sketch we have chosen for the lightness of touch with which the author performs this task. When the boat fills and sinks, the fisherman is afraid of nothing but the writer's wrath. He is always perfectly uncomplaining and humble, demanding nothing for himself. In some of the Récits, again, we are told of crueler sufferings, which it makes one's blood boil to read; and of some of the serfs he says, "They generally keep their eyes cast down, but yet one cannot infer anything from that, for it is almost impossible in our beloved country, as every one knows, to tell whether it is sleepiness or hatred that is prominent in a servant's face."

In short, Turgénieff has drawn here a series of pictures which he has hardly anywhere, if indeed he has at all, excelled. In every one we notice the same keen observation, the same care in setting the scene before us, and the same self-control which distinguish him in all his writings. Nor is it to be said that he notices nothing but serfdom and the many misfortunes it causes; he has a keen eye for the ridiculous pomposity of petty proprietors, the eccentrics, who would naturally make their appearance in a state of society in which respectable social position could be maintained in spite of disgraceful ignorance and utter idleness, and for the young men who fall in love with the peasant girls. In short, he gives us nearly every element of Russian country-life in turn, although it is of the peasants that he prefers to write. On the whole, the impression the book leaves is a sad one, so much suffering is described, so hopeless seems the condition of the wretched people who are put before us; and yet, we do not feel as if the writer had written it as an expression of his pessimism, which might be said of some of his later works, but as if he were merely setting before us, with exquisite skill, what had actually met his eyes. He draws from the life, and he gives us life-like pictures, in which the art seems like the utmost simplicity. It is of a sort that may perhaps be defined, but it cannot be taught; it depends on what is in the writer, not on what is outside of him. Turgénieff sees what any one of us might see, although we are surer to do it when it is pointed out than of ourselves; and while he is more especially noticeable for the careful attention to detail by which he represents our idealized imagination, he directs it with that perfection of taste which in another form is humor, and in this form is sensitiveness, not only to what is effective, but also to whatever might offend, with regard to which it knows no mercy. It is a clumsy system of classification, which leaves us no chance to call it anything but realism as contrasted with the display of the writer's own feelings, which has acquired the name of idealism; neither term does more than point in the direction of certain qualities; it does not define them. To call Turgénieff a realist is right enough as far as it goes, but the word, as we generally use it, needs to be interpreted. He is a realist in the sense of hiding himself, and in the painstaking accuracy he shows with regard to everything his pen touches. But one may be accurate and likewise confusing, in the same way that a catalogue is not a picture. By what arts a great writer invents characters, and gets a deep insight into his fellow-men, of course no exposition is to be found here; we can merely say that Turgénieff performs this difficult task with wonderful skill. The men and women really seem to live. This praise

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is by no means due to the shorter Récits alone; in his stories and longer novels he is equally admirable in this respect.

The short tales are numerous, and have been written at various periods within the last twenty-five years. Some of the gloomiest of them he wrote during the time of his banishment to his estate; such are Moumou, A Correspondence, The Antchar, and *L'Auberge du Grand Chemin*. We say some of the gloomiest, and yet there are none which do not partake of his deep-seated pessimism. What these characteristics are can be judged from the brief analysis of a few. In Moumou, for instance, we have nothing but the account of a deaf mute of gigantic size, who leads a lonely, friendless life, and whose vague attempt at love-making has been thwarted by his mistress; in despair he makes friends with a dog. At first all goes well; but after a while the lady of the house, who is delicate and nervous, takes a prejudice against the dog, and orders are given that it be sent away. This command is carried into effect; its master mourns its absence, but the intelligent little beast returns. The mute then tries to secure a longer life to his pet by keeping it in his room safe from observation, and taking it out by night for exercise; but by some unlucky chance the dog's barking is heard, and the enraged mistress of the house orders it to be killed. This is told the mute, who undertakes the sad task himself; he washes the little dog with especial care, gives it one last meal, and then takes it out on the river in a boat. He fastens a stone by a rope to its neck and then throws the poor dog overboard, and rows swiftly back. That night he leaves the city and walks to the place in the country whence he came, and which he never leaves again.

In A Correspondence there is even less of a story. Two men had passed the summer in the country with two young girls, sisters, and had both fallen in love with them and become engaged. Neither engagement, however, came to anything; one of the men was already about to marry another girl, when the other wrote to her who had formerly been betrothed to his friend, giving this news and begging permission to correspond with her, which, after some reluctance, she grants. Their letters are only fifteen in number, but they picture wonderfully the state of the writers' minds. He is a man past his first youth, with plenty of idle time and his discontented self on his hands, and he writes to her in great measure out of *ennui*, to disburden his heart, which is wearied with contemplation of itself. He, as it were, makes his confession to her; she, for her part, is at first silent; but at length, moved by his frankness, she writes freely, in order to put before him the condition of a girl whose one romance has turned out ill, and who sees nothing before her but an uneventful life which is all disappointment and miscomprehension. He admires and pities her, and determines to visit her; she is pleased and makes ready to receive him; her letter urging him to come is full of delight; but there is a long silence; he does not appear, and the next letter she receives from him is one written on his deathbed some three or four years later, in which he explains his silence and bids her farewell. He had, it seems, fallen in love with, or rather been infatuated by, a dancer, and had followed in her train for years, all the time conscious of his degradation, and equally unable to break the chain which held him. He writes to his old friend a full confession. It may perhaps be objected that a man of the sensitive and refined nature that we can see in his letters could not make so decisive a step in the contrary direction; but we are told, it is to be remembered, that he is a man accustomed to follow every whim; indeed, that is but a natural result of his excessive idleness; and hence we need feel less surprise at his conduct, although even when this is borne in mind it is to a considerable extent remarkable. But in spite of this flaw, the story is very extraordinary on account of the pathetic interest of the letters. We know hardly so faithful a description of failure and the disappointment it is sure to bring to others.

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There is not a superfluous word; we are not shown how to grieve; we have given us merely the materials of grief, and no one can read the story unmoved.

The Autchar, a translation of which appeared in The Galaxy rather more than a year ago, is another even gloomier tale. Faust, which has likewise been translated for the same magazine, is of higher merit, and, like A Correspondence, is told by means of letters. In it we read of a man who meets, after an interval of years, a woman with whom he had formerly been in love. Her education had been peculiar, and she had never read any poetry, in fact, no works of imagination, in obedience to the whims of her mother, whom she adored. The hero first makes her acquainted with this part of literature, but with a far more serious result than he had anticipated. They fall in love with one another; they meet, but she imagines she sees the ghost of her mother, and flees from him distracted. That is the beginning of the delirium in which she dies.

We need not give an analysis of any more. First, out of fairness to the author, who gets but feeble justice in this way, and, secondly, because these few examples may suffice to give an accurate impression of certain qualities which especially deserve mention. Still, by telling the story we do less harm than might be done if other authors were treated in the same way, because our appreciation of what is Turgénieff's great merit, the power of setting the scene before us, is not diminished any more than is our delight in a picture by a written description of what is painted on the canvas. In both cases we are left free to enjoy the work of the artist.

What we observe in all is the unfailing melancholy which exists, not only in the turn of the plot, but also in the circumstances of many of the stories. This is natural enough in those which were written about the peasantry, but in all there is a dreary picture of superstition, affectation, pretense, half-civilized polish, and idleness. They give us a very black picture of Russian life, which has, apparently, all the outside forms of civilization, distinctions of caste more marked by observance than by intrinsic difference, with a dreary formality wholly unrelieved by humor. In this respect there is a marked resemblance to the Southern States, and especially to them as they were before the war. Perhaps this lack of humor is to be explained by the necessity of preserving fanciful social distinctions which rest only on conventionality. Humor tends to overthrow any such formalities; it implies a certain equality, and so it is not likely to appear among those who feel uneasy about their position. In this country there is pretense enough, and this without invidious distinction of North and South, but there is also plenty of humor to temper it. Of course, our explanation of its absence in Russia is not intended to cover all cases; it is merely suggested for what it is worth. Fully to explain it, we must take into consideration many other things, such as the repressing and degrading effect of the despotic government, the possible influence of the deep religious feeling of the people, etc. That this lack of humor is not due to any want of it in the author should be borne in mind. He himself has plenty of it, as any one who is familiar with his novels will recall; we need only mention, for instance, Pantaleone in The Spring Floods, and Uvar Ivanovitch in On the Eve.

Another characteristic, and one which like all of his is equally noticeable in the long novels, is his tragic treatment of love. And with this connects itself the quality just mentioned, the lack of humor in the persons about whom the stories are written. Not one of Turgénieff's women ever laughs; there are plenty who giggle, but there is not one who fairly laughs. All the foibles, and indeed the faults of women, he exposes freely; but those whom he chooses for heroines, widely diverse as they are with regard to most of their qualities, are alike in never laughing even when ludicrous things take place before them. In this way, perhaps, they are more idealized, for there is a decided difference between

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the charm of good-natured *bonhommie* and the seriousness and mystery of half-poetic reserve; and a writer who knows that his main strength lies in the delineation of exalted passion may well be excused for preferring that to the simpler pathos which Turgénieff disregards. But defense is idle where there is no attack, and no one would blame the author for this curious omission; it is more than outweighed by the skill with which these women are drawn.

Every novelist of modern times gives us more or less profound studies of women in his writings, and the more thoroughly he performs this task, the more sure he is of arousing the reader's interest. He makes a completer picture of life, because to be accurate he has to introduce some man or men; and he has a better opportunity for keen analysis in discussing the feelings of a woman in their unselfishness and freedom from sordid motives, than would be the case in writing of men under similar circumstances, who, to make the representation of their lives complete, need an account of the numerous outside influences which occupy so much of their time and attention. Turgénieff gives us most thorough studies of men, but he is excelled by no one in the drawing of women. He knows them as well as a woman could; but his knowledge, if it be sometimes lacking in such sympathy as a woman writer might show for one of her heroines, is always accompanied by a certain reverence, a poetical half mystery, which women do not have when writing about their own sex, probably from their nearness to it, and which, it is hardly necessary to say, differs widely from the contempt which distinguishes some authors who may have made as thorough study, but with unworthy text-books. Another thing, which more than half follows from what we have just pointed out, is the way in which he gives the reader all the conditions of the problem and yet leaves him to solve it as best he may, just as puzzles are put before us in life without a key. Thus in Turgénieff's Smoke we have the baffling character of Irene; and how far she was a flirt and how far a passionate woman it would be hard to say; she is at any rate wholly a riddle. Lisa, in the story of that name, is a less complicated character. Ellen, in On the Eve, is puzzling with regard to the way in which she loves Insaroff. We see him with all his peculiarities, and we see her fascinated by his strength of purpose, which is so conspicuous amid the weakness and negligence of his companions; but here, as in all the cases mentioned, Turgénieff never explains; he states the circumstances, and we guess at the cause as well as we can.

All of the novels introduce some complication of love-making, and this is of a tragic character. But the tragedy is of two kinds; in some, such as Smoke, The Spring Floods, and A Correspondence, to take the most prominent instances, we have the melancholy spectacle of a man yielding to a passion which he knows is degrading, but which he has not the strength to withstand. The plot is to a certain extent the same in these stories, but the treatment is very different. In Smoke we have a man who is engaged to his cousin, and who, while awaiting the arrival of his betrothed at Baden-Baden, meets a woman, now a fashionable belle, whom he had formerly been in love with. This is the Irene mentioned above; and the novel tells us of her wiles, the way in which the web is wound about the wretched Litvinoff, her former lover, and pictures to us his gradual succumbing to the temptations which so fatally attract him, and his final release. Spring Floods is even more tragically drawn. We have in it the whole story of a young man's first love for a charming girl, which is beautifully told. Circumstances compel him to leave her for a few days; he departs, sure of his love and his own strength, vowing to return soon — but he meets the wife of an old schoolmate of his, a thoroughly vicious woman, and he forgets everything in his degrading love for her; he hurls every duty and every noble feeling aside in order to make himself her slave. This baleful passion ruins his whole life. As may be seen,

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these are not stories for every one to read, but they do not err by making sin seem sweet. They contain no luscious descriptions of vice with a sermon tardily following like the "applications" of Æsop's Fables. Far from it; they mention crimes which it is well to discuss, especially in public, as little as possible, but the moral goes hand in hand with the fault, the punishment is surer than it sometimes is in life. These books show — and herein is a wisdom that might well be followed by those who openly avow they are merely sugaring a moral lesson — that the wicked man suffers, not by mysterious accidents to life and limb which in fact do not inquire into the victim's moral character, but through agonies of remorse and shame, by making vain regret the inevitable result of folly or wrong-doing.

In others the tragedy is of a different sort. Lisa, for instance, is gloomy enough in its incidents, but there is in it the description of so much loveliness of life that the sadness is more than outweighed. It is the story of a man who when a boy in heart, although older in years, fell in love with the first pretty face he saw, and this happened to belong to a very frivolous young girl, who, after marrying him, proved false to him. Thereupon he left her and returned to his home, where he made the acquaintance of a young girl, Lisa, the heroine of the story. She, by her dignity and lofty nature, gets great influence over him, and when he hears of his wife's death, he asks her to marry him. She consents, but to their great surprise the news turns out to be false; the wife returns and asks for forgiveness. Lisa bids him to receive her again, and to forgive her; as for herself, she withdraws to a convent, and the unhappy husband has to put the heavy load on his shoulders. The reader's feeling is one of sympathy for those poor people who are defrauded of their happiness; and it is sympathy one need not be ashamed of, that is given them, for they bow to their fate without seeking to break higher laws for their selfish profit; the lofty resignation of Lisa, and her pathetic justice, which the husband of the other woman cannot help hoping will be less rigid, while they leave us sad, do yet console us by showing us how much better and higher it right-doing than happiness. We pity and approve at the same time.

On the Eve, again, is a novel which, though full of beauty, although is contains a love-story told with even more wonderful art than any other we know, — that is to say, even more wonderful in this respect than any of Turgénieff's, — is deeply tragic, but in a way that we cannot help feeling is more the result of the willful determination of the author, than of those conditions of life which inevitably bring misery in their train.

We hope our readers are already familiar with the story: with Ellen's preference for the young Bulgarian, and her impatience with her other lovers; with the way in which with mingled modesty and fearlessness she lets him know of her love for him; and with her sad fate. The very skill with which this is told us, the wonderful revelation of a young girl's heart, the appeal to our sympathy throughout, all combine to give us so tender a love for the heroine that we yield entirely to our feelings, and mourn her story without stopping to consider that the poor girl is more the victim of the gloomy nature of the author, than of any fault of her own. There would seem to be a needlessness about her sufferings; we feel almost as if a girl had been sacrificed for our intellectual entertainment. In life there is misery enough which strikes blindly right and left without bringing a satisfactory explanation for its existence; but in a work of art we have a right to ask, not necessarily for nothing but joyousness, for there may be a higher content to be derived from suffering, but for such an account of suffering as shall seem needful and necessary, and not the invention of mere wantonness; it should be the natural outgrowth of the circumstances of the case. In On the Eve, is Ellen punished for falling in love? is it for falling in love with a Bulgarian? No,

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there is no proportion between the conduct of the girl and her sufferings; they are beautifully told, but this inconsequence mars what in some respects is the best of Turgénieff's novels. Nor is the heroine's affliction made use of as a means of amending her faults: she is not rendered less headstrong; she does not return to her feeble-brained, heart-broken mother; she determines to aid the Bulgarians as much as she can, and the novel ends leaving us to understand, apparently, that Ellen is lost at sea. At any rate, she is never heard of again.

But in spite of this serious drawback how delightfully is the story told! The different characters of Bersieneff and Shoubine, the one serious and timid, the other light-hearted and fascinating, and Ellen's pompous father with his hollow affections, — no novelist equals Turgénieff in setting people before us.

It is especially as a study of character that Dimitri Roudine is remarkable. It has for its subject a few incidents in the life of a Russian, a man who began life with attractive talents, but whose nature is poisoned by an insuperable desire to shine by words rather than by deeds. The whole novel is nothing but a study of this man and his effect on other and different characters. His ready tongue and apparent enthusiasm make him win the heart of a young girl, but his feebleness, when their love is discovered and she is ready to fly with him, makes her utterly despise him. Her mother, a self-willed, affected old lady, who is very fond of admiration, is pleased at getting a new man who is ready to listen to her, but she is very unwilling to let her daughter think of marrying him. Then there is his old fellow-student, who is at first ready to condemn Roudine, but who, after his disgrace, takes a more generous view of him; and his modest rival, who at last turns upon him; and the young tutor, with his boyish, enthusiastic admiration. The upshot of the whole book is a sort of recommendation to our mercy of those persons whom it would be the easiest to condemn, those, namely, who excite general envy by their brilliancy, or who disappoint our confidence by letting fine speeches stand for fine actions; indeed, more fairly, it is a sort of warning to be generous in our estimate of others. Not that it is written to convey that moral lesson; but that is what one learns from it, as one learns from his own experience.

Then, too, we ought to observe the life-like way in which the novel is written; we are never granted any side views of the hero which are denied the people in the story; we are deceived or put on guard just as they are; we have to study him just as they do; hence it is that a novel so barren of incident, and in a way so clumsily put together, succeeds so well in interesting the reader, who finds his curiosity aroused and his sagacity baffled in a way that is not overcommon about the heroes of fiction. Too often these gentlemen are beings whose characters stand out strongly marked with this or that quality, which we either admire or condemn at sight; but in this novel we are perplexed as we are in real life, and this it is which gives the story its great charm.

Fathers and Sons, which appeared in 1860, besides its particular interest for the account it contains of the wave of materialism which was then at its height in Russia, has a general interest from its representation of the frequent conflict between the older and younger generations, which is never to be felt more acutely than in times of intellectual change. Russia, with its uneasy yearning for civilization, seems to have shown the same eagerness to adopt a theory which was to solve the universe without the necessity of long preliminary training, that one can observe among the Japanese, for instance; and to have given it the devotion which is found only among those who have not had to blush frequently for misplaced enthusiasm. But with all its wonderful power the novel is yet not perfectly satisfactory; Bazaroff, the young student of advanced opinions, without mercy for the softer graces as represented by the nobleman Kirsanoff, comes to an un-

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timely end, not in a way that is at all connected with his peculiar views, but merely at the will of the author. Still, there is much to outweigh this defect; we need only mention the other student, Arcadi, who models his life on that of his friend, but who is soon brought around to conventionalities by his love for Katia. All systems of philosophy are pretty much alike to her. We first see Bazaroff's views clashing with the world at large while he is staying with his friend, but it is later, when he reaches his own home, that the full force of the tragedy is felt. All families know more or less of it, but in this story it is peculiarly poignant, and there is little that even Turgénieff has written more touching than the confused efforts of the father to understand his son's new ideas, and the young man's vain efforts to convert his father. This it is which lifts up the novel from being a study of an exceptional phase of Russian society to being an account of something of wider interest through its truth, which rises above geographical distinction.

Such, in brief, are Turgénieff's novels. Of books which go so far towards setting before us pictures of life, it is impossible to give a thorough impression in the narrow limits of a magazine article; the novelist has taken so large a field of human nature for his subject, that only detached points can be touched upon, but we have endeavored to indicate some of the most noteworthy of his qualities, which may tempt more novel-readers to the perusal of his writings. The foregoing analyses may show the serious nature of the problems he discusses, as well as the poetical idealization of everything his pen touches. This quality it was that made the Récits d'un Chasseur a book so dangerous to the Russian government; and in everything he has written he has known how to touch the heart, not always, to be sure, with equal success, but in a way that no novelist of the time has excelled. We cannot be too grateful to an author who brings the world

"To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not."

To his skill in drawing character, in setting the *dramatis personæ* before us, it would be impossible to give too much praise. He always makes us acquainted with the people by what in life is the only effectual means, by letting us see them face to face, so to speak, and not by merely telling us about them. In a word, his method is picturesque, not analytical. We see the pictures and analyze them by ourselves. And what more need be asked of a novelist than that he draw men and women as they are, with their faults and virtues ever merging into one another, and that he put these people into such relations as arouse our sympathy for some of the most serious matters of human experience? To do this is the constant aim of all creative writers, who are ever aspiring to represent the infinite emotions of life. Those who touch genuine springs of feeling are few, but among the few of the present day Ivan Turgénieff is prominent.

Thomas S. Perry.

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BADDECK AND THAT SORT OF THING.

V.

One town, one country, is very like another; . . . there are indeed minute discriminations both of places and manners, which, perhaps, are not wanting of curiosity, but which a traveler seldom stays long enough to investigate and compare. — DR. JOHNSON.

THERE was no prospect of any excitement or of any adventure on the steamboat from Baddeck to West Bay, the southern point of the Bras d'Or. Judging from the appearance of the boat the dinner might have been an experiment, but we ran no risks. It was enough to sit on deck forward of the wheel-house, and absorb, by all the senses, the delicious day. With such weather perpetual and such scenery always present, sin in this world would soon become an impossibility. Even towards the passengers from Sidney, with their imitation English ways and little insular gossip, one could have only charity and the most kindly feeling.

The most electric American, heir of all the nervous diseases of all the ages, could not but find peace in this scene of tranquil beauty, and sail on into a great and deepening contentment. Would the voyage could last for an age, with the same sparkling but tranquil sea, and the same environment of hills, near and remote! The hills approached and fell away in lines of undulating grace, draped with a tender color which helped to carry the imagination beyond the earth. At this point the narrative needs to flow into verse, but my comrade did not feel like another attempt in poetry so soon after that on the Gut of Canso. A man cannot always be keyed up to the pitch of production, though his emotions may be highly creditable to him. But poetry-making in these days is a good deal like the use of profane language — often without the least provocation.

Twelve miles from Baddeck we passed through the Barra Strait, or the Grand Narrows, a picturesque feature in the Bras d'Or, and came into its widest expanse. At the Narrows is a small settlement with a flag-staff and a hotel, and roads leading to farm-houses on the hills. Here is a Catholic chapel; and on shore a fat padre was waiting in his wagon for the inevitable priest we always set ashore at such a place. The missionary we landed was the young father from Arichat, and in appearance the pleasing historical Jesuit. Slender is too corpulent a word to describe his *thinness*, and his *stature* was *primeval*. Enveloped in a black coat, the skirts of which reached his heels, and surmounted by a black hat with an enormous brim, he had the form of an elegant toadstool. The traveler is always grateful for such figures, and is not disposed to quarrel with the faith which preserves so much of the ugly picturesque. A peaceful farming country this, but an unremunerative field, one would say, for the colporteur and the book-agent; and winter must inclose it in a lonesome seclusion.

The only other thing of note the Bras d'Or offered us before we reached West Bay was the finest show of medusæ or jelly-fish that could be produced. At first there were dozens of these disk-shaped, transparent creatures, and then hundreds, starring the water like marguerites sprinkled on a meadow, and of all sizes from that of a tea-cup to a dinner-plate. We soon ran into a school of them, a convention, a herd as extensive as the vast buffalo droves on the plains, a collection as thick as clover blossoms in a field in June, miles of them apparently; and at length the boat had to push its way through a mass of them which covered the water like the leaves of the pond-lily, and filled the deeps far down with their beautiful contracting and expanding forms. I did not suppose there were so many jelly-fishes in all the world. What a repast they would have made for the Atlantic

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whale we did not see, and what inward comfort it would have given him to have swum through them once or twice with open mouth! Our delight in this wondrous spectacle did not prevent this generous wish for the gratification of the whale. It is probably a natural human desire to see big corporations swallow up little ones.

At the West Bay landing, where there is nothing whatever attractive, we found a great concourse of country wagons and clamorous drivers, to transport the passengers over the rough and uninteresting nine miles to Port Hawksbury. Competition makes the fare low, but nothing makes the ride entertaining. The only settlement passed through has the promising name of River Inhabitants, but we could see little river and less inhabitants; country and people seem to belong to that commonplace order out of which the traveler can extract nothing amusing, instructive, or disagreeable; and it was a great relief when we came over the last hill and looked down upon the straggling village of Port Hawksbury and the winding Gut of Canso.

One cannot but feel a respect for this historical strait, on account of the protection it once gave our British ancestors. Smollett makes a certain Captain C—— tell this anecdote of George II. and his enlightened minister, the Duke of Newcastle: "In the beginning of the war this poor, half-witted creature told me, in a great fright, that thirty thousand French had marched from Acadie to Cape Breton. 'Where did they find transports?' said I. 'Transports!' cried he; 'I tell you, they marched by land.' 'By land to the island of Cape Breton?' 'What! is Cape Breton an island?' 'Certainly.' 'Ha! are you sure of that?' When I pointed it out on the map, he examined it earnestly with his spectacles; then taking me in his arms, 'My dear C——!' cried he, 'you always bring us good news. I'll go directly and tell the king that Cape Breton is an island.'"

Port Hawksbury is not a modern settlement, and its public-house is one of the irregular, old-fashioned, snuffy taverns, with low rooms, chintz-covered lounges, and fat-cushioned rocking-chairs, the decay and untidiness of which is not offensive to the traveler. It has a low back porch looking towards the water and over a moldy garden, damp and unseemly. Time was, no doubt, before the rush of travel rubbed off the bloom of its ancient hospitality and set a vigilant man at the door of the dining-room to collect pay for meals, that this was an abode of comfort and the resort of merry-making and frolicsome provincials. On this now decaying porch no doubt lovers sat in the moonlight, and vowed by the Gut of Canso to be fond of each other forever. The traveler cannot help it if he comes upon the traces of such sentiment. There lingered yet in the house an air of the hospitable old time; the swift willingness of the waiting-maids at table, who were eager that we should miss none of the home-made dishes, spoke of it; and as we were not obliged to stay in the hotel and lodge in its six-by-four bedrooms, we could afford to make a little romance about its history.

While we were at supper the steamboat arrived from Pictou. We hastened on board, impatient for progress on our homeward journey. But haste was not called for. The steamboat would not sail on her return till morning. No one could tell why. It was not on account of freight to take in or discharge; it was not in hope of more passengers, for they were all on board. But if the boat had returned that night to Pictou, some of the passengers might have left her and gone west by rail, instead of wasting two or three days lounging through Northumberland Sound and idling in the harbors of Prince Edward Island. If the steamboat would leave at midnight we could catch the railway train at Pictou. Probably the officials were aware of this, and they preferred to have our company to Shediac. We mention this so that the tourist who comes this way may learn to possess his soul in patience, and know that steamboats are not run for his accommoda-

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tion, but to give him repose and to familiarize him with the country. It is almost impossible to give the unscientific reader an idea of the slowness of travel by steamboat in these regions. Let him first fix his mind on the fact that the earth moves through space at a speed of more than sixty-six thousand miles an hour. This is a speed eleven hundred times greater than that of the most rapid express trains. If the distance traversed by a locomotive in an hour is represented by one tenth of an inch, it would need a line nine feet long to indicate the corresponding advance of the earth in the same time. But a tortoise, pursuing his ordinary gait without a wager, moves eleven hundred times slower than an express train. We have here a basis of comparison with the provincial steamboats. If we had seen a tortoise start that night from Port Hawksbury for the west, we should have desired to send letters by him.

In the early morning we stole out of the romantic strait, and by breakfast time we were over St. George's Bay and round his cape, and making for the harbor of Pictou. During the forenoon something in the nature of an excursion developed itself on the steamboat, but it had so few of the bustling features of an American excursion that I thought it might be a pilgrimage. Yet it doubtless was a highly developed provincial lark. For a certain portion of the passengers had the unmistakable excursion air: the half-jocular manner towards each other, the local facetiousness which is so offensive to uninterested fellow-travelers, that male obsequiousness about ladies' shawls and reticules, the clumsy pretense of gallantry with each other's wives, the anxiety about the company luggage and the company health. It became painfully evident presently that it was an excursion, for we heard singing of that concerted and determined kind that depresses the spirits of all except those who join in it. The excursion had assembled on the lee guards out of the wind, and was enjoying itself in an abandon of serious musical enthusiasm. We feared at first that there might be some levity in this performance, and that the unrestrained spirit of the excursion was working itself off in social and convivial songs. But it was not so. The singers were provided with hymn-and-tune books, and what they sang they rendered in long metre and with a most doleful earnestness. It is agreeable to the traveler to see that the provincials disport themselves within bounds, and that a hilarious spree here does not differ much in its exercises from a prayer-meeting elsewhere. But the excursion enjoyed its staid dissipation amazingly.

It is pleasant to sail into the long and broad harbor of Pictou on a sunny day. On the left is the Halifax railway terminus, and three rivers flow into the harbor from the south. On the right the town of Pictou, with its four thousand inhabitants, lies upon the side of the ridge that runs out towards the Sound. The most conspicuous building in it as we approach is the Roman Catholic church; advanced to the edge of the town and occupying the highest ground, it appears large, and its gilt cross is a beacon miles away. Its builders understood the value of a striking situation, a dominant position; it is a part of the universal policy of this church to secure the commanding places for its houses of worship. We may have had no prejudices in favor of the Papal temporality when we landed at Pictou, but this church was the only one which impressed us, and the only one we took the trouble to visit. We had ample time, for the steamboat after its arduous trip needed rest, and remained some hours in the harbor. Pictou is said to be a thriving place, and its streets have a cindery appearance, betokening the nearness of coal mines and the presence of furnaces. But the town has rather a cheap and rusty look. Its streets rise one above another on the hill-side, and, except a few comfortable cottages, we saw no evidences of wealth in the dwellings. The church, when we reached it, was a commonplace brick structure, with a raw, unfinished interior, and weedy and

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untidy surroundings, so that our expectation of sitting on the inviting hill and enjoying the view was not realized; and we were obliged to descend to the hot wharf and wait for the ferry-boat to take us to the steamboat which lay at the railway terminus opposite. It is the most unfair thing in the world for the traveler, without an object or any interest in the development of the country, on a sleepy day in August, to express any opinion whatever about such a town as Pictou. But we may say of it, without offense, that it occupies a charming situation, and may have an interesting future; and that a person on a short acquaintance can leave it without regret.

By stopping here we had the misfortune to lose our "excursion," a loss that was soothed by no knowledge of its destination or hope of seeing it again, and a loss without a hope is nearly always painful. Going out of the harbor we encounter Pictou Island and Light, and presently see the low coast of Prince Edward Island, a coast indented and agreeable to those idly sailing along it, in weather that seemed let down out of heaven, and over a sea that sparkled but still slept in a summer quiet. When fate puts a man in such a position and relieves him of all responsibility, with a book and a good comrade, and liberty to make sarcastic remarks upon his fellow-travelers, or to doze, or to look over the tranquil sea, he may be pronounced happy. And I believe that my companion, except in the matter of the comrade, was happy. But I could not resist a worrying anxiety about the future of the British Provinces, which not even the remembrance of their hostility to us during our mortal strife with the rebellion could render agreeable. For I could not but feel that the ostentatious and unconcealable prosperity of "the States" overshadows this part of the continent. And it was for once in vain that I said, "Have we not a common language and a common literature, and no copyright, and a common pride in Shakespeare and Hannah More and Colonel Newcome and Pepys' Diary?" I never knew this sort of consolation to fail before; it does not seem to answer in the Provinces as well as it does in England.

New passengers had come on board at Pictou, new and hungry, and not all could get seats for dinner at the first table. Notwithstanding the supposed traditionary advantage of our birthplace, we were unable to dispatch this meal with the celerity of our fellow-voyagers, and consequently, while we lingered over our tea, we found ourselves at the second table. And we were rewarded by one of those pleasing sights that go to make up the entertainment of travel. There sat down opposite to us a fat man whose noble proportions occupied at the board the space of three ordinary men. His great face beamed delight the moment he came near the table. He had a low forehead and a wide mouth and small eyes, and an internal capacity that was a prophecy of famine to his fellow-men. But a more good-natured, pleased animal you may never see. Seating himself with unrepressed joy, he looked at us, and a great smile of satisfaction came over his face, that plainly said, "Now my time has come." Every part of his vast bulk said this. Most generously, by his friendly glances, he made us partners in his pleasure. With a Napoleonic grasp of his situation, he reached far and near, hauling this and that dish of fragments towards his plate, giving orders at the same time, and throwing into his cheerful mouth odd pieces of bread and pickles in an unstudied and preliminary manner. When he had secured everything within his reach, he heaped his plate and began an attack upon the contents, using both knife and fork with wonderful proficiency. The man's good-humor was contagious, and he did not regard our amusement as different in kind from his enjoyment. The spectacle was worth a journey to see. Indeed, its aspect of comicality almost overcame its grossness, and even when the hero loaded in faster than he could swallow, and was obliged to drop his knife for an instant to arrange matters in his mouth with his finger, it was done

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with such a beaming smile that a pig would not take offense at it. The performance was not the merely vulgar thing it seems on paper, but an achievement unique and perfect, which one is not likely to see more than once in a life-time. It was only when the man left the table that his face became serious. We had seen him at his best.

Prince Edward Island, as we approached it, had a pleasing aspect, and nothing of that remote friendlessness which its appearance on the map conveys to one; a warm and sandy land, in a genial climate, without fogs, we are informed. In the winter it has ice communication with Nova Scotia, from Cape Traverse to Cape Tormentine — the route of the submarine cable. The island is as flat from end to end as a floor. When it surrendered its independent government and joined the Dominion, one of the conditions of the union was that the government should build a railway the whole length of it. This is in process of construction, and the portion that is built affords great satisfaction to the islanders, a railway being one of the necessary adjuncts of civilization; but that there was great need of it, or that it would pay, we were unable to learn.

We sailed through Hillsborough Bay and a narrow strait to Charlottetown, the capital, which lies on a sandy spit of land between two rivers. Our leisurely steamboat tied up here in the afternoon and spent the night, giving the passengers an opportunity to make thorough acquaintance with the town. It has the appearance of a place from which something has departed; a wooden town, with wide and vacant streets, and the air of waiting for something. Almost melancholy is the aspect of its freestone colonial building, where once the colonial legislature held its momentous sessions, and the colonial governor shed the delightful aroma of royalty. The mansion of the governor — now vacant of pomp, because that official does not exist — is a little withdrawn from the town, secluded among trees by the water-side. It is dignified with a winding approach, but is itself only a cheap and decaying house. On our way to it we passed the drill-shed of the local cavalry, which we mistook for a skating-rink, and thereby excited the contempt of an old lady of whom we inquired. Tasteful residences we did not find, nor that attention to flowers and gardens which the mild climate would suggest. Indeed, we should describe Charlottetown as a place where the hollyhock in the door yard is considered an ornament. A conspicuous building is a large market-house shingled all over (as many of the public buildings are), and this and other cheap public edifices stand in the midst of a large square, which is surrounded by shabby shops for the most part. The town is laid out on a generous scale, and it is to be regretted that we could not have seen it when it enjoyed the glory of a governor and court and ministers of state, and all the paraphernalia of a royal parliament. That the productive island, with its system of free schools, is about to enter upon a prosperous career, and that Charlottetown is soon to become a place of great activity, no one who converses with the natives can doubt; and I think that even now no traveler will regret spending an hour or two there; but it is necessary to say that the rosy inducements to tourists to spend the summer there exist only in the guide-books.

We congratulated ourselves that we should at least have a night of delightful sleep on the steamboat in the quiet of this secluded harbor. But it was wisely ordered otherwise, to the end that we should improve our time by an interesting study of human nature. Towards midnight, when the occupants of all the state-rooms were supposed to be in profound slumber, there was an invasion of the small cabin by a large and loquacious family, who had been making an excursion on the island railway. This family might remind an antiquated novel-reader of the delightful Brangtons in Evelina; they had all the vivacity of the pleasant cousins of the heroine of that story, and the same generosity towards the public in regard to their family af-

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fairs. Before they had been in the cabin an hour, we felt as if we knew every one of them. There was a great squabble as to where and how they should sleep, and when this was over, the revelations of the nature of their beds and their peculiar habits of sleep continued to pierce the thin deal partitions of the adjoining state-rooms. When all the possible trivialities of vacant minds seemed to have been exhausted, there followed a half-hour of "Good night, pa; good night, ma;" "Good night, pet;" and "Are you asleep, ma?" "No." "Are you asleep, pa?" "No; go to sleep, pet." "I'm going. Good night, pa; good night, ma." "Good night, pet." "This bed is too short." "Why don't you take the other?" "I'm all fixed now." "Well, go to sleep; good night." "Good night, ma; good night, pa," — no answer. "Good night, *pa*." "Good night, pet." "Ma, are you asleep?" "Most." "This bed is all lumps; I wish I'd gone down-stairs." "Well, pa will get up." "Pa, are you asleep?" "Yes." "It's better now; good night, pa." "Good night, pet." "Good night, ma." "Good night, pet." And so on in an exasperating repetition until every passenger on the boat must have been thoroughly informed of the manner in which this interesting family habitually settled itself to repose.

Half an hour passes with only a languid exchange of family feeling, and then: "Pa?" "Well, pet." "Don't call us in the morning, we don't want any breakfast; we want to sleep." "I won't." "Good night, pa; good night, ma. Ma?" "What is it, dear?" "Good night, ma." "Good night, pet." Alas for youthful expectations! Pet shared her state-room with a young companion, and the two were carrying on a private dialogue during this public performance. Did these young ladies, after keeping all the passengers of the boat awake till near the summer dawn, imagine that it was in the power of pa and ma to insure them the coveted forenoon slumber or even the morning snooze? The travelers, tossing in their state-room under this domestic infliction, anticipated the morning with grim satisfaction. For they had a presentiment that it would be impossible for them to arise and make their toilet without waking up every one in their part of the boat, and aggravating them to such an extent that they would stay awake. And so it turned out. The family grumbling at the unexpected disturbance was sweeter to the travelers than all the exchange of family affection during the night.

No one, indeed, ought to sleep beyond breakfast time while sailing along the southern coast of Prince Edward Island. It was a sparkling morning. When we went on deck we were abreast Cape Traverse; the faint outline of Nova Scotia was marked on the horizon, and New Brunswick thrust out Cape Tormentine to greet us. On the still, sunny coasts and the placid sea, and in the serene, smiling sky, there was no sign of the coming tempest which was then raging from Hatteras to Cape Cod; nor could one imagine that this peaceful scene would, a few days later, be swept by a fearful tornado, which should raze to the ground trees and dwelling-houses, and strew all these now inviting shores with wrecked ships and drowning sailors — a storm which has passed into literature in The Lord's-Day Gale of Mr. Stedman.

Through this delicious weather why should the steamboat hasten, in order to discharge its passengers into the sweeping unrest of continental travel? Our eagerness to get on, indeed, almost melted away, and we were scarcely impatient at all when the boat lounged into Halifax Bay, past Salutation Point, and stopped at Summerside. This little sea-port is intended to be attractive, and it would give these travelers great pleasure to describe it if they could at all remember how it looks. But it is a place that, like some faces, makes no sort of impression on the memory. We went ashore there, and tried to take an interest in the ship-building, and in the little oysters which the harbor yields, but whether we did take an interest or

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not has passed out of memory. A small, unpicturesque, wooden town, in the languor of a provincial summer; why should we pretend an interest in it which we did not feel? It did not disturb our reposeful frame of mind, nor much interfere with our enjoyment of the day.

On the forward deck, when we were under way again, amid a group reading and nodding in the sunshine, we found a pretty girl with a companion and a gentleman, whom we knew by intuition as the "pa" of the pretty girl and of our night of anguish. The pa might have been a clergyman in a small way, or the proprietor of a female boarding-school; at any rate, an excellent and improving person to travel with, whose willingness to impart information made even the travelers long for a pa. It was no part of his plan of this family summer excursion, upon which he had come against his wish, to have any hour of it wasted in idleness. He held an open volume in his hand, and was questioning his daughter on its contents. He spoke in a loud voice, and without heeding the timidity of the young lady, who shrank from this public examination and begged her father not to continue it. The parent was, however, either proud of his daughter's acquirements, or he thought it a good opportunity to shame her out of her ignorance. Doubtless, we said, he is instructing her upon the geography of the region we are passing through, its early settlement, the romantic incidents of its history, when French and English fought over it, and so is making this a tour of profit as well as pleasure. But the excellent and pottering father proved to be no disciple of the new education. Greece was his theme, and he got his questions, and his answers too, from the ancient school history in his hand. The lesson went on: —

"Who was Alcibiades?"

"A Greek."

"Yes. When did he flourish?"

"I can't think."

"Can't think? What was he noted for?"

"I don't remember."

"Don't remember? I don't believe you studied this."

"Yes, I did."

"Well, take it now, and study it hard, and then I'll hear you again."

The young girl, who is put to shame by this open persecution, begins to study, while the peevish and small tyrant, her pa, is nagging her with such soothing remarks as, "I thought you 'd have more respect for your pride;" "Why don't you try to come up to the expectations of your teacher?" By and by the student thinks she has "got it," and the public exposition begins again. The date at which Alcibiades "flourished" was ascertained, but what he was "noted for" got hopelessly mixed with what Themistocles was "noted for." The momentary impression that the battle of Marathon was fought by Salamis was soon dissipated, and the questions continued.

"What did Pericles do to the Greeks?"

"I don't know."

"Elevated 'em, did n't he? Did n't he elevate 'em?"

"Yes, sir."

"Always remember that; you want to fix your mind on leading things. Remember that Pericles elevated the Greeks. Who was Pericles?"

"He was a" —

"Was he a philosopher?"

"Yes, sir."

"No, he was n't. Socrates was a philosopher. When did *he* flourish?" And so on, and so on.

Oh, my charming young countrywomen, let us never forget that Pericles elevated the Greeks; and that he did it by cultivating the national genius, the national spirit, by stimulating art and oratory and the pursuit of learning, and infusing into all society a higher intellectual and social life. Pa was this day sailing through seas and by shores that had witnessed some of the most stirring and romantic events in the early history of our continent. He might have had the eager attention of his bright daughter if he had unfolded these things to her in the midst of this

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most living landscape, and given her an "object lesson" that she would not have forgotten all her days. Instead of this he was pottering over names and dates that were as dry and meaningless to him as they were uninteresting to his daughter. At least, O Pa, Educator of Youth, if you are insensible to the beauty of these summer isles and indifferent to their history, and your soul is wedded to ancient learning, why do you not teach your family to go to sleep when they go to bed, as the classic Greeks used to?

Before the travelers reached Shediac, they had leisure to ruminate upon the education of American girls in the schools set apart for them, and to conjecture how much they are taught of the geography and history of America, or of its social and literary growth; and whether, when they travel on a summer tour like this, these coasts have any historical light upon them, or gain any interest from the daring and chivalric adventurers who played their parts here so long ago. We did not hear pa ask when Madame de la Tour "flourished," though "flourish" that determined woman did, in Boston as well as in the French provinces. In the present woman revival may we not hope that the heroic women of our colonial history will have the prominence that is their right, and that woman's achievements will assume their proper place in affairs? When women write history, some of our popular men heroes will, we trust, be made to acknowledge the female sources of their wisdom and their courage. But at present women do not much affect history, and they are more indifferent to the careers of the noted of their own sex than men are.

We expected to approach Shediac with a great deal of interest. It had been, when we started, one of the most prominent points in our projected tour. It was the pivot upon which, so to speak, we expected to swing around the Provinces. Upon the map it was so attractive, that we once resolved to go no farther than there. It once seemed to us that if we ever reached it, we should be contented to abide there, in a place so remote, in a port so picturesque and foreign. But returning from the real east, our late interest in Shediac seemed unaccountable to us. Firmly resolved as I was to note our entrance into the harbor, I could not keep the place in mind, and while we were in our state-room and before we knew it, the steamboat lay at the wharf. Shediac appeared to be nothing but a wharf with a railway train on it, and a few shanty buildings, a part of them devoted to the sale of whisky and to cheap lodgings. This landing, however, is called Point du Chêne, and the village of Shediac is two or three miles distant from it; we had a pleasant glimpse of it from the car windows, and saw nothing in its situation to hinder its growth. The country about it is perfectly level, and stripped of its forests. At Painsec Junction we waited for the train from Halifax, and immediately found ourselves in the whirl of intercolonial travel. Why people should travel here or why they should be excited about it, we could not see; we could not overcome a feeling of the unreality of the whole thing; but yet we humbly knew that we had no right to be otherwise than awed by the extraordinary intercolonial railway enterprise and by the new life which it is infusing into the Provinces. We are free to say, however, that nothing can be less interesting than the line of this road until it strikes the Kennebeckasis River, when the traveler will be called upon to admire the Sussex Valley and a very fair farming region, which he would like to praise if it were not for exciting the jealousy of the "Garden of Nova Scotia." The whole land is in fact a garden, but differing somewhat from the Isle of Wight.

In all travel, however, people are more interesting than land, and so it was at this time. As twilight shut down upon the valley of the Kennebeckasis, we heard the strident voice of pa going on with the Grecian catechism. Pa was unmoved by the beauties of Sussex or by the colors of the sunset, which for

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the moment made picturesque the scraggy evergreens on the horizon. His eyes were with his heart, and that was in Sparta. Above the roar of the car-wheels we heard his nagging inquiries.

"What did Lycurgus do *then?*"

Answer not audible.

"No. He made laws. Who did he make laws for?"

"For the Greeks."

"He made laws for the Lacedæmonians. Who was another great law-giver?"

"It was — it was — Pericles."

"No, it was n't. It was Solon. Who was Solon?"

"Solon was one of the wise men of Greece."

"That 's right. When did he flourish?"

When the train stops at a station the classics continue, and the studious group attracts the attention of the passengers. Pa is well pleased, but not so the young lady, who beseechingly says,

"Pa, everybody can hear us."

"You would n't care how much they heard if you knew it," replies this accomplished devotee of learning.

In another lull of the car-wheels we find that pa has skipped over to Marathon; and this time it is the daughter who is asking a question.

"Pa, what *is* a phalanx?"

"Well, a phalanx — it 's a — it 's difficult to define a phalanx. It 's a stretch of men in one line — a stretch of anything in a line. When did Alexander flourish?"

This domestic tyrant had this in common with the rest of us, that he was much better at asking questions than at answering them. It certainly was not our fault that we were listeners to his instructive struggles with ancient history, nor that we heard his petulant complaining to his cowed family, whom he accused of dragging him away on this summer trip. We are only grateful to him, for a more entertaining person the traveler does not often see. It was with regret that we lost sight of him at St. John.

Night has settled upon New Brunswick and upon ancient Greece before we reach the Kennebeckasis Bay, and we only see from the car windows dimly a pleasant and fertile country, and the peaceful homes of thrifty people. While we are running along the valley and coming under the shadow of the hill whereon St. John sits, with a regal outlook upon a most variegated coast and upon the rising and falling of the great tides of Fundy, we feel a twinge of conscience at the injustice the passing traveler must perforce do any land he hurries over and does not study. Here is picturesque St. John, with its couple of centuries of history and tradition, its commerce, its enterprise felt all along the coast and through the settlements of the territory to the northeast, with its no doubt charming society and solid English culture; and the summer tourist, in an idle mood regarding it for a day, says it is nought! Behold what "travels" amount to! Are they not for the most part the records of the misapprehensions of the misinformed? Let us congratulate ourselves that in this flight through the Provinces we have not attempted to do any justice to them, geologically, economically, or historically, only trying to catch some of the salient points of the panorama as it unrolled itself. Will Halifax rise up in judgment against us? We look back upon it with softened memory, and already see it again in the light of history. It stands, indeed, overlooking a gate of the ocean, in a beautiful morning light; and we can hear now the repetition of that profane phrase, used for the misdirection of wayward mortals — "Go to Halifax!" — without a shudder.

We confess to some regret that our journey is so near its end. Perhaps it is the sentimental regret with which one always leaves the east, for we have been a thousand miles nearer Ireland than Boston is. Collecting in the mind the detached pictures given to our eyes in all these brilliant and inspiring days, we realize afresh the variety, the extent, the riches of these northeastern lands which the Gulf Stream pets and tempers. If it were not for attracting

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speculators, we should delight to speak of the beds of coal, the quarries of marble, the mines of gold. Look on the map and follow the shores of these peninsulas and islands, the bays, the penetrating arms of the sea, the harbors filled with islands, the protected straits and sounds. All this is favorable to the highest commercial activity and enterprise. Greece itself and its islands are not more indented and inviting. Fish swarm about the shores and in all the streams. There are, I have no doubt, great forests which we did not see from the car windows, the inhabitants of which do not show themselves to the travelers at the railway stations. In the dining-room of a friend, who goes away every autumn into the wilds of Nova Scotia at the season when the snow falls, hang trophies — enormous branching antlers of the caribou and heads of the mighty moose — which I am assured came from there; and I have no reason to doubt that the noble creatures who once carried these superb horns were murdered by my friend at long range. Many people have an insatiate longing to kill, once in their life, a moose, — and would travel far and endure great hardships to gratify this ambition. In the present state of the world it is more difficult to do it than it is to be written down as one who loves his fellow-men.

We received everywhere in the Provinces courtesy and kindness, which were not based upon any expectation that we would invest in mines or railways, for the people are honest, kindly, and hearty by nature. What they will become when the railways are completed that are to bind St. John to Quebec, and make Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, and Newfoundland only stepping-stones to Europe, we cannot say. Probably they will become like the rest of the world, and furnish no material for the kindly persiflage of the traveler.

Regretting that we could see no more of St. John, that we could scarcely see our way through its dimly lighted streets, we found the ferry to Carleton, and a sleeping-car for Bangor. It was in the heart of the negro porter to cause us alarm by the intelligence that the customs officer would search our baggage during the night. A search is a blow to one's self-respect, especially if one has anything dutiable. But as the porter might be an agent of our government in disguise, we preserved an appearance of philosophical indifference in his presence. It takes a sharp observer to tell innocence from assurance. During the night, awaking, I saw a great light. A man, crawling along the aisle of the car, and poking under the seats, had found my traveling-bag and was "going through" it.

I felt a thrill of pride as I recognized in this crouching figure an officer of our government, and knew that I was in my native land.

Charles Dudley Warner.

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AGASSIZ.

Come
Dicesti *egli ebbe?* non viv' egli ancora?
Non fiere gli occhi suoi lo dolce lome?

I. 1.

THE electric nerve, whose instantaneous thrill
Makes next-door gossips of the antipodes,
Confutes poor Hope's last fallacy of ease, —
The distance that divided her from ill:
Earth sentient seems again as when of old
The horny foot of Pan
Stamped, and the conscious horror ran
Beneath men's feet through all her fibres cold:
Space's blue walls are mined; we feel the throe
From underground of our night-mantled foe:
The flame-winged feet
Of Trade's new Mercury, that dry-shod run
Through briny abysses dreamless of the sun,
Are mercilessly fleet,
And at a bound annihilate
Ocean's prerogative of short reprieve;
Surely ill news might wait,
And man be patient of delay to grieve:
Letters have sympathies
And tell-tale faces that reveal,
To senses finer than the eyes,
Their errand's purport ere we break the seal;
They wind a sorrow round with circumstance
To stay its feet, nor all unwarned displace
The veil that darkened from our sidelong glance
The inexorable face:
But now Fate stuns as with a mace;
The savage of the skies, that men have caught
And some scant use of language taught,
Tells only what he must, —
The steel-cold fact in one laconic thrust.

2.

So thought I, as, with vague, mechanic eyes,
I scanned the festering news we half despise
Yet scramble for no less,
And read of public scandal, private fraud,
Crime flaunting scot-free while the mob applaud,
Office made vile to bribe unworthiness,
And all the unwholesome mess
The Land of Broken Promise serves of late
To teach the Old World how to wait,
When suddenly,

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As happens if the brain, from overweight
Of blood, infect the eye,
Three tiny words grew lurid as I read,
And reeled commingling: *Agassiz is dead.*
As when, beneath the street's familiar jar,
An earthquake's alien omen rumbles far,
Men listen and forebode, I hung my head,
And strove the present to recall,
As if the blow that stunned were yet to fall.

3.

Uprooted is our mountain oak,
That promised long security of shade
And brooding-place for many a wingèd thought;
Not by Time's softly warning stroke
By pauses of relenting pity stayed,
But ere a root seemed sapt, a bough decayed,
From sudden ambush by the whirlwind caught
And in his broad maturity betrayed!

4.

Well might I, as of old, appeal to you,
O mountains, woods, and streams,
To help us mourn him, for ye loved him too;
But simpler moods befit our modern themes,
And no less perfect birth of nature can,
Though they yearn tow'rds him, sympathize with man,
Save as dumb fellow-prisoners through a wall;
Answer ye rather to my call,
Strong poets of a more outspoken day,
Too much for softer arts forgotten since
That teach our forthright tongue to lisp and mince,
Lead me some steps in your directer way,
Teach me those words that strike a solid root
Within the ears of men;
Ye chiefly, virile both to think and feel,
Deep-chested Chapman and firm-footed Ben, —
For he was masculine from head to heel.
Nay, let himself stand undiminished by
With those clear parts of him that will not die.
Himself from out the recent dark I claim
To hear, and, if I flatter him, to blame;
To show himself, as still I seem to see,
A mortal, built upon the antique plan,
Brimful of lusty blood as ever ran,
And taking life as simply as a tree!
To claim my foiled good-by let him appear,
Large-limbed and human as I saw him near,
Loosed from the stiffening uniform of fame:
And let me treat him largely: I should fear,
(If with too prying lens I chanced to err,
Mistaking catalogue for character,)
His wise forefinger raised in smiling blame.

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Nor would I scant him with judicial breath
And turn mere critic in an epitaph;
I choose the wheat, incurious of the chaff
That swells fame living, chokes it after death,
And would but memorize the shining half
Of his large nature that was turned to me:
Fain had I joined with those that honored him
With eyes that darkened because his were dim,
And now been silent: but it might not be.

II. 1.

In some the genius is a thing apart,
A pillared hermit of the brain,
Hoarding with incommunicable art
Its intellectual gain;
Man's web of circumstance and fate
They from their perch of self observe,
Indifferent as the figures on a slate
Are to the planet's sun-swung curve
Whose bright returns they calculate;
Their nice adjustment, part to part,
Were shaken from its serviceable mood
By unpremeditated stirs of heart
Or jar of human neighborhood:
Some find their natural selves, and only then,
In furloughs of divine escape from men,
And when, by that brief ecstasy left bare,
Driven by some instinct of desire,
They wander worldward, 't is to blink and stare,
Like wild things of the wood about a fire,
Dazed by the social glow they cannot share;
His nature brooked no lonely lair,
But basked and bourgeoned in copartnery,
Companionship, and open-windowed glee:
He knew, for he had tried,
Those speculative heights that lure
The unpracticed foot, impatient of a guide,
Tow'rds ether too attenuately pure
For sweet unconscious breath, though dear to pride,
But better loved the foothold sure
Of paths that wind by old abodes of men
Who hope at last the churchyard's peace secure,
And follow time-worn rules, that them suffice,
Learned from their sires, traditionally wise,
Careful of honest custom's how and when;
His mind, too brave to look on Truth askance,
No more those habitudes of faith could share,
But, tinged with sweetness of the old Swiss manse,
Lingered around them still and fain would spare.
Patient to spy a sullen egg for weeks,
The enigma of creation to surprise,

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His truer instinct sought the life that speaks
Without a mystery from kindly eyes;
In no self-woven silk of prudence wound,
He by the touch of men was best inspired,
And caught his native greatness at rebound
From generosities itself had fired;
Then how the heat through every fibre ran,
Felt in the gathering presence of the man,
While the apt word and gesture came unbid!
Virtues and faults it to one metal wrought,
Fined all his blood to thought,
And ran the molten man in all he said or did.
All Tully's rules and all Quintilian's too
He by the light of listening faces knew,
And his rapt audience all unconscious lent
Their own roused force to make him eloquent;
Persuasion fondled in his look and tone;
Our speech (with strangers prudish) he could bring
To find new charm in accents not her own;
Her coy constraints and icy hindrances
Melted upon his lips to natural ease,
As a brook's fetters swell the dance of spring.
Nor yet all sweetness: not in vain he wore,
Nor in the sheath of ceremony, controlled
By velvet courtesy or caution cold,
That sword of honest anger prized of old,
But, with two-handed wrath,
If baseness or pretension crossed his path,
Struck once nor needed to strike more.

2.

His magic was not far to seek, —
He was so human! whether strong or weak,
Far from his kind he neither sank nor soared,
But sate an equal guest at every board:
No beggar ever felt him condescend,
No prince presume; for still himself he bare
At manhood's simple level, and where'er
He met a stranger, there he left a friend.
How large an aspect! nobly unsevere,
With freshness round him of Olympian cheer,
Like visits of those earthly gods he came;
His look, wherever its good-fortune fell,
Doubled the feast without a miracle,
And on the hearthstone danced a happier flame;
Philemon's crabbed vintage grew benign;
Amphitryon's gold-juice humanized to wine.

III. 1.

The garrulous memories
Gather again from all their far-flown nooks,
Singly at first, and then by twos and threes,

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Then in a throng innumerable, as the rooks
Thicken their twilight files
Tow'rds Tintern's gray repose of roofless aisles:
Once more I see him at the table's head
When Saturday her monthly banquet spread
To scholars, poets, wits,
All choice, some famous, loving things, not names,
And so without a twinge at others' fames,
Such company as wisest moods befits,
Yet with no pedant blindness to the worth
Of undeliberate mirth,
Natures benignly mixed of air and earth,
Now with the stars and now with equal zest
Tracing the eccentric orbit of a jest.

2.

I see in vision the warm-lighted hall,
The living and the dead I see again,
And but one chair is empty of them all; —
'T is I that seem the dead: they all remain
Immortal, changeless creatures of the brain:
Well-nigh I doubt which world is real most,
Of sense or spirit, to the truly sane;
In this abstraction it were light to deem
Myself the figment of some stronger dream;
They are the real things, and I the ghost
That glide unhindered through the solid door,
Vainly for recognition seek from chair to chair,
And strive to speak and am but futile air,
As truly most of us are little more.

3.

Him most I see whom we most dearly miss,
The latest parted thence,
His features poised in genial armistice
And armed neutrality of self-defense
Beneath the forehead's walled preëminence,
While Tyro, plucking facts with careless reach,
Settles off-hand our human how and whence;
The long-trained veteran scarcely wincing hears
The infallible strategy of volunteers
Making through Nature's walls its easy breach,
And seems to learn where he alone could teach.
Ample and ruddy, the room's end he fills
As he our fireside were, our light and heat,
Centre where minds diverse and various skills
Find their warm nook and stretch unhampered feet;
I see the firm benignity of face,
Wide-smiling champaign without tameness sweet,
The mass Teutonic toned to Gallic grace,
The eyes whose sunshine runs before the lips
While Holmes's rockets curve their long ellipse,

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And burst in seeds of fire that burst again
To drop in scintillating rain.

4.

There too the face half-rustic, half-divine,
Self-poised, sagacious, freaked with humor fine,
Of him who taught us not to mow and mope
About our fancied selves, but seek our scope
In Nature's world and Man's, nor fade to hollow trope;
Listening with eyes averse I see him sit
Pricked with the cider of the judge's wit
(Ripe-hearted homebrew, fresh and fresh again),
While the wise nose's firm-built aquiline
Curves sharper to restrain
The merriment whose most unruly moods
Pass not the dumb laugh learned in listening woods
Of silence-shedding pine:
Hard by is he whose art's consoling spell
Has given both worlds a whiff of asphodel,
His look still vernal 'mid the wintry ring
Of petals that remember, not foretell,
The paler primrose of a second spring.

5.

And more there are: but other forms arise
And seen as clear, albeit with dimmer eyes:
First he from sympathy still held apart
By shrinking over-eagerness of heart,
Cloud charged with searching fire, whose shadow's sweep
Heightened mean things with sense of brooding ill,
And steeped in doom familiar field and hill, —
New England's poet, soul reserved and deep,
November nature with a name of May,
Whom high o'er Concord plains we laid to sleep,
While the orchards mocked us in their white array
And building robins wondered at our tears,
Snatched in his prime, the shape august
That should have stood unbent 'neath fourscore years,
The noble head, the eyes of furtive trust,
All gone to speechless dust;
And he our passing guest,
Shy nature, too, and stung with life's unrest,
Whom we too briefly had but could not hold,
Who brought ripe Oxford's culture to our board,
The Past's incalculable hoard,
Mellowed by scutcheoned panes in cloisters old,
Seclusions ivy-hushed, and pavements sweet
With immemorial lisp of musing feet;
Young head time-tonsured smoother than a friar's,
Boy face, but grave with answerless desires,
Poet in all that poets have of best,
But foiled with riddles dark and cloudy aims,
Who now hath found sure rest,

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Not by still Isis or historic Thames,
Nor by the Charles he tried to love with me,
But, not misplaced, by Arno's hallowed brim,
Nor scorned by Santa Croce's neighboring fames,
Haply not mindless, wheresoe'er he be,
Of violets that to-day I scattered over him;
He, too, is there,
After the good centurion fitly named,
Whom learning dulled not, nor convention tamed,
Shaking with burly mirth his hyacinthine hair,
Our hearty Grecian of Homeric ways,
Still found the surer friend where least he hoped the praise.

6.

Yea truly, as the sallowing years
Fall from us faster, like frost-loosened leaves
Pushed by the misty touch of shortening days,
And that unwakened winter nears,
'T is the void chair our surest guests receives,
'T is lips long cold that give the warmest kiss,
'T is the lost voice comes oftenest to our ears;
We count our rosary by the beads we miss:
To me, at least, it seemeth so,
An exile in the land once found divine,
While my starved fire burns low,
And homeless winds at the loose casement whine
Shrill ditties of the snow-roofed Apennine.

IV. 1.

Now forth into the darkness all are gone,
But memory, still unsated, follows on,
Retracing step by step our homeward walk,
With many a laugh among our serious talk,
Across the bridge where, on the dimpling tide,
The long red streamers from the windows glide,
Or the dim western moon
Rocks her skiff's image on the broad lagoon,
And Boston shows a soft Venetian side
In that Arcadian light when roof and tree,
Hard prose by daylight, dream in Italy;
Or haply in the sky's cold chambers wide
Shivered the winter stars, while all below,
As if an end were come of human ill,
The world was wrapt in innocence of snow
And the cast-iron bay was blind and still;
These were our poetry; in him perhaps
Science had barred the gate that lets in dream,
And he would rather count the perch and bream
Than with the current's idle fancy lapse;
And yet he had the poet's open eye
That takes a frank delight in all it sees,
Nor was earth voiceless, nor the mystic sky,

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To him the life-long friend of fields and trees:
Then came the prose of the suburban street,
Its silence deepened by our echoing feet,
And converse such as rambling hazard finds;
Then he who many cities knew and many minds,
And men once world-noised, now mere Ossian forms
Of misty memory, bade them live anew
As when they shared earth's manifold delight,
In shape, in gait, in voice, in gesture true,
And, with an accent heightening as he warms,
Would stop forgetful of the shortening night,
Drop my confining arm, and pour profuse
Much worldly wisdom kept for others' use,
Not for his own, for he was rash and free,
His purse or knowledge all men's, like the sea.
Still can I hear his voice's shrilling might
(With pauses broken, while the fitful spark
He blew more hotly rounded on the dark
To hint his features with a Rembrandt light)
Call Oken back, or Humboldt, or Lamarck,
Or Cuvier's taller shade, and many more
Whom he had seen, or knew from others' sight,
And make them men to me as ne'er before:
Not seldom, as the undeadened fibre stirred
Of noble friendships knit beyond the sea,
German or French thrust by the lagging word,
For a good leash of mother-tongues had he.
At last, arrived at where our paths divide,
"Good night!" and, ere the distance grew too wide,
"Good night!" again; and now with cheated ear
I half hear his who mine shall never hear.

2.

Sometimes it seemed as if New England air
For his large lungs too parsimonious were,
As if those empty rooms of dogma drear
Where the ghost shivers of a faith austere
Counting the horns o'er of the Beast,
Still scaring those whose faith in it is least,
As if those snaps o' th' moral atmosphere
That sharpen all the needles of the East,
Had been to him like death,
Accustomed to draw Europe's freer breath
In a more stable element;
Nay, even our landscape, half the year morose,
Our practical horizon grimly pent,
Our air, sincere of ceremonious haze,
Forcing hard outlines mercilessly close,
Our social monotone of level days,
Might make our best seem banishment,
But it was nothing so;
Haply his instinct might divine,

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Beneath our drift of puritanic snow,
The marvel sensitive and fine
Of sanguinaria overrash to blow
And warm its shyness in an air benign;
Well might he prize truth's warranty and pledge
In the grim outcrop of our granite edge,
The Hebrew fervor flashing forth at need
In the stiff sons of Calvin's iron breed,
As prompt to give as skilled to win and keep;
But, though such intuitions might not cheer,
Yet life was good to him, and, there or here,
With that sufficing joy, the day was never cheap;
Thereto his mind was its own ample sphere,
And, like those buildings great that through the year
Carry one temperature, his nature large
Made its own climate, nor could any marge
Traced by convention stay him from his bent:
He had a habitude of mountain air;
He brought wide outlook where he went,
And could on sunny uplands dwell
Of prospect sweeter than the pastures fair
High-hung of viny Neufchâtel,
Nor, surely, did he miss
Some pale, imaginary bliss
Of earlier sights whose inner landscape still was Swiss.

V. 1.

I cannot think he wished so soon to die
With all his senses full of eager heat,
And rosy years that stood expectant by
To buckle the winged sandals on their feet,
He that was friends with earth, and all her sweet
Took with both hands unsparingly:
Truly this life is precious to the root,
And good the feel of grass beneath the foot;
To lie in buttercups and clover-bloom,
Tenants in common with the bees,
And watch the white clouds drift through gulfs of trees,
Is better than long waiting in the tomb;
Only once more to feel the coming spring
As the birds feel it when it makes them sing,
Only once more to see the moon
Through leaf-fringed abbey-arches of the elms
Curve her mild sickle in the West
Sweet with the breath of hay-cocks, were a boon
Worth any promise of soothsayer realms
Or casual hope of being elsewhere blest;
To take December by the beard
And crush the creaking snow with springy foot,
While overhead the North's dumb streamers shoot,
Till Winter fawn upon the cheek endeared;
Then the long evening ends
Lingered by cozy chimney-nooks,

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With high companionship of books
Or slippered talk of friends
And sweet habitual looks, —
Is better than to stop the ears with dust:
Too soon the spectre comes to say, "Thou must!"

2.

When toil-crooked hands are crost upon the breast,
They comfort us with sense of rest;
They must be glad to lie forever still;
Their work is ended with their day;
Another fills their room; 't is the World's ancient way,
Whether for good or ill;
But the deft spinners of the brain,
Who love each added day and find it gain,
Them overtakes the doom
To snap the half-grown flower upon the loom
(Trophy that was to be of life-long pain),
The thread no other skill can ever knit again.
'T was so with him, for he was glad to live,
'T was doubly so, for he left work begun;
Could not this eagerness of Fate forgive
Till all the allotted flax was spun?
It matters not; for, go at night or noon,
A friend, whene'er he dies, has died too soon,
And, once we hear the hopeless *He is dead*,
So far as flesh hath knowledge, all is said.

VI. 1.

I seem to see the black procession go:
That crawling prose of death too well I know,
The vulgar paraphrase of glorious woe;
I see it wind through that unsightly grove,
Once beautiful, but long defaced
With granite permanence of cockney taste
And all those grim disfigurements we love:
There, then, we leave him: Him? such costly waste
Nature rebels at: and it is not true
Of those most precious parts of him we knew:
Could we be conscious but as dreamers be,
'T were sweet to leave this shifting life of tents
Sunk in the changeless calm of Deity;
Nay, to be mingled with the elements,
The fellow-servant of creative powers,
Partaker in the solemn year's events,
To share the work of busy-fingered hours,
To be night's silent almoner of dew,
To rise again in plants and breathe and grow,
To stream as tides the ocean caverns through,
Or with the rapture of great winds to blow
About earth's shaken coignes, were not a fate
To leave us all-disconsolate;

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Even endless slumber in the sweetening sod
Of charitable earth
That takes out all our mortal stains,
And makes us clearlier neighbors of the clod,
Methinks were better worth
Than the poor fruit of most men's wakeful pains,
The heart's insatiable ache:
But such was not his faith,
Nor mine: it may be he had trod
Outside the plain old path of *God thus spake*,
But God to him was very God,
And not a visionary wraith
Skulking in murky corners of the mind,
And he was sure to be
Somehow, somewhere, imperishable as He,
Not with His essence mystically combined,
As some high spirits long, but whole and free,
A perfected and conscious Agassiz.
And such I figure him: the wise of old
Welcome and own him of their peaceful fold,
Not truly with the guild enrolled
Of him who seeking inward guessed
Diviner riddles than the rest,
And groping in the darks of thought
Touched the Great Hand and knew it not;
He rather shares the daily light,
From reason's charier fountains won,
Of his great chief, the slow-paced Stagyrite,
And Cuvier clasps once more his long-lost son.

2.

The shape erect is prone: forever stilled
The winning tongue; the forehead's high-piled heap,
A cairn which every science helped to build,
Unvalued will its golden secrets keep:
He knows at last if Life or Death be best:
Wherever he be flown, whatever vest
The being hath put on which lately here
So many-friended was, so full of cheer
To make men feel the Seeker's noble zest,
We have not lost him all; he is not gone
To the dumb herd of them that wholly die;
The beauty of his better self lives on
In minds he touched with fire, in many an eye
He trained to Truth's exact severity;
He was a Teacher: why be grieved for him
Whose living word still stimulates the air?
In endless file shall loving scholars come
The glow of his transmitted touch to share,
And trace his features with an eye less dim
Than ours whose sense familiar wont makes numb.

James Russell Lowell.

FLORENCE, ITALY, *February*, 1874.

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MOSE EVANS.

PART III.

I.

"You are quite poetical!" my wife remarked to me one day after we had reached Brownstown, for I was compelled by pressure of business to bid Evans good-by, at daylight, the morning after the interview with him just described. Perhaps there *is* some such scant streaking of gold through my quartz, for my dear mother up there in New England had once published a thin volume of poems. Helen's exclamation, I will explain, followed upon my saying that Agnes Throop was like a pearl set in ebony.

It was suggested to me by a doleful September day we had spent, Helen and myself, at the Throops, after our arrival from Bucksnort, and parting with Archer there, and Evans, the latter going East, the former to go — more rapidly, I supposed, if that were possible — to the bad. My wife and myself were to be in Brownstown but a short time, her presence as well as my own being needed there to certain signatures before a notary public; signatures, on her part, at least, effected just as well in Charleston; but come with me she would. "I want to be with you, Henry. They are so lonely, too, the Throops!" she said.

Lonely! Neither they nor we thought of it in all the first eager conversation after we arrived; but it was terrible, that last September Wednesday. We sat in their parlor, we tried the front porch, we wandered under the great trees of the yard, and we came back and gave up escaping what, I fear, was nothing but miasma, and so took to our big rocking-chairs upon the front porch, — piazza, rather, as it extended the entire length of the house. It was Mrs. Throop, however, who made the day and the scene positively weird!

"I sit here sometimes for hours," she said, "gazing upon the river, rolling along its liquid mud, like our turbid lives. Turning a little this way, now a bend toward the other side, now a little more and now a little less overhung by those great live-oaks with their trailing moss; only the muddier when there is a freshet" —

"A boat now and then, mamma," Agnes insists, in the quiet but continual protest I had observed in her from the first, against the gloom of the household. Helen said even Mary Martha Washington, their self-sacrificed slave, seemed darker than before. But as to Agnes, there was that in her which showed that something beyond all this had befallen her since we last met; some terrible blow had fallen, was expected to fall — I knew not what. I could not say in what respect, if any, it had affected her outer bearing. The calamity, whatever it was, had smitten deeper than that.

"Yes. A boat!" Mrs. Throop continued, in sentences singularly detached. "Loaded to the water's edge with cotton. A shower of sparks always falling upon the bales from the smoke-stacks! I often sit at my bedroom window, sometimes wrap myself up and come, while you are all sleeping, and sit for hours watching the steamboats as they pass. It is a striking but most mournful scene, especially at midnight. All the negro crew are then on the bow, singing and dancing, the boat so apt to strike a snag, or catch on fire, or blow up, the next moment! An emblem of the world!"

But it was the great, sad eyes, the wailing in the tones of her voice, which gave such sepulchral power to what Mrs. Throop said.

"I blame myself, madam," I interposed with some emphasis, "for induc-

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ing you to leave Charleston. There at least" —

"Charleston! Charleston!" But how can I give the inflections of the poor lady's voice as she turned those eyes upon me! Dressed in black for Theodore, and everything else in the world, — emaciated until her eyes seemed all there was of her. "Charleston!"

"Mrs. Throop knows," the General here remarked with his peculiar courtesy of manner when any lady was in question, "that I have no sympathy with her religious views. While the Creator leaves us in this world I think he means we should care for and be interested in it, as he will desire us to be interested in the existence after this, when he has placed us there. I agree that an accursed military despotism has superseded American freedom; I know that universal corruption reigns in a Congress once adorned with the presence of a Hayne, a Randolph, a Calhoun; I know that free negroes and their baser white allies swarm" —

"Dear father!" It was with her hand upon his arm, with imploring eyes in his, that his daughter said it. My wife reminded me afterward how near *to him the poor girl seemed to keep, all* the time. As to the mother, I had observed her sitting off by herself in the parlor, or upon the porch, her eyes upon the flowing river, remaining for hours as motionless, as far as I could see, as though she were indeed dead. No trace of insanity except in the self-contained isolation of the poor lady from all the world, the lingering of a soul in the frail body long after it had drained to the dregs all the bitterness of death. Had she been indeed a disembodied spirit, she could hardly have been more separate from, as she was sacred to, her daughter. Her father was really all that daughter had left to her, beside her betrothed, on earth; in the absence of Mr. Clammeigh she clung exclusively to him. No wonder. He seemed even more portly of person than before, but there was an ashen something in his face, the whiter for the flushes of red to the very roots of his still whiter hair when he became excited, which he very often did, for he had grown very tremulous since I last saw him.

"I merely mention what all the world knows," the General continued. "It is inevitable to every other nation as it was to Greece and Rome. But to think of a nation living less than a hundred years! The South was the only conservative element. Had it pleased Heaven to spare the South" —

"You acknowledge the hand of Heaven, in spite of yourself, my dear!" Mrs. Throop said it in a manner, the deadly calm of which was worse than her husband's excitement. "I passed through it all so long, long ago, the lower stages. Agnes will tell you, Mr. Anderson, I have not attended service, have not sung a hymn, have not other than merely heard Scripture read at our family worship, since I came. I am as entirely done with all that as is our Theodore. I cannot plant my feet upon your world again, even with all my effort to do so. My husband is wiser than he thinks. I do not speak of political matters. So far, every nation of history has run its little career, and died, even as each of its people has lived his or her *lesser life, and perished. This nation* but ripens fast, in the hot summer of its wonderful prosperity, toward a rotting and a ruin more terrible and complete than the race has ever before known. It is the last nation of history. With it, Heaven's long experiment, under the eyes of a wondering universe, in reference to the human heart, will have been accomplished, and the world itself will end!"

"Dear mother!" her daughter attempted again.

"I rarely say so much, Agnes," Mrs. Throop continued, "and I desire merely to add this: God's purpose with the race before the flood ran through thousands of years; we well know the disaster in which that culminated and closed. So of the patriarchal period which followed. The disastrous ending of the Jewish dispensation I need not mention. The result with the Christian church cannot but be the repetition

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of the invariable tragedy! Our Maker is eternally the same. From beginning to end of time the human heart, too, is the same."

"But that other life, dear mother?" Agnes says, in the silence which follows upon the calm certainties of this Cassandra.

"Yes, Agnes. Thank God! And that better life is eternal. Would God I were there!"

("It is with Mrs. Throop as it was with Cowper at Olney," my wife said to me afterward. "Poor, sick Cowper! As if all the blessed creation were really what it seemed to his sorrowful eyes!"

"How like Agnes Throop is to her poor mother," I replied to Helen, "and how superior! With all her delusion, I do believe the mother acknowledges to herself her own weakness as contrasted with the stronger, happier child,—the weakness, not only of sickness as contrasted with health, of soul, but of a feeble piety to a more vigorous and beautiful, because more genuine!")

"Mother — Helen!" Agnes Throop exclaimed, as her mother sank again into silence, and with the happy face of a child, her finger lifted, "listen! Did you ever hear such a concert!"

"Mocking-birds!" Mrs. Throop replied, for all the air was full of their noise. "*Mocking*, indeed! They are like so many scoffers! I do not blame you, Mr. Anderson, about our leaving Charleston. You had," her eyes on mine, and reading me through and through, "your own objects in making the bargain. But Charleston has no existence. *Our* Charleston! Our friends are killed, or removed, or bankrupt, or actually taking part in the negro rule. Worse there than here! Our frail bodies still live, Mr. Anderson; really, we are as dead as is Theodore in Sumter!"

But Agnes had stolen in to her piano, and, not to break too rudely upon the mood of her parents, was singing, in a low voice, the old, old war songs, My Maryland! — The Bonny Blue Flag.

"You Northern people must make allowance," she said to me standing beside her as she finished Dixie, with a curious twitching about the lips even while she smiled. I suppose it was because she had seen no one to whom she could talk for so long; possibly it was to interest and entertain me as she best could. I never knew her to speak so freely.

"We at the South had our enthusiasm, Mr. Anderson, too! You forget we believed in our side as much as you did in yours! Oh, the banners we ladies made, the music we practiced, the sewing of uniforms, the rush and hurry and pride! I remember all my life the drum beating every night when St. Michael struck nine, and the patrol marching the street to arrest any negroes without a pass; it was nothing but the roll of the drum and the march of soldiers now, to defend all we had ever known and loved! How it would thrill us, on Sunday, the calm, solemn, convincing, most eloquent sermon! My father would say afterward at dinner, 'Oh, yes, the doctor was able and eloquent, as usual, but it was like demonstrating the noonday sun.' How can a person be more positively certain of anything than we were of the righteousness of our cause, so clearly based upon the very Word of God! And, then, the prayers, deep, humble, confident, for the blessing of Heaven upon our efforts to defend our homes against the godless infidelity of agrarianism and abolitionism! We never could understand the North, Mr. Anderson; you ought to remember you never could understand us! To this very day — but I am wearying you so!"

"Not at all, I like to hear you; besides, I will want you to hear me about another matter after awhile," I said.

She looked at me and colored, seemed vexed, even. She continued, more eagerly because of that very thing, too absurd to think of for a moment.

"I cannot speak about the siege and fall of Charleston, it would take too much time. And I cannot speak of my brother, Theodore Throop, my only brother, my noble and brave brother, so full of promise! Ah, those days he would hurry in from duty, all brown

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and dusty and hungry! He was in Sumter from the first, you know. He would kiss us all round, tell us how the Yankees kept pounding away in vain, assure us they could never take Sumter! And so he would laugh, cram his haversack with everything to eat he could lay his hands on, kiss us good-by, and run to catch his boat. And you people of the North never *did* take Sumter! Nor ever would, if the war had lasted till now! Nor ever would have taken Charleston, if there had been a South Carolinian at Atlanta! I could tell you the opinion we in Charleston *always* had of that poor Davis" —

"We won't differ about *him*," I said.

"I was speaking," she continued, "of my brother. We used to lie awake all night, it seems to me, until we got so used to it, all of every night listening to the storm breaking upon Sumter, remembering he was there! At first we would wince and shudder at every peal, knowing about whom the shot struck, never thinking, hardly, in comparison, of the shot and shell and crashing houses in the city. We *wore* into being used to it, Mr. Anderson. But never one moment would we have had him elsewhere! We were glad we had son and brother to be there! The cause is lost; I sometimes fear we may have been mistaken about it But we were not so sad as you may think, Mr. Anderson, that terrible Thursday when my brother's shattered body was laid in the sacred dust in Sumter. To this day there is a glory and a beauty about his gallant death which is to us a halo around his memory forever."

"You remember," I said, "the lines, —

> "'Though love repine and reason chafe,
> There comes a voice without reply,
> 'T is man's perdition to be safe
> When for the truth he ought to die!

although, of course, I am compelled" —

"To say," she finished my protest for me, "that you regard our cause as being, really, the reverse of the truth. Well, it was the truth to us!"

"I have sometimes given money to objects which I thought at the time were deserving," I said, "and I could not wish the same back again in my pocket even when I had learned that I was mistaken; the intent on my part was none the less sacred from recall or regret for that!"

"And we would not take back Theodore if we could!" she replied. "The truth is, I never took the interest in the Confederacy as a political question that most of our ladies did. It was Theodore, all Theodore to me. Oh, Mr. Anderson, if you had but known him, so beautiful, noble, full of enthusiasm! He cared for our independence, was ready to die for it; I cared only for him! He was but a little older than myself; we loved each other so much; besides my parents, he was all I had in the world! I cannot speak of him; but I will say, Mr. Anderson, never on earth, never, did men and women more thoroughly believe in the righteousness of their cause. Surely none have ever proved their belief more perfectly by struggle and suffering! One great republic *is* better, but it will never be at its greatest, sir, until it is not afraid to remember with regret, even with honor, the gallant youth who gave to their mistake, if it be mistake, their all of conscience and blood and soul! I have not talked of all this to any one," she added, "since we left Charleston. It is what was said on the porch that caused me to do so. Let us talk about something else. But I do think, Mr. Anderson, our country is a poor republic so long as it is afraid to weep for its Southern sons too; afraid to drop flowers even upon their dust. Yet what do I care for it all! I'm miserably selfish, and it is my dead brother I think about." With an instant alteration of manner, "It is our music has melted me so. Let us change the subject." Saying which she turned to her piano, and calling out, "Don't be angry with me, pa!" to her father seated outside, played and sang, a little mockingly, a verse or two of the Star Spangled Banner.

Helen had the excellent sense to help her to the utmost. They played together a duet of the old school days,

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with plenty of breaking down and laughter. One or the other playing or singing, we had all the absurd, sentimental songs, grave and gay. Even Helen, who knew of other accomplishments of mine, but not at all of this, was electrified when I took my seat at the piano, and, to the jingle of its chords, gave them The Fine old German Gentleman! If Mrs. Throop did not laugh, the General certainly did, for I watched him out of the corner of my eye as he sat smoking without. When we had seated ourselves to supper, at last, we were all in better spirits than that cemetery of a home had known since it became a home at all.

"I do not object to being happy," Mrs. Throop explained from her seat at the table. "We will be happy in heaven forever. But not here. It will be very soon. If it were not that the idea was held by low people elsewhere, I would believe that this world not only ends, as I said, but is *soon* to end. We have nearly done with it!"

"I have not, mamma!" It was Agnes, with all of her old days in her face, who said it. "I love you and pa, as you are now, dearly. I love flowers," her eyes sparkling as she spoke. "The singing of a little bird exhilarates me like an opera; at the first burst of sunshine after days of darkness, I waltz around the room as if I was at a ball. I love music with all my soul!"

"No wonder," I interjected; "you would make your fortune in opera!" and felt, the instant I said it, how eternally I *did* think, as Helen says I do, about the money value of everything.

"I love — thank you, Mr. Anderson," she said — "horses and cows. A brilliant moonlight puts me beside myself. I love housekeeping and scolding. I don't care for company as I used to, but see how these friends being with us has set me talking. It is foolish, but I do love fine laces and cashmere shawls, beautiful dresses and diamonds. I love — love — everything and everybody!"

"*I* saw you looking at her, Mr. Anderson," my spouse remarked to me in the first instant of our being alone together afterward, "as if she was something wonderful."

And so she is! Beautiful as an angel, but not at all in the sense wherein the comparison is commonly used! I did not say this aloud, but Helen spoke for us both: —

"Could anything be more simple than her dress, manner, whole bearing? She is as transparent as a child, but such depths, too! She is saved by what there is in her of her father, from the excess of sensitiveness inherited from her mother; yet she is so utterly alone in the world, and thrown upon herself! It is almost a pity she has given herself to such a thing as music for recreation — music exclusively. And her long, long suffering since the war began, no wonder it has so intensified her. Do you not think, Henry" —

"Think what?" I ask, Helen pausing so long before saying more. She added at last, —

"I do not like to speak of such things. She never, of course, alludes to the subject with me. But do you not think a person can go to extremes in devotion, even? She is, never mind how I came to know, as simple, as earnest, as trustful in her religion as in all else. No one could be more silent as to such matters, yet I do know that Mary never sat, in her home at Bethany, more — can I say really? — at the feet of Christ! In these late years I am satisfied he is to her the most actual friend living. Is there no such thing as too much faith? Coleridge says there is as much danger of *other*-worldliness in some Christians as of *this*-worldliness in the case of people generally."

"Did he?" I reply. "Well, I know this. It is merely through a certain peculiar period she is passing. If she is to live, and live to be a wholesome wife and mother, Heaven will see to it that there shall be, in due time, enough of earth, enough of the purely human, to balance matters. This is merely, I say, a particular period, such as in some form we all pass through, although it leaves us the better for it forever!"

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"My mother wrote no poems," Helen said with a smile, "but I will venture to say this: A diamond is no more self-luminous than any other clod. The difference lies, I suppose, in the transparency, that is, the power of receiving and transmitting light; *and* in the keeping one's self in connection — is it not so? — with the One who is the Light!"

II.

Helen and myself were, of course, the guests of the Throops during our stay in Brown County, and it was, as well as I can now remember, the morning after our music, that Mary Martha Washington had succeeded at last in getting my wife off to one side, to communicate something she had evidently been eager to say to her from the moment we came. Yielding to some pretext of the old woman in regard to a hatching out of thirty-six chickens by a guinea-fowl, Helen had gone with her after breakfast to a remote poultry yard, to find and admire — nothing of the kind.

"De best way is to wait in dis place till we hear dat old guinea's potrack!" the faithful servant said when they were safely out of sight and hearing from the house. "And oh, Miss Helen, I must talk to you! What *is* we goin' to do? Marster General he can't hold out much longer. Old missis is clean crossed over Jordan already, 'cept her poor body. I 'm mighty 'fraid somethin' gone wrong about dat Mars' Clammeigh. I nebber thought he was one of us born at de Souf anyhow. Dat Mr. Parkinson, he is in love so he 's lost flesh. He 's too flimsy like. He a minister an' dar's n't preach one sermon against dis fool freedom de debbil an' de abolitionists set up. Phew!" Strong contempt. "It 's a *man*, a strong, loving man, Miss Agnes needs. I thought Mars' Evans was too low down once, but bress your heart, Miss Helen, dey moved from de East, Car'line, I believe. How dat great, strong man loves her! At de first of his coming on de place he loved her so he could n't look her in de face, got pale, trembled when she spoke to him."

"I 'm sorry to hear it," Helen said.

"You wait, Miss Helen. I do wonder whar dat guinea-fowl gone; hear her potrack, potrack torectly. You see he overseed de hands. De *men* hands. You would n't believe it, Miss Helen, but dem fool women say dey *ain't* hands, dey is *ladies*, ladies ob color! Refuse to go into de field! O my hebbenly Marster, de folly ob dis freedom! What wid dem fool niggers, and what wid me after dem, Miss Agnes has had a time!"

"I thought Mr. Evans was overseer," Helen said.

"So he was, so he was, Miss Helen," the woman eagerly replied. "De men never worked better in dere lives. I mean till dose fool women broke off work, stayed at de quarter, breshin' dere heads all day wid dere wool-cards; de men did n't half work after dat. Even dat Mr. Evans was put out, it was so new to him. One night he was in de 'gret house' after supper, talkin' wid Mars' General about it, we was all so put out what to do.

"'You manage de men, Mr. Evans,' my Miss Agnes said, laughin' as she used to do in Charleston, 'I 'll manage de *ladies*.' Ladies! You see, Miss Helen, de crop *had* to be picked, right away, heaviest crop of cotton I ever see. Well, Mars' Evans he was at de quarters when she come. It was de berry next mornin'. See? Bell just rung to go to de field. Dat young missis of mine! she had put on an ole straw hat, had a woolsey dress on, all gathered up in de skirt, cotton basket, an' her dinner in it! All de fool women came out to see. 'Now, women,' she said, laughin', 'we 's all free, free as de air, but dat cotton 's got to be picked. *I 'm* goin'. Who 'll go with me?' You see, Miss Helen, it was de *way* she said it! Lor' bress you, I shook both fists at dose niggers, snatched basket out ob de hand ob de foreman ob de crop, an' followed my young missis. Better believe *dey* did! Dat Mars' Evans, I thought de man

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would hab — would hab! He took off his coat, folded it up carefully, laid it on de top rail ob de fence — an' picked? I should t'ink so! But he kept wid de men on dere side ob de field, he dar's n't come near us. And dose women picked as Hebben made um to pick! I 'clare before Hebben, Miss Helen, what wid her talkin' and laughin' an' pickin' ahead of de field, an' bettin' me she 'd hab de heaviest pick! — I 've fixed her up for many a ball, say nothin' of church, in Charleston, but she nebber looked so hebbenly pretty! An' she slipped me off home to hab extra supper for dose niggers! No trouble after dat! Whar can be dat guinea? *You* hear a potrack?"

"If I was in your Miss Agnes' place, I would be very angry at you if you thought I could love a Brown County overseer!" Helen said. "I 'm ashamed of you, aunty!"

The old woman had reference to a power superior to that of General Throop, when she replied solemnly, "Ole Marster has fixed who she shall marry! I don't know anything about it, more dan you, honey. When dis world was made dere was no woman for Adam, de first man you remember, an' so He had to make a woman for Adam. I nebber saw de man yet was good enough for my Miss Agnes; my young Mars' Theodore said dat a thousand times before he was killed. But God can make somebody 'pressly for her! I nebber 'low myself to t'ink it can be dis Mr. Evans, 'cept dat he is bein' made out ob de berry dust ob de ground for somethin'. You can't tell how he has changed under Miss Agnes, like linen bleaches in de sun. Ebberybody respects an' loves him. An'," continued the woman, "dat man is *marster*, if *she* is mistress! Lor', Miss Helen, we broke down in de deep mud, Miss Agnes and I, drivin' back in de ole buggy one day, long ago, from Brownstown. In de deepest part ob de cypress swamp. Mars' Mose Evans he come along on his horse, — he nebber was near her, but then he nebber was very far away from her, somehow, — jumped down, an' begged her to let him take her out. She got angry, tossed her head *dis* way, turned as red! Refused, said I could help her, she could wait till her pa could come. 'Mr. Evans, remember your place, sir; you shall not do it!' she said, proud as could be! She was drippin' wet, night was fallin'. Mars' Evans never said one word, put his strong arms around her like a baby, carried her to de side ob de road where his horse was, put her on behind de saddle on his overcoat, managed some way to get on before her, she had to hold on him; left me to follow after dem on de buggy horse. Bress your soul, Miss Helen, she 's mistress, but he 's *marster*, sure!"

Helen told me all this, in substance, out at the front fence, as I was mending a martingale before mounting my horse, the same day, to ride over to Harry Peters', now living, as I believe I have said, at Mrs. Evans' old place near by, and acting as General Throop's overseer.

"Did you ever know such a lonely house, Captain Anderson?" he asked me after we had finished business that day. "I go over and am as funny as *I* know how to be. Miss Agnes laughs, but it is a terrible strain upon her, the situation. Puss — I mean my wife — makes butter expressly to take over. Mrs. Throop is a ghost. Actually a ghost, sir, lingering out of the grave a little; but my wife, afraid of her mother, loves Miss Agnes as if she was her own child! Oh, I know Evans is out of the question, perfectly ridiculous of course. Not even may be so; May bees of that sort don't fly any month of the year. But I do wish! You know he boarded with us. Why, sir, he was at it from before day to breakfast, soon as supper was over till I don't know when, for my wife and I go to bed at dark almost."

"At what?" I demand; "you were speaking of Miss Throop."

"And so I am now!" Harry Peters continues, with as much heat as a man who was always "in fun" could feel. "At it? At all of it. Studying, Major Anderson, studying! He kept himself

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supplied by mail, I suppose, through old New Hampshire in some way, with books. It was like feeding wheat into a threshing machine, — kept the mail busy! I've heard of school-marms before, but Miss Throop's the most powerful one I ever came up with. You see how crazy these poor, deluded negroes are to learn to read; and what freedom is to them, that lady is to him. None of us ever joke him about her; Job tried that. He never mentions her, nor speaks to her, hardly, so far as I know. But she is to him like a bright spring day to a planted field; the soil 's deep, you can *hear* the corn grow!" And thereupon Harry Peters gives me the story of the revolt of the women, not at all as a joke, for it was the great trouble of the day over the entire South.

I rode over the General's plantation with Harry, the General too feeble to accompany us, that day. I was glad to do so. The fact is, I was becoming seriously uneasy as to matters. One thing I resolved upon, and that was to see Mr. Clammeigh upon the subject, delicate as it was, the day I reached Charleston. But I was glad to learn all I could from the overseer. Distrusting Miss Throop's betrothed as I did, I confess I derived some comfort from what Harry Peters told me about Mr. Parkinson. "He comes to see me every few days," that gentleman said, while we were having a smoke upon his front porch after a good dinner. "I had supposed Mose Evans was the most desperately in love of any man I ever knew, until I came to see how Mr. Parkinson suffered. It is worse for the minister, because he sees her every few days; besides, they are nearer to each other, Miss Throop and himself, than poor Evans can ever dream of being. He is her minister, too, and has her respect and confidence, as he has that of us all. I suppose it is because of his being slight-built and high-strung that he loves her so. My wife — you know how full women are of their mischief — always brings in her name when he is here, just to see how pale he gets, and how eager he is. But I don't think," my host adds, as he fills another pipe, "that *he* is her equal, either!"

"Why not?" I demand.

"I like Mr. Parkinson as a man and as a minister," Harry Peters adds, "and nothing is more important than religion. But, the fault of his training, I suppose, the man runs too much in that; knows nothing, cares nothing for politics, farming, country gossip, men, women, and children. He 's too narrow, too one-sided. It makes his religion *too* spiritual. He 'd have more practical influence upon every-day people if he ate more pork and corn bread, and talked more about cotton and cattle. And then he is too much like Miss Throop!"

"Like Miss Throop?" I ask.

"I mean he is too nice and slight, too fine and lady-like. A woman likes a man to be a man, just as a man likes a woman the more she *is* a woman. For a man of his make pretty Molly Robinson is the very wife. Plenty of land, too, and it 's just what he has n't got. If he owned a thousand acres or so of good bottom land, he would light down on it out of the air, don't you see! But he would no more look at little Molly Robinson, than Miss Agnes would think of Mose Evans; he 's determined to have her or die. They say she is to marry a gentleman from Charleston, or he will get her yet; see if he does n't."

At this juncture, my host branched off into one of his funniest stories, his nice wife seated, knitting, and, I had almost said, purring in her little rocking-chair close to his side, she was so gentle and kitten-like and loving — "Puss" being her name, and continually used. I liked Harry Peters, thoroughly enjoyed the oxygen of the man, if I may so speak, but I forget what it was we all laughed so heartily about that day. I want to add here, however out of place, what Mr. Parkinson said to me when he was East soliciting funds for their church, afterward. Circumstances had thrown us into very confidential intimacy then, or he never could have said, as he did, "It seems a singular remark to make, sir, but I have come to believe that a man can cast himself too

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passively upon the bosom even of his God! Our Creator wants a man to be manly! Of course you will understand. One thing I do know, there are cases where he refuses to answer importunate prayer by anything in return, outer or inner, — repels, casts off the suppliant. Not only because that suppliant is selfish in his seeking, but whining and whimpering and indulging in a sickly sort of dependence, when he ought to stand up like a man, bear terrible trouble silently, and do known duty stoutly, whatever the duty may be!"

But I never dreamed of mentioning that remark a moment ago; certainly the maker thereof had improved into a sturdier and far more happy and effective man than he had promised to be before, when he thus opened his heart to me; *that* being itself, however, a lingering of his former weakness. For my part, I am perfectly willing to be the friend confided in: but not the friend, of the two, who confides, not if I can help it. I know the world, unfortunately, too well!

It was hard work to get away from Harry Peters' fun, and, more pleasant to me still, his wife's perfect enjoyment of it. I was just in time for supper at General Throop's, and went to bed as soon after as I politely could. Not that I was unusually fatigued after my ride about the plantation, talking with the hands here and there over the same all day, as well as with Peters; the fact is, I was seriously perplexed. You observe, I had a hundred other matters besides, pressing upon me for decision; many thousands of dollars involved. I was glad to get to bed.

It was as natural, under the circumstances, that Helen and Agnes should have sat far into the night, all the rest of the household wrapped in sleep.

"My heart yearns over her as if she were my own and my only sister," my wife said to me when at last she came into our room. "My knowledge of the world, as compared with hers at least, makes me feel much older. I do so desire to help her; and how can I, unless I know how matters stand in regard to that — Clammeigh? I heard many hints before I left Charleston of a new flame of his, a certain Cuban heiress. One thing I know: his handsome mansion there is being remodeled and made ready for — something. Agnes well knows it is my sincere affection for her, not mere curiosity, which makes me anxious to find out when we are to have her in Charleston as Mrs. Clammeigh, or whether there is any possibility of her becoming — the idea! — Mrs. Parkinson, instead."

"Or whether," I interposed, "there is any chance for poor Evans."

"Nonsense!" my wife replied, with such energy that I will stand aside and let her take my place as narrator of all that occurred between Agnes and herself. Understand distinctly, it is not myself, but Mrs. Anderson, who thus proceeds: —

"I would so dearly love to see you married, Agnes," I said at last. "In certain senses of the word your betrothed — may I speak of him, dear? — is a superior man" —

"There is the most singular weakness in me, Helen dear," she replied. "That word 'superior' brings it to mind. I never told a soul before; it is a species of hallucination. Do you know, I cannot remember when I did not consider myself, I am ashamed to say it, somehow a being superior to those around me. It is an odd deficiency in me, but I have always felt as I suppose a princess born to a throne does. It is in my blood. Except towards my parents, dearly as I love every one, conscious as I am of my folly, even when I feel most humble I have an absurd sense of condescension! I dare say I am to be empress of a star in the other world. If I were married to a king today, I would wear crown and robe and hold my court as if I were, for the first time, in my true place. A singular fancy, is n't it?"

"And you would make a most gracious majesty, dear," I said. "But to be a queen there must be — unless you are of the vixenish sort, like Elizabeth — a king. Your parents, Agnes, are not

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as strong as they were, Theodore is gone, and they may be taken, dear. Persons of your sensitive nature, so tenderly shielded all your life from the world, need a protector. And, Agnes dear, we will be so glad to see you married."

"I suppose suffering has made me too sensitive," she replied. "And, at last, it lies so much in the individual who suffers, Helen, not in the sort or degree of the trouble. There is Mr. Harry Peters, our overseer," she said, evading me still, and she seemed resolved to keep as far off as she could from not only speaking but thinking upon the subject. I was the more resolved to know certainly if I could. And therefore I listened but in part to her as she continued about Mr. Peters. "The funniest man I ever knew," she said. "Papa and I dined there one day by special invitation, and it was all very grand. They had soup and fish first. As their girl was bringing in afterward an enormous turkey, she tripped and fell, and dashed it full in Mr. Peters' face. I thought — suppose it had been papa at the head of *his* table! how I trembled! But Mr. Peters only laughed; laughed and made us laugh by his funny ways, till it seemed the best joke in the world! His dear little wife thinks it is all *so* amusing, and you could n't help enjoying their enjoyment. He has done papa good like medicine; I never knew him to laugh so since secession. When we were threatened with cotton worms, Mr. Peters turned that into a joke. When his children were lost in the swamp, he was, his wife told me, certain of finding them, keeping the household and all the searchers in high spirits till they were found, and then he cried like a woman, even while he was laughing more than before. He is the brightest, most joyous person I ever knew, and nothing but a poor, lame, sickly overseer! That Mr. Archer is so happy because he drinks, but Mr. Peters is" —

"What kind of a person, Agnes, was that Mr. Moses Evans?" I began.

"In a moment, Helen. I think I am exactly like Mr. Peters. By nature. But, Helen dear, God alone knows how I have suffered. It was not merely our long and terrible time in Charleston through the siege. I do not believe we had one night of sound sleep during all those terrible — centuries they seem to me now. Nor was it the loss of property and the breaking up of the largest, certainly the most refined, at least the dearest, circle of friends heart could desire. It is such a strange feeling, too, to have lost your country. Papa feels that everything one calls country is as utterly lost as if it had been swallowed up in the sea; he is the resident to-day — not citizen — of that nation in all the world which he likes least. There is our removing, too, to such a region as *this*! And then, do I not know, my father and mother must soon go, and leave me alone in the world! So far as this life is concerned there never was a person more entirely without a future! Oh, Helen, if God had but spared Theodore! Did you know him, Helen? It was my being his own sister made me fancy myself a princess; I worshiped him as my king, for he was a king. The most beautiful, the noblest! — and, oh how glad I am, for his dear sake, that he is dead! I wake, dear, and lie and listen to the great river flowing by, and the heavy breathing of the wind rising and falling, as in sleep, among the live-oaks, lifting and letting fall their long gray moss; so far away, alone, alone!"

After some silence she added, "I saw a lovely little flower by the roadside as I got out of the buggy at our gate, coming back from church last Sunday, and I put a stick of wood on either side of it to protect it. When I went on Monday to transplant it, I found the poor little flower, crushed down in the print of a mule's hoof! Oh, Helen, does n't it seem sometimes as if God did n't care what trod upon you! I am tempted at times to think I 'm no more to him than a jamestown weed, any vile thing that chance wheel or hoof may trample into the mire! It does me good, Helen, to know it is a Father who strikes me so hard. But when I know

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that God is also a man, who allowed himself to be trodden down under wicked feet, his greatest glory and happiness afterward and forever because of *that*, I have only to feel that *he* is with me in all that happens, and I am singing again like a bird!"

As I kiss her cheek, down which the tears are silently flowing, I whisper, "I asked you about Mr. Evans, dear, because we met him as we came here," and, drawing her closer to me as we sat in the dimly lighted room, trying to put her in my place when at the hotel, I told her the whole story of our meeting Mose Evans on that occasion. I did not leave out one thing! I do not know how I worded it, but I told her that there was no saying what such a person as Evans might become. And I told her of the quiet, silent, desperate determination of that foolish, foolish man! Once or twice she tried to turn the conversation, but I can be as self-willed as anybody, when I exert myself. I left nothing unsaid. When there was nothing more to *be* said, she only kissed me and replied, "You must be so tired, Helen dear. It is after midnight. What a shame in me to keep you up so! You will find a lighted candle and a cross husband in your room. Good night, dear. May you have pleasant dreams, — during the *night*, too!"

I could but return her good-night kiss and leave her. What else could I do, Henry? She is the most complete combination of opposites I ever knew. She is more dependent upon others, yet more self-reliant, than any other person I ever met; so impulsive and unreserved in temperament, yet so silent where her inmost heart is concerned. These years of bitter trouble have intensified all that is beautiful in her nature. Her passion for music, too, — spending whole days at her piano, Aunty Washington tells me, — has had the same effect. Perhaps, too, if I had her child-like temperament and her terrible trouble, I might have the same simple faith. I do believe her deepest wants are so entirely satisfied by it that she feels far less than she otherwise would the need of any other, but trusts Him as an actual, living, real Friend, the wisest, strongest, most sympathizing Person in the universe, — all the world, all her future, completely in his hands!

III.

Many a month had passed since the visit of Helen and myself to the Throops in their home out West. I was engrossed, meanwhile, in business so extensive, increasing, and pressing, as to keep me almost continually upon the wing between Charleston, New York, St. Louis, and San Francisco. Even during my periods of rest in Charleston, it was rarely I could get home from our office to Helen until near midnight. Very often my wife would wake up only enough to say, "And here you are at last, are you! You are killing yourself, Henry. But I have not been thinking about you. Oh, Henry, how lonely, how very lonely Agnes must be!" Generally I was too tired to do more than assent to this, and go to sleep. Even when Helen read to me, as I ate at table, Agnes Throop's letters, I did not listen as I should, especially as some letter in reference to land was sure to be pressing upon me for an answer just then. The fact is, I was making hay while the sun shone, knowing that the market was sure to slacken; and slacken it did, or I never could have found time for these pages, I assure you. It was the same with my correspondence so far as Evans was concerned. All these days he was studying at a certain venerable college at the East. Every time I saw the tops of its buildings from the car windows, when journeying in that region, I would say to myself, "The next time I come this way I will certainly stop!" Yet I never did. Because I never could. Perhaps it was because I was compelled to write such telegrammic letters in reply, that his were so brief. About all I could get from them was, that what time he was not upon horseback there, or in the gymnasium, he was in New York, Boston, or Philadelphia. I had a sense of keen regret at this, until we

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got as clerk a graduate from the institution, perfectly unfitted, I am obliged to say, by his books and dyspepsia, for business, who explained matters. It was only the exercise Evans took, coupled, I suppose, with his power of profound sleep, which enabled him to master his amazing amount of study, and keep up, in all, I had almost written, its splendor, his vigorous constitution. "I had no personal acquaintance with him," Parker, our clerk, told me. "He is a man of fine presence, but somewhat reserved, and he was simply one among several hundreds of us there." Parker added that he, Parker himself, was, — and I feel satisfied it was so much the worse for him in a business point of view, — a student taking the regular course, while Evans took an optional and irregular one, Parker being a "Clio" too, whatever that means, while my friend was a "Whig." Very soon I turned over, not the letters merely, but the entire correspondence with Evans, to my wife, whose interest in him seemed to have wonderfully increased of late. Although she gave me items now and then from his letters while he was at the college mentioned, and after he went to Europe, she never had one at hand when I did have time to read it. My general impression was that she slipped them into the envelope conveying her own epistles to Agnes Throop. To this day I do not know whether Evans made allusions in them to Agnes or not. My wife was quite silent upon the subject. And so months, and months upon months, fled away; it is impossible for me, without referring to memoranda, to say how many. Which prepares my way to tell of what comes next in order among the events of this statement of facts.

It is very singular! — I mean how persons come upon each other, compelled unconsciously the one toward the other by some secret magnetism. The first time I was in New York, for instance, the one man, of all the million there, who knew me, slapped me upon the shoulder as I stood at the window of a broker's office in Nassau Street. Since I became superintendent of a Sabbath-school in Charleston, I have never entered a theatre but once. I was in Boston, and I dropped in to see the Black Crook, solely to be able intelligently to warn our young people against such things. Only one person was North from our school, a young man, and I had not taken my seat before he rose from the next chair, exclaiming, "Why, Mr. Anderson, how did you know I was here?" I merely took his arm and led him sorrowfully out, and he cannot understand it to this day.

It was such an accident in regard to the Scotia. I happened to be spending three days at our office on Wall Street. Our treasurer had remarked casually, "I see the Scotia is signaled," and his remark came back to me as, many hours later, I was crossing to Jersey City. Our ferry-boat was passing under the stern of the great steamship; I was envying the passengers clustered along the railing, saying to myself, Please Heaven, a little more money made, and Helen and I will take the children with us and see how the Old World looks these days!

At the instant one of the gentlemen on board, standing with a lady beside him apart from the rest, leaned over the railing, lifted his traveling cap to me, calling down at the same time, "Good evening, sir. All well?" and pointed me out to the lady, doubtless his wife, as he replaced his cap. I knew immediately that it was some officer in the Confederate service who had known me during the war. As many of them as could do so had gone across the Atlantic. I have no time to talk about that just now, but certainly their mistaken rebellion was the most magnificent mistake in point of dimension, desperation, and utterness of disaster, history has ever known, and I have a hearty liking for the men, greatly as I rejoice in their defeat. So I said to myself of this instance, Glad enough you are to get back, I'll be bound; glad and proud by this time in your inmost soul, that your foolish swords failed to hew this continent into miserable fragments!

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I suppose I had the eternal instinct — surely it is of God in us all — toward the returning prodigal as the crowd rushed ashore pell-mell from the ferry-boat. I acknowledge it did occur to me that my friend, whoever it was, might want a home upon some of our lands, like General Throop, for instance. But my chief reason, thank Heaven, was to have again in my own one of those cordial hands! There is Helen, too, and Agnes Throop, they may know his wife; at least there will be an item for to-night's letter home. I need not, however, have made such short work, on my way to the Scotia's dock, of the business that brought me over from New York. When I got to the picket paling, I had no card of admittance and had to wait without while the steamer was slowly warped ashore by cable and capstan. But my friend was as eager, if less demonstrative. His wife still beside him, he stood upon a coil of rope on the quarter-deck, searching for me with his eyes among the struggling crowd outside the pickets. It took him but a few moments to succeed in that. Now, I firmly believe if you were to see an inhabitant of Mars through a telescope, you could tell his culture and breeding on the instant. Certainly you would have had no trouble as to decision in this case, — something in the very gesture and bearing of the person, Heaven knows what! As he sees me he lifts his cap and waves it, which I acknowledge by lifting my hat upon the end of my umbrella and bobbing it to him above the heads of the crowd about me.

And now followed the deliberate bringing ashore of the trunks and the ranging of them on the floor within the pickets, in lines and by the hundreds, for the inspection of the custom-house people. I was diverted from all this, however, by a party of well-dressed Frenchmen waiting within the inclosure, near the fence dividing me from them, for a passenger aboard. Before their friend could come ashore they laughed, gesticulated, chattered, as I had previously supposed impossible to man; but when that friend climbed down to them in some wholly impossible way from the vessel, freshly charged with the peculiar electricity of Paris, the kissing, shrugging of shoulders, chattering all at once, indescribable to-do, was painfully suggestive of Darwin!

My attention, however, was called off by my Confederate officer, whom I had forgotten, but who had come ashore unseen and now very quietly put his hand through the pickets.

"Mr. Anderson, glad to see you!"

The words were spoken with genial warmth, yet as quietly as if we had parted only the day before.

"How are you, general — colonel" — I actually stammered and hesitated, blushed I dare say, as I gave my hand through the bars. A large man, military bearing, plaid cap, gray overcoat, magnificent beard of golden hair, glad to see me, with all his soul in his noble eyes, yet so entirely self-possessed, in contrast, at least, with those Frenchmen making such fools of themselves!

"Why, I never dreamed" — I began.

"And you had my letters from Germany?" So cordial, yet so quiet!

Mose Evans! But why should I have been so completely taken aback? Possibly because I had not the least idea of meeting him. It was so sudden. The man was so utterly changed, yet so entirely the same! But, I demand of myself, even then, why should I have that instant sense of being so many inches shorter, so many pounds lighter, than my friend? Such a queer fancy of being quicksilver in contrast with bullion? I am so frank with Helen, I told her even this, weeks after. "You are of wholly different build and birth, Henry," she said. "You certainly had the part of mercury toward him, if you say so, separating him from his dirt!" Married people grow to think together, and I had made the same reflection. Only it was not true. It was Miss Agnes Throop. I have made Helen a Yankee girl, and Helen says she has made me into a Southerner. Why, the power of the Founder of our faith is but the influence upon you, sir or madam, of one

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person upon another; only that his is infinite influence!

I had spent so much time of late among the hurried inhabitants of Wall Street, that the contrast of Mose Evans to them was the more refreshing, the immediate comparison of my friend with those effervescing Frenchmen making his quiet of manner, I suppose, the more striking. His trunk was entangled among hundreds of others nearly, yet, conversing with me meanwhile almost as undisturbedly as if we were alone together in some secluded spot, he stood like a statue amid the hurry and fuss and confusion until his turn came, and nothing more easy and smooth than his management of matters during the search of his trunk by the officials. I think it was by reason of his steady mastery of himself. Besides, he was so perfectly well, so exceedingly strong and happy! "And, now, if you please, this one; it is a lady's," he said to the custom-house officer, producing the key of a very cathedral of a trunk, next his, as he spoke, avoiding casting his eyes for a moment in that direction as the lid was being lifted. . . . . .

"I saw her beside you on deck, Mrs. Evans, I suppose. Allow me to congrat—" but I think he could not have heard me, those Frenchmen were so noisy, as he merely paused in mid act from stroking his beard with the palm of his left hand, and looked at me. Under sudden impulse I appointed to meet him that evening at a hotel in the city, and, elbowing my way out of the crowd, I left; my feeling was exactly as when great Confederate news arrived where I was in the South during the war, and I kept from knowing it as long as I could.

"I am so very glad," he said, "to see you," and he took my hand in both of his, yet once more, when we met again in the parlor of the hotel. It was unnatural or natural in me, as you please; I suppose my business has made it my instinct; but how sharply I watched him as he took off his orange peel of a cap, for he had just come in, laid off his gray coat, passed his hands over his head, face, voluminous beard, and then took my palm in his own again.

"Oh, over Germany, the Alps, Italy, France, England, of course, Scotland, Ireland," he answered to a question of mine about his travels. If there had been the least affectation in him! The smallest beginning of boastfulness, even the shade of an uneasy feeling! There was disquiet on my part. I am satisfied he must have observed it; even that did not disturb his childlike calm. He was so entirely certain, so profoundly happy! At least, if one's outer man is any reliable evidence thereof.

"Now for a bath," he said, after we had chattered for some time about everything the world around except what I was mainly interested to know, "and then, dinner."

I almost blushed at myself in my mirror in the act of dressing with unusual care. Why should I not keep on my business suit of Scotch gray, since it was merely with Mose Evans I was to dine? He was not in the parlor of the hotel when I came down, for there is something of the slowness of General Throop in every Southerner I ever knew, and I was glad that I had no demoralizing suspicion of being ill dressed, when I found in my corner of the parlor several of the passengers by the steamer, evidently from among the best people! What a transforming power in leisure and money, clothing, education, travel, freedom from consuming care, I said to myself of the gentlemen and ladies present, recalling to mind that I had never seen in the House of Lords when in London, or out of it, a superior if equal type of people. My attention was, however, immediately fastened upon the person who was, as naturally as Victoria in her drawing-room, the queen of this assembly. And it was a lady so much of the English style of beauty, such impressiveness of size, contour, bearing, as that it was impossible to say whether she was matron or maid; little over twenty in either case. There was something in her perfect repose as she sat upon the sofa amid her volumes of silk — lavender color, I believe it was — and lace, her

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hands lying in mutual embrace upon her lap, the cool gray of her singularly open eyes, the motionless poise of her erect head, — something that reminded one of an Egyptian statue. Impressive is the word, and a more impressive woman I never saw in my life. Had he been Prince Albert in the queen's drawing-room, my friend could not have been more completely at home with all when he entered, well dressed, but without the least reminder of courtier or fop. Were it not that there was no least intention of the sort on his part, there was the graciousness of blood in the cordial way in which he came first to me to shake hands and then turned with me, as I rose, to her Majesty, the queen upon the sofa.

"I have often spoken of you to her. It is at her request," he whispered, as he led me forward. "Allow me" —

It was the sudden and insufferable nuisance of the gong in the corridor, and not any embarrassment upon my part, which prevented my catching one syllable of what followed. "If you will accept Mr. Anderson's arm," he was saying, as the gastronomic thunder rolled away down the valleys, so to speak, of the hotel, "I will assist your father; he is used to me, you know," and I observed that the old gentleman upon the sofa beside her seemed a confirmed invalid.

"You cannot think how kind he has been to my father," my companion said, as we took our seats at the table set apart in the dining-hall for our company, to whom, as we were seating ourselves, Mr. Evans introduced me. "We met in Egypt. My father had a passion to ascend the pyramids," the lady continued. "Mr. Evans would hardly suffer the Arabs to touch him; he almost carried him up in his arms. Mr. Evans is very strong." And well I knew she intended to say "large," but was withheld by her social tact, although I am not considered what is usually styled a small man, I hope. A higher instance of social poise, yet power, I never met in a woman; besides, I was wondering, as we sat, if the diamond ring upon her finger meant marriage or not. Just then her father said, in a querulous way, from the other side of her, "Edith, my dear!" and my companion had to listen to certain remarks from a spectacled, and, I dare say, quite distinguished German across the table, and translate them, not worth uttering in the first place, to her father. When that father interrupted us in the parlor after dinner, in the same way, in reference to a French and copiously moustached politician present, I began to fear it was a weakness of the old gentleman, the more so as he seized speedy occasion to tell me that his daughter was equally conversant with Spanish and Italian. Certainly she was as unconscious of possessing any special accomplishment in the matter as she seemed to be during the music she favored us with that night. I am not myself fond of brilliant performance either with the piano keys or the voice, yet I do admire all along the subtle and exquisite mechanism of the effort, not the result at all; it is the marvelous machinery producing the result which I encore.

"You cannot think how embarrassed I was all the evening," I said to Evans when he was in my room next day.

"At what?" my friend demanded in his even way. Now I was not afraid of Mose Evans at all; preposterous indeed if I should be! "Because the gong," I said, "drowned somewhat my introduction to the lady. I could not well ask her if she was your wife. To this moment I do not know" —

I was surprised at the sudden and strong color suffusing my friend's whole face as I rattled on; less of modesty it seemed than of anger. He sat looking at me, as the color died away from his face, almost curiously, as if he doubted his ears or my sanity; at last he replied,

"I had hardly expected it of you, Mr. Anderson. Of *you*, — knowing the facts of my history as you do!"

There was quite a silence. I was nettled by the tone and manner of the man; angry, I suppose, chiefly at myself. "The lady, Miss Edith Livingstone,"

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he said after a while, "lives near this city. We met in Cairo, afterward at St. Petersburg. She was traveling with her invalid father, and I had the opportunity of being of some small service in Paris and London. She has no more idea of anything of the kind," color rising again, "than myself." I hardly thought it wise to tell him so, but if that thoroughly accomplished woman of the world did not have some thought of the kind, I am mistaken. Nothing in the least unmaidenly, of course; but there was a certain something in the cool gray eyes and in the movement of those clasped hands, when my friend came and went during our few days at that hotel! I have mentioned the matter to Helen, yet we may both, it is true, be mistaken.

Strange to say, my new friend, so thoroughly my old friend, also, was far more at ease with me than I was with him. I rejoiced in and yet resented the culture of the man. There was, in comparison with myself, a size, a steadiness, an absolute confidence, a measure of youth yet seniority, which amazed, at least impressed me almost to irritation. Yet, as we sat late into the night over our dessert that day, dining together in my parlor at the hotel, he was, for all his perfectly cut broadcloth and snowy linen, and easy use of napkin and fork and waiter, merely — Mose *Evans*! *When I say that he was utterly* changed, and was not altered in the least degree, I suppose the explanation lies in his being a simple development of the inner man along the lines of his nature, which I knew before. I do wonder if it was because he was born South? — such a singular reminder he was of General Throop. Our waiter, colored, took for granted that he was the chief of the two; certainly from no assumption upon my friend's side. It is a trifling thing to mention, but, as we sat down to dinner, he had glanced inquiringly at me, and, as I was about to ask what he wished, he bowed his head and said grace. Up to that moment I think our waiter had regarded him as a person of distinction, a millionaire most likely; not so certain of it after that, I fear.

My having been over the same ground myself made it more easy and interesting, — our talk of his travels, — but he had taken Europe more slowly and thoroughly than I; every edifice, picture, opera, king, queen, peasant almost. And all along he had asked me after but one person by name, — my wife. I suppose he rested upon my assurance at the outset that "all are well."

I like chess, — that is, I like to make moves in matters generally, so I ventured to ask, as we conversed, about the beauty of women over the water; in Italy, for instance.

"I had letters of introduction from Boston, partly through our old friend the postmaster, partly from acquaintance made while studying," he told me, "to people in London, and one or two in Paris. I was fortunate in making friends. I liked the ladies, but the men more; it merely happened so, I suppose."

"You do not ask about Miss Throop," I said, almost irritated; abruptly, in fact.

"No. Because I know already. Perfectly," he said immediately, with the face of a child. "I always knew. At least, after the first moment in that old barn of a church." Was this — insolence? I have to do some singular things in land matters — so, I dared it.

"*Have you heard of Mr. Clammeigh's marriage?*" I asked, in a low, sympathizing, impressive manner, very seriously indeed.

"No! And he is married, is he? But you know I never knew much of him." Entire unconcern. I looked at my friend with pain and surprise in every lineament of my face. "You knew Mr. Clammeigh was engaged to Miss Throop. I had supposed the news of his marriage would — would" — and how keenly I watched him!

"Ah, yes!" he answered on the instant, the gladness all over his face only brightening as he spoke, and with a motion of his right hand to his inner breast pocket. "It reminds me, I want to show you, Mr. Anderson! I could not find it in Paris; found it, at last, in

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Vienna; the very thing I knew must be somewhere. Our ring. But it is going through the custom-house."

"And you think I deceive you!" I hesitated at the familiarity, but went on. "My poor, poor fellow!" The exclamation jarred us both a little, and Mr. Evans colored, but added, not the shadow of a fleeting doubt on his face, "Oh, excuse me! I did not catch your meaning. I was thinking of that ring. You did it very well. What a comedian you would make. But, not exactly! It is with me about that as it is, if you will excuse me, about smuggling. I am no better than other people, but it is so thoroughly against one's self to try to cheat and lie — I mean with those officials. They would have seen it in my eyes, all over me! And a something for *her*. I would as soon have dipped the diamond in mire."

"And you do — not — believe — that — Miss Throop — is married!" I gazed pityingly upon my friend as I said it. If there had been but a doubt, merely the least questioning in his eyes whether I was jesting! Not a bit of it! Nothing but sunny and entire certainty there! And so we left the question; *he* was not interested in it. "You seem to be so happy," I said in a turn of our conversation, and with ominous accent.

"Am I? I never thought of it. It is my thorough health, I suppose," he replied, "caused by perpetual change of scene and air. I think, too, I have more faith and the repose of faith than some persons."

"Faith?"

"I hesitate to speak of it even to you. But, over there," with a gesture toward the Atlantic, "they are chattering, in all languages, about there being nothing at last but law and force. Now I believe," he added with the candor of a child, "there is a Person to match this universe. He was a revelation as wholly new to me as was Miss Throop; and I rest in her as I do in him."

"It was a vast change for you, from your cabin to — the whole world!" I remarked, I remember, during the evening.

"Not so much as you would think," he replied. "Certainly, not so very great a change as I had anticipated; and really it is but a small globe at last, is it not, Mr. Anderson? You can sail about it in three months, can flash your telegram around it in a minute. Smaller than I thought. Apart from their houses and clothing, people, too, are very much alike; don't you think so?"

"There is something singular in the matter of inheritance," my companion remarked after a turn in the conversation. "My poor father was a very bookish man, I was told, as well as a person of great refinement. Now I do believe that intuition is merely inherited experience. I have been reading a great deal, very rapidly because every volume seemed oddly familiar from the first, as if I had certainly read it before. So of painting, music, science, even, as far, at least, as my limited knowledge of them extends. It is as if it all was already lying dormant in me, easily wakened. Singular, is n't it?"

And so we drifted this way and that; talked Brownstown thoroughly over. Hah, — I think of it only as I now write, — the Confederate officer of my imagination *did* want land at last! "What I fully hope she will consent to," he had casually observed, "is to leave Brown County. I do not care to live there because I think she will prefer to go where I was not known before. I have thought of the northwest, of our spending our new life in a new world. What do you think, Mr. Anderson?"

There is nothing in luck, nothing outside of experience and readiness to handle whatever material you have. I am sure nothing could have been more natural in this case. I represented large bodies of land in California, and Mr. Evans owned land like a Texan *Empressario*, in Brown County. Affairs were put in train then that resulted in exchanges of lands with which we are not dissatisfied so far. All this has slipped from me without my intending it, but if the reader imagines that he can now anticipate all that is to follow, let him not be too sure; events do not

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befall in sober narration like this as they do in fiction.

"You know what a long infancy I had," my friend said in connection with our land talk that night. "And I have been reading, seeing, hearing, growing, I hope, of late. Well, I am young, strong, eager for work. I will find what I can do, so that it is work and plenty of it!" And I can say this, at least, that Mr. Evans is to-day second to no man in our land company. Frankly, as a "man of affairs" I never met his superior; and why not say so?

I had him down on Wall Street next day. Our people thought, at first, he was an English capitalist. I was a little annoyed, amused, gratified, and perplexed at it, but my being his friend was considered as a sort of feather in my cap. Mose Evans! As I used to know him in Brown County! Miss Throop's influence, of course, — I heartily assent to that, knowing her so well, even though failing so painfully in making her known to the reader. Yet I ask of the reader, even if a lady, could anything have been made of this man if it was not in him from the first? It is not out of a cockle-burr that an oak grows; now does it? I wish somebody, not a divine, would write an argument, as I have said before, for the resurrection, based upon a man's capacity for the same, illustrated by facts, on *this* side death!

We had some singular talk together that night, which I would like to detail, but I feel it is not proper. My friend assumed all along the influence upon himself, modest as he was in speaking about it, of two persons, the one being as real to him as the other. The first was simply a man, who, he heartily believed, is also God. The other was a woman. Say he mistook actual facts as to the one and the other, — if I do not add that they were living persons, both, to him, I fail of the truth. Certainly, real or unreal, they made him all he was!

I suppose it is sheer force of association, but this reminds me — I am glad I did not forget it — of a letter my friend found waiting him in New York. He read it to me the day he went West, a week after his arrival from Europe, compelled sorely against his will to remain as long as that arranging exchange of land. In looking over it then I inadvertently, from force of habit when a document was in my hand, put it into my breast pocket. It was memoranda rather than letter from old New Hampshire, the Brown County postmaster. I found it yesterday among my papers, looking for a deed. I transcribe only the last part.

"You will have heard of Mrs. Throop's death. Her husband always sends for his mail, is very feeble and broken. Wife's death, I suppose. Miss Throop in deep mourning as usual at church, looks very worn, yet helps our singing.

"Dick Frazier is dead of drink, which reminds me that you ask after Mr. Archer. I infer that Mr. Anderson when here had serious conversation with him, as at Bucksnort. Also, Mr. Parkinson. From the fact that he took to drink more desperately afterwards. He was in my store since then, upon New Year's Eve. Bought a box of caps. 'Hunting?' I asked. He never uses a gun except when he is expecting a difficulty. 'Would you like to know?' he asked. His manner was unlike what I ever saw before. Pale. Haggard. Desperate. I told him I would. His manner of cursing me was singular. There was no one else in the store, it was so very late. I attempted to reason with him. He renewed his profanity, including his Maker and his parents in the same. I am but a small man, quite old and feeble since we parted. I placed myself between Mr. Archer and the door. He attempted to force his way by. Struck me violently. I grappled with him. He is not strong. Had the door locked and him in my back room. He blasphemed and broke down in an agony of weeping. He had intended to shoot himself, as I supposed. Had he intimated it I knew he would not. I am satisfied that the residence here of General Throop and family has

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had much influence on him. I will not detail our conversation. I did not speak of his father or mother. Nor of church. I spoke, as well as I could, of another Person. I am satisfied that other Person was in the room and helped me. And helped him. He spent the night with me. We have had much conversation since. He has ceased from evil courses. Seems changed. I do not know. Has never even pretended to stop before. He intends to study for the ministry. I suggested Andover. He said the grace of God might enable him to endure the Yankees since the war. He feared not, however. Thought it safest not to risk it! He studies instead at Columbia. If he holds fast to his Helper he will stand. If he does not he will not. I have great fears as to the result, but cannot tell. Good-by."

As to myself I had not sufficient belief in the possibility of the lawyer's reformation to give it a second thought, and hasten to record my parting with Evans at the office of the hotel.

"You are exposing yourself, my friend," I said with all sincerity as we shook hands, "to a terrible disappointment. Your very certainty of success will make it more disastrous!"

"I will take the risk," he added with hearty assurance as he held my hand.

Could there have been, I asked myself as I stood there, any engagement before he left Brown County? Could anything have resulted from his correspondence with my wife while away? Nothing of the kind so far as I knew, nothing whatever! I was seriously offended on Miss Throop's behalf. "Unless she has pledged herself, do you think your confidence of success wholly respectful to Miss Throop?" I began.

"You could not doubt my deepest respect for her, to save your life," he replied. "As to my confidence, as I told you the other night, it rests in her as it does in my Maker. *She* will understand me, perfectly!" And, with another cordial shake of the hand, he was gone. Upon the whole, I would have said nothing of all this to him, had I known he was such a — what *is* the word!

William M. Baker.

ATALANTA.

When spring grows old, and sleepy winds
  Set from the south with odors sweet,
I see my love, in green, cool groves,
  Speed down dusk aisles on shining feet.

She throws a kiss and bids me run,
  In whispers sweet as roses' breath;
I know I cannot win the race,
  And at the end, I know, is death.

But joyfully I bare my limbs,
  Anoint me with the tropic breeze,
And feel through every sinew run
  The vigor of Hippomenes.

Oh race of love! we all have run
  Thy happy course through groves of spring,
And cared not, when at last we lost,
  For life or death or anything!

James Maurice Thompson.

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RECENT LITERATURE.[1]

THERE is a class of writers whom, extravagantly admiring in early life, we are apt to treat later with injustice; and Bulwer, who is the greatest of this class, has not only met this fate with individual readers, but from the whole body of contemporary criticism. It is not so many years since Blackwood's Magazine deliberately, and no doubt sincerely, rated him above all the English novelists of our time, — and much above them. It is now almost one of the insignia of rank in the republic of letters to slight him; and the literary snobs are quick to the easy distinction of doing so.

This is a droll destiny for a lord; it is a pathetic one for such an honest and painstaking worker, and it is an unfair one for a writer who has entertained the world so long and so well. The situation is so odious that it is doubly hard to have Bulwer himself join his adversaries, and as it were officially announce, in his last book, The Parisians, that he is not a man of genius. It is not exactly a vulgar book, but it is hopelessly common — the final throe of cleverness, the ultimate act of mere talent. It casts its derogatory light back upon his former works, and mercilessly defines and ranges them. Yet what shall we make of the fact that he has been one of the greatest figures in modern English literature, and what shall become of his fame?

The fame of all novelists is very perishable; the fashion changes, they are not read, they pass into the English Classics at the best, and continue on with the enduring deadness of mummies; and most of them die and cease to be, even in name. Is this the case with novelists of genius? We suppose that Scott was undoubtedly a novelist of genius, but though the Waverley novels are still largely bought and considerably talked of, we doubt if since the fall of the Confederacy — in which region they were regarded as current literature — they are any longer even generally read. Occasionally a novel universalizes and bids fair to survive, as The Vicar of Wakefield, Don Quijote, Gil Blas, and in less degree I Promessi Sposi and Wilhelm Meister; but in such cases the perpetuity of the work seems conditioned upon the author's concentration of his force chiefly in a single effort of the kind. Is immortality then determined by *quantity*? Would Scott now be read as much as ever if he had written no romance save The Bride of Lammermoor, say? What rank would Bulwer hold if he had given us only The Caxtons? Does mankind forget good books in sheer despair at their number?

The question is always a curious one; but it is a little apart from the business of considering The Parisians, which we were saying was so commonly conceived and commonly written. It is not so common in material; and it is full of the less delicate sort of skill. It has been called a picture

1 *The Parisians.* By EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTTON. With Illustrations by Sydney Hall. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1874.

Phineas Redux. A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1874.

The Wooing o't. A Novel. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1873.

Diamond cut Diamond. A Story of Tuscan Life. By T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1874.

Life and Correspondence of Samuel Johnson, D. D. By E. EDWARD BEARDSLEY, D. D. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1874.

The Life of Charles Dickens. By JOHN FORSTER. Vol. III. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1874.

The Life of Edwin Forrest, with Reminiscences and Personal Recollections. By JAMES REES. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

The New Chemistry. By JOSIAH P. COOKE, JR. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1873.

The Borderland of Science: a Series of Familiar Dissertations on Stars, Planets and Meteors; Sun and Moon; Earthquakes; Flying Machines; Coal; Gambling; Coincidences, Ghosts, etc. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B. A. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1874.

Diamonds and Precious Stones. A popular Account of Gems, containing their History, their distinctive Properties, and a Description of the most famous Gems; Gem Cutting and Engraving, and the artificial Production of real and counterfeit Gems. Translated from the French of LOUIS DIEULAFAIT, Professor of Physics, Doctor of Sciences, by FANCHON SANFORD. Illustrated by 126 Engravings on Wood. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Company. 1874.

Diamonds and Precious Stones. Their History, Value, and distinguishing Characteristics; with simple Tests for their Identification. By HARRY EMANUEL, F. R. G. S. 2d Edition, with a new Table of the present Value of Diamonds. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1873.

The Ancient City: a Study of the Religion, Laws, and Institutions of Greece and Rome. By FUSTEL DE COULANGES. Translated from the last French Edition by WILLARD SMALL. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1874.

A Tour through the Pyrenees. By HIPPOLYTE ADOLPHE TAINE. Translated by J. SAFFORD FISKE. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1874.

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of life in Paris just before the fall of the empire and during the siege; but it is rather a map; a very accurate map, we should think. All the lines and limits of action are carefully put down there. We have the imperial court, with its *parvenu* society and its financial speculation; we have the legitimist aristocracy, with their gentle manners, their religiousness, their exclusiveness which the emperor himself never overcame, and their insuperable pride; we have the republic full grown and ready at any moment to assert itself under the empire, with all its following of journalists, artists, speculators, and adventurers, and apparently unconscious of the commune within it. The vast design leaves out scarcely a characteristic type of the native Parisian or alien Parisian life; and it is not wanting in representatives of the English and American residents who so largely helped to form society under Louis Napoleon; but it is here, in his management of the Americans, that the author rouses in his American reader's mind a very serious doubt whether he is able to paint Parisian life truly. If the speech, behavior, and character of his different Parisians are as grotesquely impossible as those of Colonel Frank Morley, the American, then it is a pity that we are so ignorant of Parisians as not to be able to enjoy all the author's amusing mistakenness. Colonel Morley is not meant to be offensive to us; he is elaborately set down a very fine fellow; and he and his countrymen are said to get on better than Englishmen in French society because they speak better French — from which we can imagine what the English French must be; but anything farther from the American humorist than Colonel Morley could not well be conceived — even by an Englishman. His talk is so preciously unlike the sort of American talk which it is supposed to represent, that it deserves to be got by heart like the colloquies of the famous Portuguese phrase-book. We report also that women so pretty, so rich, and so fashionable as Mrs. Colonel Morley are not attached in their own country to the Cause of Woman; and that cause, thank Providence! needs no such meretricious charms to commend it to our hearts.

But doubtless it would be unfair to judge Lord Lytton's Parisians by his Americans; for doubtless he knew Parisians a great deal better. In spite of Colonel Morley, we shall believe that we have had a very fair glimpse of the society of the French decadence. The characters are oddly disproportionate to their motives, and the effects out of keeping with the causes; but the conditions of people and of things are, we should think, extremely well stated. There is a curiously dull and sluggish love-story creeping through the book, of which really we do not believe it worth while to speak particularly. It may be said scarcely to arrive at any climax, it simply ends in the marriage of the lovers; but something of its ineffectuality may be due to the fact that a great part of the book, toward the close, is fragmentary. One may read The Parisians without excitement, and with a very fair degree of both instruction and entertainment.

— Many novel-readers will recall with pleasure Mr. Trollope's Phineas Finn, which in some ways is among the best of his stories, and they will very gladly welcome a continuation of the adventures of the young Irishman who made a great many friends in his struggle with life, as depicted in the earlier volume, and by his disappointed hopes of success as he approached middle age. We left him then returning to Ireland to marry the simple girl whom he had first loved, and in Phineas Redux we have him returning to London, a widower, after two years' absence, and once more taking part in the politics of the time. He is still a young man, and, as they say in advertisements, "without incumbrances." Almost all of his old friends are introduced with their well-known peculiarities; the story runs on in the quiet, uniform way Mr. Trollope is so fond of, giving us good examples of the author's merits as well as of his faults, or rather of his deficiencies.

One of the most noticeable qualities of the novel is its resemblance to life: the people come and go, and think and talk, very much as do our neighbors and friends; in some places the conversation is remarkably clever; the little hits people give one another, and the way each person follows his own thread of thought, in short, the individuality of every character, is admirably given. We might ourselves be overhearing the talk and watching the little ways of the people. It is with the women especially that Mr. Trollope's cleverness is most noteworthy. Madame Goesler and Lady Glencora understand one another without the need of bringing their inmost hearts to utterance; Miss Adelaide Palisser is very capable of defending herself when hard pressed by a friend, without any outward and visible signs of the faintest grain of

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malice, as at the top of page 16, when the conversation has come round to her lover, Mr. Maule; and so in countless other cases. Lady Glencora's enthusiastic defense of Phineas at the time of his trial is amusing and natural. The talk of the men together is also entertaining and life-like.

There is the same sort of exactness in the political part of the novel. It reads like an account of what has actually happened. It is like looking through a glass which alters the absolute but not the relative position of the objects. Mr. Trollope's philosophy of politics is a cheap one, but he manages to give his readers very much the impression they would receive if they were to watch the doings of political parties in England with great indifference as to what work was accomplished, and what principles were involved. It is the same indifference which is to be noticed in all his views of human beings. He never sees far beneath the words and gestures of his characters. He has a keen eye for the little social by-play, but there he stops. In reading his novels we have the enjoyment that is so great with audiences at the theatre who only want a real locomotive and a real fire-engine to come on the stage, to be perfectly satisfied with the play. Imagination is killed; we have in its place the recognition of familiar objects. We look at a mirror instead of at a picture.

This lack of invention is further exemplified by the author's account of the hero's love-affairs. There is something very unromantic in his fickleness, and something far from dignified in the way every one of the women is obliged to take the active part in courtship. Even Miss Palisser, who is represented as a young woman of some spirit, makes very meek and inefficient demands of her cool lover, and considers the fortune which drops into her lap as sufficient to outweigh his short-comings. He consents to marry her when she is rich, but is remarkably resigned to his ill-success so long as she is as poor as he.

There is nothing but amusement to be got from Mr. Trollope; he draws a hero who is but a dawdling lover and a whimsical politician; the women in the book are bright and natural in many ways, and the upshot of it all is that Phineas marries the rich widow and, we may suppose, settles down to middle-aged comfort. Great novelists may tell the same story, but they let the reader see how petty such a conclusion is; they put a meaning between the lines where Mr. Trollope only leaves a blank. They teach as well as describe. Mr. Trollope seems to catch everything but the deeper meaning.

To our grandchildren we dare say these novels will be of great service on account of their photographic accuracy, but if they are trusted to too much they will give a very meagre comprehension of a time which is not all sordidness and hunger for wealth and power. We should be harshly judged on such testimony.

— The Wooing o't is the best possible antidote we could prescribe to sensational novels in general, and in particular, to the works, say, of Miss Rhoda Broughton, — whose beautiful, sensuous, lazy, untaught, ill-tempered, bad-mannered, selfish, and idiotically wayward heroines are no doubt sowing a rank harvest of evil in the fallow minds of the girl patrons of circulating libraries all over England and our own country. We know nothing of Miss Broughton, but she wonderfully belies herself if she is any other than a Celt, and most of her heroines are Celts also, whom her undeniable originality makes interesting, it is true, but who are *au fond* but "wild Irish girls," with native caprice as their only law.

In The Wooing o't, on the contrary, we have the Anglo-Saxon feminine ideal with all its frank surrender to duty and cheerful acceptance of untoward circumstances, yet with an indestructible individuality that keeps it free and self-respecting and self-improving throughout; in short, the English diamond with all its faces cut — the product of the long discipline of ages.

The plot of the novel is that old, old one of lover and beloved in unequal stations, and of love triumphing at last over all the barriers of mere worldly wisdom and conventionality. The heroine, Maggie Grey, is an unpretending little creature, whose charm consists in her sweet and perfect womanliness, and the interest of the story lies in the way in which the rare balancing of many qualities, which this implies, wins its quiet way against every more brilliant advantage. In the opening chapters, Maggie appears as a sort of Cinderella to the odious wife and children of her uncle, a struggling London apothecary. From this dismal situation she is rescued by the keen-sightedness of a rich and vulgar but good-natured widow, their lodger, who sees what a treasure poor Maggie might be to her as companion, accountant, and lady's maid, all in one. She secures her services for a small salary and

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takes her to the Continent, and finally to Paris; Maggie meantime making the most of every opportunity that comes in her way, in order to qualify herself to earn her living eventually as a governess. In Paris, the widow, Mrs. Berry, keeps open *salon* in the evening for a real count who has turned her head with his title, but who has designs upon her fortune, and is also a gambler. He brings there his friends and his victims, among the latter a stiff and stolid young English earl, just escaped from a tender but evangelical mother, and from whom the count expects to win large sums of money. Maggie, in tasteful costume, presides at the tea-urn, and first surprises and then captivates the earl by the ease and the friendliness, without presumption, of her manner. His cousin, Geoffrey Trafford, however, a fascinating man of thirty-two, is sent over by the anxious mamma to prevent the *mésalliance* she sees impending for her darling. The danger is warded off, and both the gentlemen leave Paris, but not without Maggie's having converted Trafford into a friend and perhaps something more. Soon after this enchanted episode, the infatuated widow marries the count, and Maggie is obliged to return to her uncle in London. She answers an advertisement and finds a situation as the secretary of a rich beauty who has just come into her inheritance, and who, to while away the months of her mourning at her country-seat, has chosen the original amusement of writing a novel. This lady turns out to be, of course, the cousin of Maggie's Paris friends, who therefore are much startled at finding the latter at Grantham Park, when they go down for the holidays. The heiress herself is in love with one of them, and hence no end of delicate and tantalizing situations. The end is highly satisfactory, even to the *bonne bouche* so often withheld from the novel-reader, of a well-managed declaration scene, and one closes the volume marveling that a work unmarked by original genius should please one so deeply. A century ago such a story would have been a prodigy — nay, an impossibility. Now, amid a hundred others nearly as good, it tells itself with the utmost taste and skill, and scarcely excites a remark. This only shows to what a pitch of perfection the art of novel-writing — *i.e.*, of painting the manners of the day — has been brought by that long and surprising array of clever English women who belong to the school created by Miss Austen. But when such good work as this becomes a mere matter of course, the beginning of the decline of the art is probably not far off.

— Mr. T. A. Trollope's tale, Diamond cut Diamond, is a story of priestly interference in the domestic affairs of a family of country people in Tuscany. There is a burly, good-natured *fattore* — or manager of a nobleman's estate — who outwits a crafty, proud, self-devoted priest of the high ecclesiastical type, and his own wife, the virulently devout *fattoressa*, and succeeds in marrying his pretty daughter, whom they had meant for the convent, to the man of her heart. Another daughter, her mother's and her confessor's favorite, comes to a somewhat disproportionally tragic end — doubtless because that was her fate in the fact on which our author tells us that he builds. The country life in Tuscany, and the country people, as well as their Florentine cousins, are set before us with an honest clearness and knowableness most refreshing — we are glad to find those habitual victims of romance so much of our own every-day paste. But the people are all better than their performance: that is, they are wonderfully life-like studies each one, but their drama moves roughly and reluctantly; the workmanship of the book is not so much simple as it is often rude. Yet it is to be praised in the highest degree for the virtues we have named; one might live many years in Italy without learning to know Italian characters and conditions so well as by reading this story.

— To literary men, the Life and Correspondence of Samuel Johnson, D. D., by the Rev. E. Edward Beardsley, will be of more than ordinary value as supplying many gaps in the early history of literary institutions, thus far little known; and throwing quite new light upon some portions hitherto erroneously conceived. Dr. Beardsley has done a good work in getting together the materials for this interesting volume, and shown admirable judgment, as well as experience, in selecting and putting together what he has used. As the life of a clergyman and one prominent in his denomination, to his co-religionists the biography would in any case have proved satisfactory; but the work has a far wider claim than this; and the life of Johnson merits the attention of all professing to be familiar with either history, science, philosophy, or education. A friend of the renowned Berkeley; a correspondent of Benjamin Franklin; in colonial matters the confidential adviser of

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the Archbishop of Canterbury (Secker); in science an associate with Cadwallader Colden, Lieutenant-Governor of New York: such a man, it is evident, must leave in his correspondence much of the most interesting matter. This, however, is by no means the limit. In the history of Connecticut, the name of Dr. Johnson is inseparable from the first impulses of learning and education manifested in that State, and we may say also in Massachusetts. A thorough and eager scholar; a skillful exponent of the modern systems of philosophy; a fine linguist, having been the best Hebraist in America; a successful teacher; a molder of the early existence of two of our most noted seats of learning, Yale and Columbia: he evidently rises in himself to a level worthy of general observation.

There are probably very few who are aware how much the Congregational college (Yale) owes to the care and kindness of the Church of England ministry; most especially to the watchful interest of him whose life we now read. To him the early Yale was indebted for wise guidance and government; the first judicious start in progress toward modern science and modern philosophy. To him she owes the benefaction of many valuable volumes, bestowed by Dean Berkeley; and to him she owes the solid possession of the valuable property also bestowed by the dean as an endowment for learning; although unwise leasing has made that gift, for ages to come, of little profit. All this is shown in the life of Johnson. His own experiences in the germ form of the college as a school at Saybrook are given us. The squabbles, arising from local jealousies, respecting the establishment of the college buildings, and the protracted splits between two portions of the teachers and pupils, are also portrayed. Hartford even in these days was pulling caps with New Haven for the good things, and struggled for the dignity and emoluments of a university. Wethersfield likewise disputed the privilege, and the unhappy school — not yet dignified as a college — was a battle-ground of factional feeling. The struggle, however, had not begun until after young Johnson had finished his collegiate course and got his degree at the original Saybrook division of the field, and it was not until the fight was over, and through the influence of the legislature the location of the college finally settled at New Haven (where a gift of eight acres for the necessary buildings had afforded abundant room), that his official connection with the institution took place. He, together with a friend of his, Brown, was elected to the tutorship, and they were the first professors in the college. The president — then called rector — did not reside at New Haven, but at Milford, so that Johnson was practically the head. The rector was also a warm personal friend of Johnson, and the three seem to have worked in entire harmony; though it is quite evident that Johnson was the leading mind, as were also his attainments apparently superior.

About this time occurred the transition era of philosophical thought. The wave of discovery in natural science and speculative thought in moral science had long before in England begun the upheaval of old systems of philosophy, and scholastic and theological opinions. This wave had now touched the shore of the Western Hemisphere and begun to lift the ponderous axioms of the mediæval schoolmen, which had until then constituted the established mode of thought and teaching in the collegiate school. Phineas Fisk had been the tutor in mathematics, and mental and moral philosophy in the school until Johnson's charge; and he had never got out of the beaten track of traditional axioms or established formulas. Indeed, it was not safe, bread-and-butter-wise, to do more, considering what our author tells us, namely: "At the outset the trustees made a fundamental rule that especial care should be taken to ground the students in theoretical divinity, and the rector was forbidden to teach or allow any other to teach systems contrary to their orders."

However, the wave of progress began to be felt, and Johnson and Brown, being of one mind, insensibly elevated the standard of philosophical thought among the young men. They must have done it very prudently, for it does not seem to have aroused any opposition, nor can we find any token of question concerning the soundness of their teaching. After a time, the rapid growth of the college compelled the presence and residence of the rector, not only to direct and govern, but also to aid in instruction. Mr. Andrew, who had been previously acting as rector, was unwilling to leave his parish at Milford, and too advanced in years to be willing to assume the care. Hence the trustees elected another, Mr. Cutler, in his stead, and on his coming to assume the duties that Johnson had evidently been filling, the latter retired from

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his tutorship. He had long desired to devote himself entirely to ministerial life, and now being called to do so he gave up his charge. A warm personal friendship for Cutler brought Johnson still in contact with the college life; and a noble benefaction of Governor Yale in a large number of books sent from England, the works of the ablest and most learned English divines, gave opportunity to the three men, Rector Cutler, Tutor Brown, and ex-Tutor Johnson, to study the writings of the most celebrated thinkers in the Church of England. The result was a curious conjuncture. These three (and other clergymen) became dissatisfied with their position in the Presbyterian Church, and doubted the validity of their ministerial commission. In other words, they were evidently inclined to embrace that horror of the rightly constituted Puritan mind, prelatical government. It is amusing to trace the result of the startling development. Had a thunderbolt fallen on all three walking in the academical grove, greater consternation could hardly have been awakened. As President Woolsey said in his historical discourse delivered upon the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Yale: "I suppose that greater alarm would scarcely be awakened now if the Theological Faculty of the college were to declare for the Church of Rome, avow their belief in transubstantiation, and pray to the Virgin Mary."

The work itself alone can give satisfactory information upon all the after history of Dr. Johnson. His personal intercourse with Dean, afterward Bishop Berkeley; the interesting correspondence between them upon philosophical topics; his intercession with the dean, when that learned man was about to return to England, that Yale should not be forgotten; and the result, in the noble gift of over a thousand volumes, and his own personal farm in Rhode Island, presented by Dr. Johnson's instrumentality to Yale; the ludicrous quandary of the faculty concerning the gift, whether to accept or refuse; fearing to accept, lest these books might, like the Trojan horse, be only an insidious pouring in of prelacy upon their citadel; fearing to refuse lest the loss should be seriously felt: all these points come out with delightful distinctness. Then, too, Dr. Johnson's extended influence throughout Connecticut and New York; his constant intercourse with literary men; pleasant selections from letters between these and him; his connection with Dr. Franklin, when the latter was printing his work on philosophy, and the philosophical and educational discussions between them; the invitation to New York to found King's College and give it shape; his life there, and the successful result of his labors in the building up of Columbia: all these topics, so general, so historic in their bearing, while so personal and direct in their relations, contribute to the interest and value of this excellent biography.

— The third volume of Mr. Forster's Life of Dickens awakens comparatively little interest, though it covers a period of greater events perhaps than either of the former volumes. In this period — from 1852 to 1870 — David Copperfield was finished, Hard Times, Little Dorrit, A Tale of Two Cities, Great Expectations, and Our Mutual Friend were written, and The Mystery of Edwin Drood was left a fragment; Dickens separated himself from his wife and began his career as a public reader, visited America a second time, returned home, and died. These occurrences afford material which a deeper and finer man than Mr. Forster would have turned to better account, but which in his handling is still impressive. His criticisms and analyses of the successive works noticed in this volume are of the same character as those which by their extreme cheapness and obviousness excited the mild surprise of readers of the preceding volumes; but the comments upon Dickens's own traits show a somewhat greater penetration.

We permit ourselves to doubt, however, whether Mr. Forster ever quite understood his illustrious friend, or entered thoroughly into the spirit of his extravagant humor. The biographer has profited by the criticism he had received so far as somewhat to abate the arrogance of his narrative, but he remains to the last apparently in an attitude of open-mouthed credulity, while his friend bubbles him with one wild exaggeration after another. This good Mr. Forster really seems to believe that people in Brooklyn turned out, each with his mattress and his loaf of bread, and slept and ate in the street, the mercury standing below zero, in order not to lose their places in the queue to the doors at which tickets to the Dickens readings were sold. Such is the story that the humorist wrote home to his trusting familiar; and so many are the droll fables with which Mr. Forster suffers his innocence to be abused, that one's longing to "examine his bumps" becomes intolerable. It is pos-

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sible, of course, that Dickens himself may have been the victim of misrepresentations on the part of his "own people," as he calls his manager and agents; he always saw and heard the things he desired, and it is said that on his first visit to this country, this tendency of his was once amusingly flattered; the person who realized his ideal of the question-asking American on the Pennsylvania canal-boat, — and who (as recorded in American Notes), when he had exhausted his curiosity concerning the price of Boz's clothes, followed him about stroking his fur coat the wrong way, — being an ingenious young gentleman of Pittsburgh, who did it all on a wager. But for the most part it is plainly Mr. Forster alone who is taken in.

The matter of the separation is blamelessly treated, upon the good principle that the least said is the soonest mended. The simple truth is that Dickens was tired of his wife, and put her away for that reason and for no other. No other is alleged or hinted at by the biographer, who, as far as consulted, steadfastly opposed Dickens's course.

He also opposed his entering upon the career of a public reader, to which Dickens seems to have turned in restless and desperate longing for the excitement which he no longer found in his books, and which, as he had no inward quietness of soul, no "refuge of the mind," his nature imperatively demanded. It is a solemn lesson that the exercise of genius is in itself only a momentary escape from the *ennui* that torments all of us who have not provided ourselves with some secure retreat from the world within the world. Religion used to be highly recommended for this purpose; we suppose that nowadays Evolution is to console and support us — not with the hope of heavenly peace somewhere, but with the elevating consciousness of primordial jelly.

It is an interesting book, this last volume of the Life of Dickens, only less interesting than the first volumes; but, as we have before said, it is as far from satisfactory as can be. It shows us Dickens as Forster and Dickens alone knew him, and the recollections and impressions and knowledge of his associated world are almost untouched. Whether it will be thought hereafter worth while for any one to write another Life of Dickens, it is not easy to say; but it would be his misfortune if only this were to remain. To be sure, we can always escape from his life to his works, when we want to like him.

— Mr. James Rees, who seems to have been known also as "Colley Cibber," has written, in his Life of Edwin Forrest, such a book as will meet the wants of that large public which admired the late tragedian's columnar legs, and frown, and folded arms, and hissed defiances of the villain and tyrant. But there were people who tried to ignore these qualities and powers in Edwin Forrest for the sake of the real genius which he had, and which all his bad school could not conceal; and these people would not ask so big a book as Mr. Rees has made, nor at all the same kind of book.

— The New Chemistry, of the International Series, by Prof. J. P. Cooke, Jr., of Harvard College, is the fruit of much study, and of long experience in teaching the science of chemistry as a liberal study in the college curriculum.

The progress in the philosophy of chemistry has been largely due to the strong desire of mathematical minds to bring order out of apparent chaos; and to state some simple laws upon which processes of philosophical and mathematical analysis could be built. The attention of physicists is naturally directed to the question of the ultimate constituents of matter. One of the fruits of this attention is the law of Avogadro, which is thus stated: "Equal volumes of all substances, when in the state of gas, and under like conditions, contain the same number of molecules." This law, taken in connection with that of Mariotte, "The volume of a confined mass of gas is inversely proportional to the pressure to which it is exposed;" and that of Charles, "The volume of a given mass of gas, under a constant pressure, varies directly as the absolute temperature," are the great pillars in the structure of the modern philosophy of chemistry. The investigations of physicists upon the energy developed by the motion of the ultimate constituents of matter, the measurement of infinitesimal wave lengths of light and heat, the determination of the size of molecules, and the sphere and limits of electrical action, have led the chemist to apply the reasoning and the facts deduced in physics to the more recondite phenomena of chemical action.

The new chemistry can therefore be characterized as a new growth from an old stock, which has sprung from germs which have borne large fruit in the sister science of physics. Indeed, Professor Cooke in his work on the subject epitomizes this truth in the following manner: —

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"In the early part of this course, I stated that all modern chemistry rests on the great truth that *matter is indestructible and is measured by weight.* This evening we have seen glimpses of another great central truth, which, although more recently discovered, is not less far-reaching, or important, namely, *energy is indestructible and is measured by work.*" The attention of modern chemists is directed to the questions of the structure of molecules and the grouping of atoms. In the old chemistry the structure of a compound, and the energy required to rend it apart or to build it anew, was not considered; great stress was laid upon the influence of simple radicals, as expounded in the electro-chemical theory. On the phenomena of electricity and magnetism, which showed that matter could be endowed with two opposite conditions, an analogy was founded; and the dualistic system characterized the old chemistry. The law of Avogadro and the law of quantivalence — a law which assumes that every elementary atom has a certain number of bonds or poles by which alone it could be united to other atoms — state two principles upon which the new chemistry is largely founded. Professor Cooke, in the first four lectures of the course (originally delivered at the Lowell Institute in Boston), which are embodied in the present work, lucidly explains the recent progress in definite conceptions of molecules and molecular action. These chapters bear evidence of much thought in arrangement and in illustration. As an evidence of the manner of illustration we quote the following in regard to the medium ether: "Here is a glass cylinder filled with air, and here is a piston which just fits it; the area of the piston is about a square inch. We will assume that it is exactly that. If we put a weight of fifteen pounds on the top of the piston, it will descend just half-way in the tube, and the air will be condensed to twice its normal density. Now if we had a cylinder and piston, ether-tight as this is air-tight, and of sufficient strength, and if we put on top of it a cubic mile of granite rock, it would only condense the ether to about the same density as that of the atmosphere at the surface of the earth. Of course, the supposition is an absurdity, for it is assumed that the ether pervades the densest solids as readily as water does a sponge, and could not, therefore, be confined; but the illustration will give you an idea of the nature of the medium which the undulatory theory assumes. It is a medium so thin that the earth, moving in its orbit 1100 miles a minute, suffers no perceptible retardation, and yet with an elasticity in proportion to its density a million million times greater than air."

Words and space do not allow Professor Cooke to do full justice to the brilliancy of his experiments. The improved methods of projection of objects and experiments, which could not be seen by a large audience, upon a screen — largely used now in popular expositions of scientific subjects — are due to him; and the descriptions of the shooting of crystalline rays under the play of colors produced by polarized light, the hues of thin films, the growth of magnetic curves, and the decomposition of water, experiments which delighted the audience who heard the lectures, make the reader regret that the printed page must necessarily convey but a poor idea of the brilliancy of the actual experiments.

In regard to the atomic theory Professor Cooke thus states his ground: "Although in the present state of the science it gives absolutely essential aid both to investigation and study, I have the conviction that it is a temporary scaffolding around the imperfect building, which will be removed as soon as its usefulness is past. I have been called a blind partisan of the atomic theory; but after this disclaimer you will understand me when during the remainder of this course of lectures I shall endeavor to present its principles as forcibly as I can." From Lecture X. to the concluding one — Quantivalence — metathesis and atomic bonds are explained with great clearness and aptness of illustration. The remarks on the electro-chemical theory and electrical analogies bear the evidence of much new thought on the subject. We commend the lectures to those students of the new philosophy who have been lost amid terms such as quantivalent, hydroxyl, monatomic, artiads, perissads, etc. The lecture on the Synthesis of Organic Compounds presents the subject, necessarily a complex one, to a popular audience in a clear and philosophical manner.

— The title of Mr. Proctor's book is a very taking one; for there *is* a Borderland of Science, and a very fascinating one it is to spend a short time in, if one is not too light-headed, and if one has the requisite tact to avoid that part of the frontier where dwell the men "with their heads beneath their shoulders" — the circle-squarers, the trisectors of the angle, the perpetual-motion vendors — in one word the paradoxers and foolometers of De Morgan. Then again

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there is another boundary where a wise man may not stay long; this joins the land which is full of the disputers over sun-spots, quarreling about the "up-rush" or "down-rush" of gases. This is indeed a dangerous country.

There is a true borderland, however, which is a fascinating but a lonely land, where it is given to few to dwell, and where most never penetrate. The world at large knows very little of the great men there, and that little only incompletely. Gauss, Abel, Jacobi, the Herschels *have* lived there; and we might expect in this book some mention of the men who have taken their places in this generation. Mr. Proctor's preface, too, excites and stimulates curiosity; he says, "Such essays as appear . . . may be regarded as the selected works of the author."

When we take up the book itself we must flatly confess that we are disappointed. If we judge it by the high criterion which we have but just set up, it is surely faulty, for it contains no original suggestion of any note, except a reiteration of Mr. Proctor's theory of Jupiter.

Judging of it by the standard of Mr. Proctor's previous books it still falls far short. Here, in point of fact ,we have to deal not with the borderland of science, but with the fag-end of Mr. Proctor's scrap-book.

"Gambling Superstitions" are not on the borderland of science at all; the theory of probabilities, of which the author would consider this essay an exemplification, covers in its most *elementary* portion the whole ground, and more than the whole ground, of this essay. Its borderland is far away from school-boy problems. "Ghosts and Goblins" is not scientific; it is simply a narrative, and an inextensive compilation.

William Howitt did his work better, and had the good taste to keep things which were personal and should be sacred out of sight. We easily see that the book is not scientific. Is it then a work of fancy? Jules Verne has done this kind of literary work much better, and in a light and graceful style to which Mr. Proctor's rather heavy and mechanical plod is ludicrous in comparison. Would Verne have described the inhabitants of the small satellite of Saturn as short persons whose ears were "large and quite round, somewhat resembling conch-shells, and capable of changing in shape"? Their "sixth-sense," their "heat eyes," the "three moons" without "inhabitants" which attend Titan (itself a satellite of Saturn) are not fanciful; these things are not funny — they are simply "bien Anglais" — the sportive pranks of the Behemoth.

— The two books on our list called Diamonds and Precious Stones are likely to be mistaken for one another, on account of their similarity in titles, subject, and size; but their merit is very unequal. The treatise of Mr. Emanuel (which seems to be an American edition from English plates of a work published by Hotten in 1865) is a valuable handbook to ordinary purchasers as well as professional collectors of precious stones. M. Dieulafait seems to have composed his book, on the contrary, in some such way as his countryman wrote about the camel: "Away goes the Frenchman to the *Jardin des Plantes*, spends an hour there in rapid investigation, returns, and writes a *feuilleton*, in which there is no phrase the Academy can blame, but also no phrase which adds to the general knowledge. He is perfectly satisfied, however, and says, *Le voilà, le chameau.*" It is profusely ornamented with wood-cuts, but we observe none which have a substantial superiority over the few but well-chosen illustrations of Mr. Emanuel's book, except the pictures of machinery for cutting and polishing gems, and apparatus for modern experiments in their artificial production. Its only superiority to that book consists in a brief and interesting account of those experiments. In the pictures of cutting and polishing machinery, the most recent improvements are not represented, and the author seems to be ignorant even of the inventions of the Boston jeweler, Mr. Henry D. Morse. Mr. Emanuel, with English precision, furnishes his readers with a copious index, and devotes twenty-seven pages to the bibliography of precious stones. M. Dieulafait neglects to do either of these things; and his translator has not supplied the deficiency, nor corrected at least a score of glaring errors and inconsistencies, of which the following are random specimens: "All precious stones are transparent, or at least translucent." "Precious stones are opaque, when not a ray of light can penetrate them; example, the jasper." "The precious stone called the carbuncle by the ancients is the same as the modern ruby." "At the same time that it is averred that the carbuncle of the ancients included our oriental ruby, it is equally certain that this name was applied to all red stones." For the present, then, we must retain Mr. Emanuel as our most trustworthy popular author-

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ity on the subject of gems. But it will be easy for an ingenious compiler to prepare a work which shall supersede both of these hand-books in public favor, by combining portions of them with fragments of such works as Madame de Barrera's Ana of Gems and Jewels, and Mr. King's Antique Gems and Rings. The need of fuller information on the subject than most American wearers of precious stones possess is very great. Numerous causes join to keep, as they have made us the most extravagant people of the age. We are very much such a compound of luxury and hardihood as a nation, as Alexander was as a hero. And though no assembly of our fine ladies has yet, we venture to believe, afforded such a spectacle as M. Babinet (in the preface of Madame de Barrera's book) says he witnessed in the Tuileries under Louis Napoleon, where he declares that he "had occasion to see" not less than two thousand women "clothed" with diamonds, like birds with feathers, or beasts with fur, and wearing them as naturally, yet we know not what awaits us in the future. The *parure* of the New York belle may yet become as proverbial as the costume of the Arkansas gentleman.

— In spite of some venturesome speculation as to prehistoric data, M. de Coulanges' work on The Ancient City contains a tolerably accurate delineation of the influence of varying religious beliefs on the social, legal, and political customs of Greece and Rome from the earliest period to that of Christianity. The title of the book is unfortunate. The real topic is, The Religious Beliefs considered as the Source of the Customs of Greece and Rome. The worst fault of the treatment is that it makes these beliefs very nearly the only, and not simply a chief source of the customs. We are not undiscriminating disciples of Mr. Buckle; but race, climate, and *Zeit-Geist* certainly exercised upon Greece and Rome more than the almost inappreciable influence grudgingly assigned to them by De Coulanges. Always making allowance for a thin vein of extravagance in the discussion, the reader will find this work a suggestive, if not a thoroughly scholarly treatment of a theme which is certainly very important and interesting.

In regard to the Aryan religion, to which M. de Coulanges assigns in prehistoric ages an influence greater than the Olympic afterwards acquired over Greece and Italy, his somewhat diffuse reasoning may be epitomized by five propositions: 1. Before the rise of the Olympic religion, each family worshiped its own ancestors. 2. The sacred fire in each Greek and Roman house represented the ancestors. 3. Every fire protected its own and repulsed the stranger; was worshiped by ceremonies kept strictly secret; was the providence of a family and had nothing in common with the fire of a neighboring family, which was another providence. 4. The domestic religion required that the hearth should be fixed to the soil, and that the tomb should be neither destroyed nor displaced. 5. This religion could be propagated only by generation. In giving life to the son, the father gave to him at the same time the family creed and worship, and the right to continue the sacred fire, to offer the funeral meal, and to pronounce the formulas of prayer.

By these traits of the Aryan religion, De Coulanges explains the origin of the peculiar early Roman and Greek ideas of the continuity of the family, the profound significance of Penates, Lares, Vesta, and especially of Gens and Tribus, of kinship, agnation, and adoption, and the rise of the law of property, the inequality of son and daughter, and the right of primogeniture.

One of the obscurest chapters in history is that concerning the origin of the Olympic religion, and we are not surprised that M. de Coulanges can do no more than say that it arose from a personification of the powers of nature. This new religion, in what way soever it originated, gradually widened the circle of human associations; families united into the phratries and the phratries into the tribes of which we hear so much in Greek and Roman history; the older religion was absorbed into the new; and as the private house had arisen around the sacred fire of the private hearth, so the city rose around the sacred fire of the common altar established by the founder. From the point where M. de Coulanges begins to give dates and to cite authorities from ancient authors, we have only occasional reluctance in admitting his conclusions, and we commend as eminently worthy of study his views of the relations of the transformed Aryan, and of the Olympic religion, to the gods of the city, the public meals, the festivals, and the calendar, the triumphs, rituals, and annals, the sacred and secular authority of the king, the distinction between citizen and stranger, the alliance of cities and gods, and the omnipotence of the state.

Even after revolution and philosophy had done their utmost, Christianity brought a

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change so radical that it marked the end of ancient society. It replaced the fear of the gods by the love of God. It belonged to no caste, corporation, city, or nation, but called to itself the whole human race. The principle implied in the command to preach the gospel to "every creature," M. de Coulanges justly calls new, extraordinary, and unexpected. So, too, was the principle of the separation of religion from its immemorial dependence on the state. The spirit of propagandism took the place of the law of exclusion. While the state was for the first time free, one complete half of man had been rescued from its control. The soul no longer has a country.

We congratulate Mr. Small on the studious success with which his translation of this work preserves the clearness and vivacity of the original French, without injury to the idiomatic grace of the English.

— Messrs. Holt & Co. have published an edition of Taine's Tour through the Pyrenees, without the illustrations of Doré, which rendered their holiday edition of the same work altogether the most desirable book of the season. It is, as many readers must know, a sauntering notice of large and little watering-places in the Pyrenees, of some non-watering-places of the region, and of many and many spectacular phases of nature there. When the author comes to a famous city or scene of history, he sits down and tells some story characteristic of it, either out of the old chroniclers direct, or out of his own vast general reading. Sometimes this is a mere picture of local life or manners at a certain epoch; sometimes it is a marvelous legend; but it is always done with grace and point. So are all the watering-place characters and tourists, the invalids, bores, beggars, peasants, charmingly touched. In the illustrated edition, where Doré's wonderful pencil helps out the descriptions of nature, you do not feel how tedious they are; but in the later edition this fully appears. It seems as if this bright M. Taine had said to himself that he would paint a series of pictures which should appeal to the literary perception as landscape paintings do to the eye; and he has produced a whole gallery in proof of the impossibility of doing anything of the kind. We could not well give an idea of the deliberation and cold-bloodedness with which the attempt is incessantly made; but we may impress some readers with a sense of the delightfulness of the book when we say it is delightful, in spite of the word-paintings. You are not obliged to read them, — you can skip every one.

Other Publications.

Roberts Brothers, Boston: Ivan de Biron; or, The Russian Court in the Middle of Last Century. By Sir Arthur Helps. — Sex *and* Education. A Reply to Dr. E. H. Clarke's Sex in Education. Edited, with an Introduction, by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. — The Old Masters and their Pictures. For the Use of Schools and Learners in Art. By Sarah Tytler. — Modern Painters and their Paintings. For the Use of Schools and Learners in Art. By Sarah Tytler. — The Trust and The Remittance. Two Love Stories in Metred Prose. By Mary Cowden Clarke.

Harper and Brothers, New York: The Land of the White Elephant: Sights and Scenes in Southeastern Asia. A Personal Narrative of Travel and Adventure in Farther India, embracing the Countries of Burma, Siam, Cambodia, and Cochin-China (1871-2). By Frank Vincent, Jun. With Maps, Plans, and numerous Illustrations. — No Name. A Novel. By Wilkie Collins. — The Blue Ribbon. A Novel. By the Author of St. Olave's, etc. — Ninety-Three. By Victor Hugo. Translated by Frank Lee Benedict.

Henry Holt & Co., New York: Desperate Remedies. A Novel. By Thomas Hardy. — Essays on Military Biography. By Charles Cornwallis Chesney, Colonel in the British Army, and Lieutenant-Colonel in the Royal Engineers.

J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston: Theodore Parker: A Biography. By Octavius Brooks Frothingham. — The Life of Thomas Jefferson. By James Parton.

Estes and Lauriat, Boston: Adventures of an Attorney in Search of Practice. By Sir George Stephens. — Famous Cases of Circumstantial Evidence. With an Introduction on the Theory of Presumptive Proof. By S. N. Phillips, Author of Phillips on Evidence.

J. B. Ford & Co., New York: The Circuit Rider: A Tale of the Heroic Age. By Edward Eggleston, Author of The Hoosier Schoolmaster, etc.

J. M. Stoddart & Co., Philadelphia: No Sex in Education; or, An Equal Chance for both Girls and Boys. Being a Review of Dr. E. H. Clarke's Sex in Education. By Mrs. E. B. Duffy, Author of What Women should Know, etc.

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Orange Judd & Co., New York: Pretty Mrs. Gaston, and other Stories. By John Esten Cooke. Illustrated.

Asa K. Butts & Co., New York: The Martyrdom of Man. By Winwood Reade.

Dodd and Mead, New York: Cassy. By Hesba Stretton.

French and German.[1]

No one has ever accused Victor Hugo of ignorance of his powers; he may have lacked a thorough comprehension of their limits, but he has always had the art of bringing every scrap and shred of information and feeling to the adornment of his various writings. He has never worked with the unconsciousness of some writers who drop gems by the way in their haste for better business; he prefers to beat his gold very thin, to hang his tinsel in a favorable light, to make glass do good service when diamonds are wanting. Everything seems arranged for an artificial illumination; one can read even the best of his novels as one goes to the theatre to see a melodrama. You enter a world where the people are sharply defined as saints and villains, and where an incident happens in the novel you know it is the sign for the curtain to fall, while you have a little time to wonder what explanation will be given in the next act. Any claim of resemblance to life must be given up at once; you simply ask to be thrilled with horrors and amused by impossibilities.

No better background for such a plan could be found than the hideous nightmare of the French Revolution; there is this distinction to be made, however, that extravagance of style and straining after effect are less successful here than would be a plain narration of events; even a disordered imagination is cold in comparison with the terrible facts. This first division of the novel is called *La Guerre Civile*, and it treats of the war in La Vendée. The story runs as follows: A Breton nobleman, the Marquis de Lantenac, is first introduced to us on board of a ship in the English Channel; he is trying to make a landing on the French coast in order to take command of the peasants, who are still staunch royalists, and who are fighting with the republican bands from Paris. On their way, by the carelessness of some officer, one of the ship's guns in the lower deck breaks loose from its fastenings and begins to roll about with the motion of the ship, carrying destruction with every lurch. The horrors of the scene are described by Victor Hugo in a very epigrammatic chapter called *Vis et vir.* The cannon is compared to the living chariot of the Apocalypse. It kills four or five men and then rolls over them again and again. "How fight against an inclined plane that has caprices?" The officer whose fault it was steps into the place. "The contest began. Contest unheard of. The fragile struggling with the invulnerable. The warrior of flesh attacking the beast of brass. On one side a force, on the other a soul. All that was taking place in a penumbra. It was like the indistinct vision of a prodigy. A soul; strange, one would have said the cannon had one, it too; but a soul of hate and rage. This blindness seemed to have eyes. The monster appeared to be lying in wait for the man. . . . It was some gigantic insect of iron, having, or seeming to have, the will of a demon," etc., etc., etc.

The nobleman manages to interfere just in time to secure the gun and save the life of the officer, whom he at once condemns to death and has shot and thrown overboard. The ship is now in a wretched plight, all the guns are useless with the exception of nine, and at that moment the republican fleet, carrying three hundred and eighty guns, comes in sight. We confess to a feeling of disappointment here; we had hoped for a glorious description of a naval fight, with the maimed ship victorious over all its foes; but, far from it: Lantenac puts away in a little boat, with one man to row him ashore, while the ship, after a short but vain struggle, sinks without surrendering, like the ever-memorable Vengeur. This sailor who is carrying the marquis away is a brother of the officer who was shot; the relationship he takes occasion to mention when they have reached a lonely inlet, and at the same time he declares his desire for vengeance. This is one of the thrilling moments, but no one has any real dread that the hero is going to be made away with so early in the first volume. The sailor is won over by a few sagacious words, and lands the marquis uninjured on French soil. A beggar, a mysterious creature, entertains him overnight. He has, too, the pleasure of seeing placards, with a full description of his personal appearance, on

[1] All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schönhof and Möller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.

Quatrevingt-treize. Par Victor Hugo. Premier Récit. La Guerre Civile. 3 vols. Paris. 1874.

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the walls, with a large reward for his capture and the promise of a speedy and violent death for him when caught, signed by his grand-nephew, Gauvain, a young viscount, who is an ardent republican. The next morning he is straying in the woods; he hears loud cries, guns, and uproar; he approaches; guns are leveled at him; they call him by name, he bares his breast, — Tableau Number Two, — when they fall to the ground before him, kissing his hand; they are his friends!

He is soon in command of a large force of peasants, and there is very bitter war between them and the forces from Paris commanded by Gauvain. At last Lantenac is badly beaten, and with only nineteen men he takes refuge in an old castle in which Gauvain had passed his infancy. The enemy to the number of some thousands is outside. The castle is described very thoroughly, and everything indicates the great agony of the fifth act. Fully to understand it, the reader of the novel will recall, what we have omitted, three little children who are introduced to us at the very beginning of the book, and who now are in the castle; their mother, half crazy from wounds, fevers, hardships, and the loss of her children, has been wandering about in search of them. The assault begins; the nineteen men die hard; their ammunition gives out; their countless foes press them very close; they retreat with diminished numbers from story to story; they are certain to perish, when — immense excitement — a stone in the wall rolls from its place, and there appears the once murderous but speedily converted sailor, who thus mysteriously opens a hidden path to the forest. One man is left to keep back the army which is rattling at the door of the room below, and Lantenac makes his way out. The one man is overcome by numbers, and dies; first, however, setting fire to the stone castle. At that moment, the mother of the three children appears in the path in front of Lantenac, and explains her case; he returns, and at the risk of his life makes his way to the room where the children are, rescues them before the admiring eyes of his recent foes, but — as he is climbing down he is tapped on the shoulder and made a prisoner by a very savage republican, formerly a priest, now a leader in the revolution, Cimourdain by name. All the others, struck by his gallantry as a fireman, were about to let him go, but Cimourdain, whose relentlessness has been described at great length, now justifies his reputation. This is a grand tableau, and matters begin to look serious. Lantenac is put into a cell, where Gauvain comes to visit him. The uncle at first treats him with disdain, but when his nephew says that he has come to let him out, his tone changes. Lantenac walks out; Gauvain is found there and is brought to trial before Cimourdain for aiding an enemy of the republic to escape. He is found guilty and sentenced to death; when this point is reached in a play, people begin to grope about under the seats for their overshoes, and to button up their great coats.

Cimourdain, the former tutor of Gauvain, loves Gauvain most tenderly, but he loves the republic more. So he has the guillotine, which had been brought all the way from Paris for Lantenac, put together; Gauvain is led out, thoroughly satisfied with the course affairs are taking; he puts his head to the block after crying "Vive la République!" and as the ax descends the report of a pistol is heard, and Cimourdain drops lifeless, having shot himself through the heart. With that the curtain falls, and we must wait for the second part of the novel, in which, it is to be supposed, the three children are to appear once more.

Such is the groundwork of this extraordinary novel, to the full force of which we can do but scanty justice. The neat epigrams in which all the people talk, the smoothness with which all the incidents happen just at the last moment, when even the experienced novel-reader finds his heart beating with excitement, show the art of a master of melodrama. As for the study of character, there is, of course, nothing of the sort; we have in its place the study of situations. The whole method of such writing is to make the most violent contrasts, to invent something more unexpected than even a tolerably fertile imagination could devise — in telling fairy-stories.

As to the merits of the melodrama in fiction it is well to be clear; it may be admired, but care should be taken to distinguish the admiration from that which we give to the more serious work which has some other aim than making us hold our breath for a moment, as we do at a circus when the rope-climber pretends to fall. As for Victor Hugo himself, in his moralizing on the tight places he gets his heroes into, it shows a sort of sincere confidence in the value of his work, which might be diminished if nature could enable him to get a view at the humorous side of his mock thun-

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der and harmless lightning. He walks behind the scenes, now turning down the gas, now letting the calcium-light blaze on the prominent character, or opening the mysterious trap-door, but with a most sublime certainty that he is one of the great writers of the earth. He is the cleverest of decorators; but he has this fault, that, like the heathen, after building himself an idol and polishing its eyes to make it look angry, and inserting the dreadful claws, and arranging the machinery to make it roar, he then is overcome with terror at its naturalness, and bows down and does reverence before it.

ART.

We had occasion last month to notice the predominating influence of English art on our own in architecture, and the paradox that this should be the result where the foreign training, so far as it came in the way, was mainly French. In painting, however, at least among Boston artists, the result is quite opposite, and the English influence almost nothing. Two exhibitions and sales held lately in Boston have been very significant of this, both in the character of the works offered, and in the interest of purchasers. The first was the sale several weeks ago of paintings by Messrs. William M. Hunt, F. H. Smith, Robinson, and one or two others; the second, the sale on March 12th and 13th of the works of Mr. J. Foxcroft Cole. In both of these exhibitions the French influence was not merely dominant but supreme, all the artists we have mentioned having studied in Paris, and the pictures being virtually French pictures painted in America; and the two sales were, we believe, far the most profitable, in money, that have ever been in Boston. And the most ardently American art-lover among us who has noted the general passion of our people for vivid effect, and who remembers the kind of trophies which our travelers abroad are apt to gather up, especially in Italy, may be thankful for the tempering influence of an art so well studied and balanced as that of the French landscape painters, even though for the moment it is the cause of some one-sidedness and mannerism.

We incline to believe that the former of these two exhibitions was on the whole the best exhibition of works of our own painters which we have ever had here. Our readers' recollections, however, are likely, as well as our own, to be too much dimmed by this time for any special consideration of the pictures in it. Two or three of Mr. Hunt's pictures are not easily forgotten, it is true, as, for example, the singularly vital, pathetic picture entitled Elaine, — a misnomer, by the way, to our thinking, — and a landscape with a strip of yellow sand-beach beside a bit of water, the middle distance filled with solemn woods, a wonderful suggestion of depth of space and mystery. Mystery, we may stop to say, is an effect in nature of which our painters rarely seem to have any conception or even perception. It is utterly antagonistic, in fact, to the practical American mind (except sometimes in the form of spiritualism), which wishes to realize with biting distinctness whatever it notes at all. Kensett had a great feeling for mystery in his landscapes, and Inness has shown the same, but they are exceptions. We recall also, among the pictures we were speaking of, a fine, serious, richly toned composition of Mr. Robinson, a large cattle piece, the largest in the room, with a curious effect of repetition between the cattle in light and in shadow, and a small group of French horses painted with great force and spirit; also a charming Twilight at Auxerre by Mr. Smith, and by him too a large water picture with Venice in the distance, full of the damp freshness of the Venetian morning, the color-play and quiet heaving of the lagoon.

The occasion of the sale of Mr. Cole's pictures is his return to France, a return at which the observer of his painting will hardly be surprised, so French is it in style and feeling. He is thoroughly a pastoral painter, not of the Strephon and Chloe kind, — his figures are rarely prominent and always of the homeliest types, — but fond of sheep and cattle, and of the simplest country landscapes, quiet, meditative, and tender. His pictures are rarely cheerful, and never gay; commonly rather melancholy, and even sombre. Hence he never expresses the bright

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exhilarations of an American scene in its most characteristic phases. He paints no clear, bracing northwesterly weather, if we may judge by the pictures we have seen in this exhibition and elsewhere, and shuns the smallest approach to wildness; but confines himself to roadside nooks, still ponds, or slow rivers, or hides in the corners of orchards and gives us the most subdued moods of nature. We have seen him compared in some newspapers to Cuyp, but we hardly know why, unless that he paints cattle. There is in his painting none of the brightness of Cuyp, none of the dewy freshness, the luminousness of Cuyp's morning pictures. Mr. Cole's light is always subdued and seldom broad; the utmost he allows himself is a few square inches of white wall, to "focus" the sunlight on a stretch of green turf; and he never paints the morning or the evening, but the subdued light of a cloudy day, and the sultry langnor of a summer noon. If he paints a mist, it is not the luminous mist of Turner or Cuyp, but a brooding, dog-day mist, full of heaviness. Evidently he does not enjoy a brilliant American or Italian atmosphere, but turns gladly to the softened air of France.

The making up of Mr. Cole's pictures is in accord with his choice of subject. He is careful to bring everything into keeping and balance, to avoid anything like glare or even brilliancy. The fastidious adjustment of values in his pictures gives a very pleasant feeling of harmony and repose, though it is carried so far as to banish any great vigor of effect. The greatest breadth is generally in shadow or in half tint, and the shadows are often deficient, it has seemed to us, in accentuation. Among the best examples in point of light, as we remember, were a picture called the Boardman Pasture, the Farm of St. Simeon, Harfleurs, and a small view near Providence. This last, and especially one of the Boardman Farm in Saugus, were charming instances of Mr. Cole's peculiar low-toned treatment of American landscape and sky. The ever-pleasant contrast of warm lights and cool shadows was nicely rendered in an Interior of Woods, numbered 7 in the catalogue.

Mr. Cole's color is always good, though low in tone. One of the very best of his pictures, in this as in other respects, was the lovely Distant View of Melrose. The light was well concentrated, balanced by breadth of shadow, the coloring rich and true, the handling more graphic than in many of his works, — the whole more than usually vigorous in effect. In some of the larger pictures the handling seemed too slight for the size of the canvas, as particularly in one called Under the Willows, where everything that was told could have been better given on a quarter of the surface, and the picture looked weak.

As a painter of cattle and sheep Mr. Cole is remarkably clever. The work is apt to be rather thinly done, so that the anatomy is but indistinctly suggested and the texture not very characteristic. But the attitudes and general forms of his animals he usually gives with skill, as well as their groupings. An admirable cattle picture in these respects was No. 50, Cattle Drinking at the Mouth of the Seine. Anxiety to preserve the breadth and relation of his masses sometimes leads Mr. Cole to an unfortunate sacrifice of relief and modeling, as notably in a picture called Norman Cattle, where an ox (or cow) in the foreground shadow seemed fairly imbedded in the turf he should be standing upon. In some of Mr. Cole's larger sheep also, we noticed a lack of modeling and of texture which we ascribed to the same cause; but as far as they go they are well done; if he lacks the vigor of Troyon, he is equally far removed from the smug smoothness of the popular Verbockhoven. In sheep, again, there is a nervous sensitiveness and a quickness which are very characteristic of their movements, and to which we think Mr. Cole hardly does justice. We ought to except the somewhat large picture, one of the most excellent in all respects, called an Ancient Sheepfold. Here a flock folded in the vaulted cellars of an old castle is feeding from a cart, with a struggling eagerness that is altogether admirable.

In speaking of the landscapes, we should have mentioned a Street Scene in Picquigny which is one of the most characteristic in the exhibition — solidly painted, very true to the color and feeling of an old northern French town.

— The Corcoran Gallery at Washington is now fairly opened, and a beginning made of an art-exhibition which, in the almost utter absence of anything of man's making worth looking at in the national capital, may be called respectable. It would be a mistake every way, to suppose that the Corcoran Gallery in its present condition is a thing for Washington to crow too much over. In fact, that it is crowed over at all is an unfortunate evidence of our national poverty in galleries, museums, and collections of art. Even the Metropolitan Mu-

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seum of New York city, or the smaller collection of the Boston Athenæum, — in neither of which is there much rubbish, while there is in both a deal that is valuable, — might serve as hints that all opportunity for laying the foundation of a public museum of art was not lost when Mr. Corcoran had once established his. In justice to the trustees of the Corcoran Gallery, it ought to be understood that they have had nothing to do with the foolish, fulsome praise that has been lavished upon the collection. It was not their wish to have the gallery opened to the public until all its contents were in place, whereas they were obliged, by the pressure of so-called public opinion, to open the rooms, while many things of interest and value, that had been bought in Europe for the collection, were still packed up on the other side, and waiting shipment.

It would not be gracious to dilate upon the character of the works of art that form the nucleus of the gallery, — Mr. Corcoran's original gift. No doubt the gift was kindly and generously meant, nor is there any doubt that the giver believed it to be valuable. Yet it is enough to say of it, — too much, perhaps, — that its chief treasure was the late Mr. Hiram Powers' Greek Slave, and from the Pygmy's foot the value of the whole collection, as art, may be known. What has been added to the original gift thus far is simply material that can be bought in open market, and whatever its use may be, or whatever the value or beauty of the individual objects, the want of relation between these objects, and their want of relation to any common end, must long give the collection a motley, aimless air. There is, of course, the staple of all such collections in our country: casts from the antique and the Elgin marbles, things which no gentleman's library can be without, but the possession of which no longer implies any love of art, more than the possession of The Decline and Fall implies a love of learning.

Frankly, we think the purchase of these casts might have been adjourned, or, if casts there must be, we wish some others than those with which we have so many opportunities to become familiar could have taken their place. Early Italian sculpture and the sculpture of the Renaissance in Italy and France are nowhere represented in this country, yet casts of the best works are easily procured. The gallery does indeed possess a copy of the Ghiberti Gates; we wish it could show us all three gates of the Baptistery. Our minister to Italy, the Hon. George P. Marsh, a gentleman toward whom the Italian government is never weary of showing its sense of his attainments as a scholar, and his worth as a man, would no doubt use his influence to get us casts both of Ghiberti's earlier gate and of the Southern Gate executed by Andrea Pisano. When we think of all the fine things there are in Italy, which the income of the Corcoran Gallery could, by degrees, enable it to have cast or copied, we grudge the room and money given to these stale Greek and Roman casts, which are now to be found in every large city in America, — even in San Francisco.

Next to the casts from the antique, the gallery seems proudest of its bronzes by Barye, and certainly it is good to have these; only, to our thinking their value is lessened by the fact that they can be bought in open market, at least as long as the artist lives and continues to make them for sale. The newspaper writers seem bent on throwing an air of exclusiveness and mystery over the contents of the Corcoran Gallery, though we believe that there is neither exclusiveness nor mystery connected with a single thing in it. The casts of the Ghiberti Gates, we are told, are a great treasure; there are only two or three other copies in existence, and there can never be any more, because the Italian government is afraid the gates will be hurt if any more casts are taken! We suppose there was never but one cast made of these gates, and from that matrix, which is in the possession of the authorities of the South Kensington Museum, the few copies that have been sold have been taken; but there is the matrix, and copies may be made at will, without much hurting the gates themselves! But, supposing it were true that no more were to be had, would that so much increase the value of a copy in plaster of a famous work still existing in perfection in the very place for which it was designed, and of which we have at least one other copy in the country — at Yale College, namely? Then, again, for Gérome's large study for the *Mort de César*, we are told that this, too, is a great treasure; that Gérome was hardly persuaded to part with it; that he wanted it to belong to some national collection somewhere, and that it was only when the Corcoran Gallery had been duly magnified to him, that he was brought to consent, etc., etc. Now it does not detract a whit from the merit of the study for the Death of Cæsar that while it is true it was bought

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for the Corcoran Gallery from Gérome, and true that he had desired it should be purchased for the Luxembourg by the French government, yet it is also true that the picture was a long time in this country seeking for a purchaser, and that until it was sent back to Paris because it could not find one, there was nothing heard of Gérome's unwillingness to part with it. The Dead Cæsar is a picture that does not need this flavor of humbuggery to give it value. So, too, with Ary Scheffer's Count Eberhard of Würtemberg mourning over his Dead Son. This picture would seem to have as many originals as the Greek Slave, for there is one in the Luxembourg, this one in the Corcoran Gallery, and every Bostonian is familiar with the one that has so long been in the Athenæum. It is to know very little of the current estimate of Ary Scheffer's art, in any country, to plume one's self upon the possession of a picture by him, especially when that picture is one the artist copied and re-copied. To conclude, the Corcoran Gallery can boast nothing remarkable as yet, or anything particularly useful. But there is certainly a beginning, and as the institution has a good income and a body of trustees who know its wants, and the best way to supply them, we have reason to hope that when the crude period of hobbledehoyhood shall have passed, the manly age of the collection will be something worth contemplating.

MUSIC.

Somebody has said, in comparing the musical classicists of to-day with the bolder radicals of the Liszt-Wagner school, — as was indeed said some centuries ago in comparing the eclectic school of painting of Guido, Guercino, Domenichino, and others of the same stamp, with the bolder Neapolitan *Naturalisti*, the Caravaggios, the Riberas, and Giordanos, — that the eclectics were in the right in their pious adherence to the high traditional principles of art, but that the radicals had all the genius. An uncomfortable admission for prosperous criticism, which, after all, only lives and has its being in traditional formulas, to make in favor of an unrecognized, most questionable brood of upstarts, whose whole striving in art mainly tended towards destroying and "swallowing" those very formulas which had ever been the corner-stone of its own prosperity. The remark has nevertheless much truth in it, for has not eclecticism by its very nature one prime quality, — the furthest removed from any attributes of genius, whose essence is spontaneous originality, — the quality of imitation? Proud of the heritage of the greatest master-works in its art, admiring eclecticism has ever been eager to clothe its own pygmy shoulders in the cast-off mantle of departed heroes and demi-gods, unconcerned as to whether it fitted them or not; the fashion of the mantle was at least respectable, even if there were some who might jeer at it in this Titanic attire. The fundamental mistake of eclecticism is and has ever been an admiration almost to idolatry of the heroes and demi-gods of art, for what they did rather than for what they were. What the great masters did is the world's common property, to be imitated with more or less profit by whomsoever finds himself disposed; but what they were was wholly and inalienably their own, inimitable by other mortals. What they did is of the high value that the world accounts it, simply because it was the natural, spontaneous outgrowth of what they were; what eclecticism does is, on the other hand, the forced, hot-house after-growth, not of what the eclectics themselves are, but of what their great predecessors did.

The Naturalisti or naturalists (which term can as well be applied to the modern musicians of the Liszt-Wagner school as to the old Neapolitan school of painters) take an attitude towards the classic masters of their art which is no whit less admiring or even reverential than that held by the eclectics. Naturalism says to classicism: Since I can in no way be thou, inasmuch as I exist under different conditions in this ever-changing world, I will with my whole strength and soul be myself, as thou wert thyself! It is not surprising that starting

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from this point, the naturalists have never yet given anything to the world of equal value with the works of the great classic masters. *They* were the ripened fruit of the long, gradual growth of a whole era; the naturalists are ever the groping explorers in a new field; they have become transcendental, stepping out of the old formulas and rules of order, holding only to the one primary formula of "I will be myself;" and let no one despise these naturalists for the many blunders they make. They have a hard path to travel, and like all explorers, must travel it without guidance. They may often raise a huge cry of joy at newly discovered gold, which after all only turns out glistening pyrites, but they are ever respectable for their self-reliant sincerity of purpose. Nay, they are even the most respectable of striving mortals, in spite of all their apparent failures. They might often say with Browning's Cleon, —

> "Marvel not.
> We of these latter days, with greater mind
> Than our forerunners, since more composite,
> Look not so great (beside their simple way)
> To a judge who only sees one way at once,
> One mind-point, and no other at a time, —
> Compares the small part of a man of us
> With some whole man of the heroic age,
> Great in his way, — not ours, nor meant for ours,
> And ours is greater, had we skill to know."

And in any case, where true sincerity is not wanting, their apparent utter failure to realize the larger object of their striving is more admirable than the puny apparent success of the eclectics.

> That low man seeks a little thing to do,
> Sees it and does it;
> This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
> Dies ere he knows it.
> That low man goes on adding one to one,
> His hundreds soon hit;
> This high man, aiming at a million,
> Misses an unit."

But upon the whole, in our age, when the large majority of artists must either take rank with prosperous eclecticism, or else step forth as pioneers under the flag of hard-striving, little-earning naturalism, how thrice fortunate is the man who can be wholly himself and yet easily great in the old, well-proved way, as to the manner born! Such a man may be looked upon as the true posthumous child of royal classicism, in no way differing from the heroes and demi-gods themselves save in the date of his birth.

Among the host of contemporary composers, two men have steadily, yet quietly, and without flourish of trumpets, been making good their title to this high distinction: Robert Franz and A. Saran. Of the latter we would say a few words here. Something over twelve years ago, Saran, who was then known to but a very few music lovers as a promising pupil of Franz, gave to the world his Opus 1 in the shape of a set of variations on an original theme for piano-forte.[1] Since then some other compositions in various forms have come from his pen, all good, but not quite fulfilling the high expectations which the first variations had led people to form of the composer. The exceedingly small number of these compositions spread over a considerable space of time, while it showed that the composer evidently composed only for the love of art itself and never strove to force the divine afflatus, might well have favored the opinion that he had very little to say, however much worth saying that little was. Saran has certainly been a most unprolific composer; four opus numbers in more than double the number of years is a very short list. The fact that he (having indeed been educated for the church) had taken charge of a parish in the far northeast of Prussia, and had given up music as an ostensible profession, gave additional semblance of truth to the idea entertained by some people that his musical career was after all but a flash in the pan. But last year has brought us at last his Opus 5, which more than fulfills the most sanguine hopes of his admirers. His last *Fantasie* in **B** flat minor [2] indubitably places him in the very foremost rank among the composers of to-day. To attempt an exhaustive analysis of this last great work in the sonata form that has been offered to the world, — a work that so royally overtops all other compositions of the sort that contemporary composers have given us, — would lead us too much into the mere technicalities of the art to be in place here. We can only say that true genius makes itself felt in every bar of the four long movements. Brilliant as is the first impression of the work, we find that it wears well, and we feel new beauties at every hearing. Since Robert Schumann passed away, we have seen nothing so evenly strong in piano-forte music.

— As the Triennial Festival of our excellent Händel and Haydn Society draws

[1] *Fantasie-Variationen* für das Piano-forte. Von A. Saran, Op. 1. Leipzig: F. Whistling.

[2] *Fantasie in Form einer Sonate.* Von A. Saran, Op. 5. Leipzig: Verlag von F. E. C. Leuckart (Constantin Sander).

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near, with its promised performance of Bach's St. Matthew-Passion, we would earnestly recommend to all those who are willing themselves to explore the beauties of this colossal work, a piano-forte arrangement made by Selmar Bagge.[1] The advantages of this arrangement are so well, and withal so modestly, set forth by the editor, that we will quote from his preface:

"The arrangement for piano-solo of a great work for chorus, solo, and orchestra, especially of one by S. Bach, seems at the first glance a bit of temerity; the arranger hopes, nevertheless, to earn the thanks of the public and of all Bach-lovers. Years before he was able to hear the work fully performed, he had found enjoyment and a presentiment of the full effect, by playing from the score, and also by the same means interested others in the work. Why then should he not so prepare it for the more general public, that it too might in part get acquainted with, in part look for and find, a reminder of what it had already heard in the original work? For it is probably unquestionable that piano-forte *scores* are only comprehensible to the score reader, and that difficulties beset the amateur on every side from the variety of clefs, and a want of dexterity in reading music or in improvising piano transcriptions.

"The arranger knows well that much in the Passion-music cannot be fully rendered by two hands. Thus an arrangement for four hands might perhaps have been preferable; but four-handed playing of Bach's music presents peculiar difficulties. Bach's constantly overlapping leading of the voices causes the hands constantly to interfere with each other, which is practicable with a *single* performer, but is on the other hand very inconvenient with two performers. Transposing the voices to a higher octave, where the piano-forte has but a feeble resonance, would injure the proper, dignified acoustic effect of this music. . . .

"The original position of the voices has upon the whole been faithfully adhered to; but in some cases the figured accompaniment had to be put an octave higher or lower, and some of the bass passages transposed entire, as the tone of the piano-forte does not endure close intervals in a low register. These alterations are everywhere particularly indicated."

We can add that the arrangement is most excellently done, as far as is compatible with making it reasonably easy. The clear typography and convenient octavo form go still further to recommend this edition of a work whose position as the greatest of choral compositions is only disputed by Händel's mighty Israel in Egypt.

— From Bach and Saran to Gottschalk is rather a wide leap, and the mood that we find ourselves in, after turning from the Passion-music and the B flat minor Fantasie to Gottschalk's *Rayons d'Azur* polka, is not of the very sunniest. Whatever charm the polka in question may possess must be attributed to its similarity in general style to many of Gottschalk's more fascinating works. To say that as a bit of musical composition it is utterly worthless, were perhaps taking too much pains to criticise what is by its intrinsic insignificance serenely outside the pale of criticism; but that it has some few very faint hints in it of Gottschalk's peculiar charm is none the less undeniable.

De Grau's *Les Clochettes* galop is simply a piece of cheaply manufactured dance music, and, as such, is well calculated to attain its intended end, namely, to make people dance furiously and ever more furiously. What end Mr. Gottschalk's polka, which presents itself in the guise of a composition for the piano-forte, is calculated to attain, does not upon the whole seem quite so clear.

G. D. Wilson's four-hand arrangement of *The Shepherd Boy* (we must unwillingly confess to ignorance of what the Shepherd Boy in his original form is) is well and sonorously put upon the instrument, and is not unpleasing, if insignificant, in melody. Persons who are forced to play only exceedingly easy music will find it quite agreeable

Berthold Tours's song, *The Angel at the*

[1] *Passions-musik nach dem Evangelisten Matthäus.* Von Johann Sebastian Bach. Bearbeitet für Pianoforte allein mit Beifügung der Textesworte von Selmar Bagge. Leipzig: Breitkopf und Hartel.

Rayons d'Azur. Polka de salon. Par L. M. Gottschalk. Œuvre posthume, publié sur manuscrits originaux avec autorisation de sa famille, par Clara Gottschalk. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

Les Clochettes. Galop brillant. Par Durand de Grau. Op. 18. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

The Shepherd Boy. Arranged for four hands. By G. D. Wilson. Op. 14. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

The Angel at the Window. Song. Words by Miss Wilhelmina Baines. Music by Berthold Tours. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

The Child's Vision. Composed by James L. Molloy. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

The Night has a Thousand Eyes. Words by F. W. Bourdillon. Music by F. Boott. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

In Shadowland. Song. Words by Rea. Music by Ciro Pinsuti. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

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Window, is written with considerable appreciation of what is effective in the modern *salon,* Blumenthal style, and may take rank with the writer's best productions. Its real musical value is slight at best, but there are some points in it that an effective singer could easily turn to good account. At any rate the music is much better than the words deserve.

Molloy's *The Child's Vision* shows much more intrinsic musicianship, although not quite so much routine in composing. It is evidently written with much care, and is built upon better models, with an apparently higher artistic aim. There is still some rather poor harmony in it; for instance, in the four bars of instrumental introduction the generally dissonant effect can only be called unpleasant. In some places the musical rhythm does not quite agree with the prosodical metre, resulting in the accent falling upon wrong words; as where the iambic metre of

"It is not earthly music, that fills me with delight,"

is, in the second hemistich, forced by the music to a sort of halting dactylic metre, making the accent fall thus, :—

that' fills mĕ with' dē-light'

We cannot see that the musical rhythm would be at all injured by a closer adherence to the metre and sense of the text.

Francis Boott's *The Night has a Thousand Eyes* is well written, and marked by a certain refined poetical flavor which the composer often succeeds in giving to his songs. What is most grateful to us in the song is the total absence of straining after effect, and the simple, easy flow of the melody and harmony. Had the composer not been over-anxious to make the piano-forte accompaniment, as we think, unnecessarily easy, the contrapuntal leading of the voices and the mere sonorous effect on the instrument would have been better in some places. Apart from this we can see no technical defect in the song (a rare thing nowadays), the fifths in the fourth measure of the fourth page having abundant authority in the best of modern composers, and being withal quite a happy effect when taken in connection with the spirit of the text.

Ciro Pinsuti's *In Shadowland* is not by any means without merit, though inferior to the foregoing songs. The technical part of the composition is very good, as songs of this class go, but there is a hopeless air of weak sentimentality about the song that makes the second and third verses rather tiresome.

EDUCATION.

NOTHING in England has of late been more the object of attack than the most striking and distinctive feature of the English colleges — their endowed fellowships. Our readers are of course aware that in each of the twenty colleges, more or less, that constitute an English university, there exist from a dozen to sixty foundation fellowships filled year by year, as vacancies occur in them, from the ranks of the ablest and most learned of the recent graduates. No duties are required of the successful candidates; they are supposed in the original theory of the foundation to devote themselves to study and the instruction of their juniors, suppositions which in a very large number of cases in these days are fully true. Those who prefer a more active life than can be led at the university find the income of their fellowship, always something more than £300 a year, a most comfortable support during the early years of the hard struggle to obtain a foothold in the crowded ranks of professional life. One great end that the fellowships have always served has been to assist young men of brains in their rise from poverty to the highest positions in law, the church, and the schools.

But of late years a sect has arisen, devoted more to physical science than anything else, though recruited also from the historians and the classical scholars, which holds that £300 or £400 a year for at least seven years, and often much longer, is a heavy price to pay for the kind and amount of learning that a young fellow of four-and-twenty can be credited with possessing, and

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which preaches the necessity of cutting down very largely the rewards paid for past youthful acquisitions, and of devoting the greater part of the revenues of the colleges to the support of mature learning and original research. This movement has found its most complete expression in Mr. Mark Pattison's Suggestions on Academical Reorganization — a book full of interest and vigor. The present arrangements, however, are too essential to the existing higher education in England, and have too strong a support in tradition, usefulness, and reason, to allow the reformers to hope for much immediate success in their endeavors.

We desire, however, most of all, at the present time not so much to discuss the condition and prospects of the English institution as to notice how in this, our Tudor age of endowment of colleges and schools, the recurrence of the same causes produces the same effects, and how year by year our colleges are welcoming the addition of fellowships and graduate scholarships to their hitherto meagre provision for higher instruction. Until the last few years the American college was made up wholly of two classes, mutually exclusive, the professors and the under-graduate students. The very sharpness of the distinction between them accentuated all their differences: the business of the one body was to teach and govern, too often to govern and teach; the business of the other was to receive so much instruction as would enable them to satisfy the daily recitation and the annual examination; the very salt of the under-graduate world almost never thought of the possibility or usefulness of mastering subjects in their entirety, or of pursuing any independent study; by far the greatest part of the better under-graduates was chasing that *ignis fatuus* of the student world, improvement by "general reading." It was almost unknown that any student remained at the seat of learning after attaining his first degree; the ambitious youth who aspired for new worlds to conquer was forced to exile himself to European universities, where, unless the lucky man could spend several years, a large amount of valuable time was necessarily lost in adjusting himself to his new relations.

The first signs of a better state of things in the higher education appeared, we believe, at New Haven, where distinguished professors, such as Professor Whitney and the late Professor Hadley, collected about them, in connection with the Sheffield School, a small but yearly increasing number of graduate students in philological and scientific studies. With the lapse of years and the completer development of the system of education, the number of professors and students has so greatly increased, that already the graduate students in the Department of Philosophy and Arts number as many as sixty, who are instructed by a faculty of nearly thirty professors. Nor while Yale College has been growing so strong in the higher studies, has Harvard College been backward in this cause; although, as is right with what is development from within more than imitation, the forms into which education has been cast are dissimilar, being determined by the different traditions and circumstances of the two colleges. At Yale, as all know, the old mixed education is retained, and the under-graduate course serves as a foundation for the higher instruction, which is conveyed in regulated courses of study. Harvard, on the contrary, cutting down the common education to a low limit, has admitted the studies which at Yale are post-graduate into the liberty of under-graduate selection. Each system has its merits, and we esteem it no misfortune for the future of education that our leading colleges, with the same end in view, pursue widely different paths to attain it.

At Harvard College, with the enormous extension of the elective system in the last two or three years, and the proportionate increase in the amount of instruction offered the students (at the present time, we believe, three or four times as much as any one student can avail himself of in his under-graduate course), we find that even in this the second year of the new regulation with regard to the second degree, more than thirty graduates have remained at Cambridge to enjoy more fully the generous provision that the college makes in all departments of higher study; and most of them indeed are registered as candidates for the newly established doctorate, which requires two full years of post-graduate study.

It is especially noteworthy that by recent endowment the English system of fellowships in a modified form has been introduced into Harvard College, and the opportunities for higher education extended to those young men of ability whose means are otherwise too narrow to allow them to make their training complete. First were founded the Harris Fellowship and the Graduates' Scholarship; then Mr. Bancroft set a noble example to other men of letters, by establish-

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ing a fellowship for foreign study; last and best the legacy of Mr. Parker has given the college three fellowships of the annual value of one thousand dollars each. We do not dwell on the opportunity for prolonged education given to those who enjoy these foundations, and desire only to express the hope that by this organization of advanced study something may be done to take away our national reproach — the absence of instructed special students in the various branches of knowledge. Perhaps, however, we may be allowed to call attention to another consequence, in our eyes almost as important as the immediate advantage, but not quite so apparent to those who live apart from a college community. We have already noticed the fact that our colleges are distinguished from the English by marking off the whole body of members into two groups separated by a hard and fast line. The teachers and those under direct instruction make up together the whole college. In England there is no such division possible; there are under-graduates held to a strict responsibility for the use of their time; there are older under-graduates who are almost and even sometimes quite freed from obligation; there are bachelors of arts studying for the fellowships, and often giving instruction to under-graduates; there are finally the fellows, tutors, and professors, some of whom are completely occupied in the work of instruction, some of whom are wholly given to study and research, the whole constituting, in truth, a building fitly framed together. To break down the wall of partition that unfortunately now exists in our colleges would do as much perhaps as any one thing to bring our students out of the delusion that their work has no permanent value, no relation to life beyond the lecture-room and the examination. The existence of an intermediate class of young students who are yet independent of control, who study in their own way and at their own time for an end they recognize as peculiarly their own, would help strongly to improve the attitude towards study among the under-graduates, and by establishing a medium of connection between the professorial class and the under-graduate, would make impossible that antagonism between the teachers and the taught which is the permanently impending danger in every American college.

— The catalogue of Harvard University for this year informs us of important changes in the requisitions for admission, by which, while the amount to be read in the Latin and Greek authors remains about the same as before, a greater variety is introduced, and a real knowledge of Latin is to be secured by requiring the candidate to translate at sight a passage of easy Latin prose, not previously read by him; by which, too, the history of Rome is added, and an elementary training in English composition demanded, together with an acquaintance with a few selections from English standard authors. Next year candidates for admission will also be required to translate at sight either easy French or German prose; and the year following they will be examined in either elementary botany, the rudiments of physics and chemistry, or the rudiments of physics and of descriptive astronomy, not only a knowledge of a good elementary text-book being required, but an ability in botany to analyze simple specimens, and in physics or chemistry to perform simple experiments.

Harvard College thus wisely, we think, demands additional knowledge and still more additional training. It is very desirable that a young man should be able to read some modern language besides his own, certainly desirable that he should be able to express himself properly in his own, and that he should have read a few of the best works in English as well as in Latin; important, too, that he should have early paid such attention to some branch of science, as to have trained his faculties in a way other than that given by his other studies.

There may be, however, some question whether the schools are yet prepared to give the education thus demanded of them, but Harvard College by requiring this offers them the most powerful incentive. It must be seen that these studies, added to the previous requisitions of Latin and Greek grammar, Latin and Greek composition, four books of Cæsar's Gallic War, Sallust's Catiline, four thousand lines of Ovid, the Eclogues and six books of the Æneid, eight orations of Cicero, the De Senectute, the Greek Reader, three books of Homer, arithmetic (including the metric system of weights and measures, and logarithms), algebra, plane geometry, Greek history, ancient, modern, and physical geography, require an extended preparatory course.

In large extents of our country, at least outside of the great cities and the preparatory schools attached to many of the Western colleges, there are no schools that

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afford good instruction in preparation for college. Harvard College is peculiarly situated. She has always been able to rely on having a considerable proportion of her students well prepared according to the standard that she has from time to time demanded. The Phillips Academy at Exeter, the Boston Latin School, the private classical schools in Boston, and some high schools in eastern Massachusetts have together sent her every year what would be considered a large class in many of our colleges. Not that these have been the only well-prepared young men, nor indeed that all of these have been well prepared, — many of her highest scholars have not come from these schools or this section, — but she has had from these schools an important part of every class, who have passed successfully and without conditions the examinations that she has set. We believe that these schools will be compelled to meet her requirements, whatever they may be, and that new schools will arise in the richer and more thickly settled parts of our country and in the large cities, the chief aim of which will be to prepare boys for the most advanced college education. But if Harvard College holds her candidates to a full knowledge of all these subjects, she will either receive a smaller number at first than she has for a few years past, or a comparatively few schools will, for the present, fit the greater part of her pupils. Many of the schools have been taxed to their utmost already in meeting her demands. None the less do we believe that she is thus doing a good service to education. Every year the schools will increase the quantity and quality of their work, and as her standard is met, the students at the other colleges will be also better prepared.

But this is not all that Harvard College is doing for the advancement of the standard of education in the upper schools. By her scheme of additional examinations in both the classics and mathematics, which those who wish to attain distinction "are advised to pass on entering," she offers to the schools an opportunity of extending for their best pupils very materially the course of preparatory studies, and to the students more advanced and additional studies in the college itself.

Now, we think that the hopes of the friends of university education, and the ambition of Harvard, as manifested in these requisitions, can be realized only on the condition that no part of the time allotted in boyhood to education is wasted. A young man of ability can, by seventeen or eighteen years of age, reach up to the full requirements of even the additional examinations on entering college, provided his education has been thorough, systematic, and continuous. But we fear that just here will be found the chief obstacle in the way of this attempt.

Hitherto the course of instruction at the academies has been short — at Exeter, Andover, and elsewhere, only three years. To meet the required examinations heretofore has compelled hard work during these years, and quite a large percentage of the pupils have been found unable or unwilling to apply themselves with sufficient energy to remain during the academic course. Indeed, the academy at Exeter, which has been of so much service to liberal education in our country, and whose record in scholarship has been so brilliant, has had the credit of producing the result in part by somewhat remorselessly cutting off its idlers and drones. Now this course of study must be lengthened — certainly, if the additional examinations are to be met, must be materially lengthened; but the time should be added to the beginning rather than to the end of the course; in other words, the special preparation for college must begin at an earlier age than is now usual, or there must be some way by which the course of study in the lower schools can be a systematic preparation for the higher. It is not desirable that the time of entering college should be any later. If the boy can be at the age of thirteen or fourteen thoroughly prepared in his arithmetic, geography, and spelling, if in addition to these he has been taught, as he very well may be, the elements of botany, and is already able to read easy French, he can be fitted in four years' additional time, if of good ability and industry, for the most advanced examination that any college is likely to propose. But it is in every teacher's experience that boys of thirteen or fourteen are in general very far from being prepared in these branches of study. The Dean of Harvard College, in this year's report, thinks that as soon as the leading colleges "unite in demanding of candidates for admission a thoroughly good training in English no less than in classical subjects, the schools which feed the colleges will in turn be able to exact from lower schools an efficiency which they now greatly lack." What the probabilities are that the schools

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which feed the colleges will be able to exact this efficiency from the lower schools, we may hereafter consider. It would be, however, leaving our present words incomplete, should we not say that it must be borne in mind that very few of the pupils of these lower schools ever enter those of a higher grade, and that the object of the grammar or district schools is quite different from that of forming one of a series of steps of which the highest shall be the university.

We should deem it probable that those schools whose special work is that of immediate preparation for college would find it serviceable to in some way attach to them schools preparatory to their own work. Indeed, this process seems to have already begun. The Boston Latin School, whose course was a few years ago greatly enlarged, has added, or is about to add, what will be substantially a preparatory class. Exeter prefixes to her course this year such a class. This enables her to add French and the new requirements in English to her list of studies. The new Adams Academy at Quincy, that opened a year and a half ago with a four years' course intended to prepare her ablest pupils for the advanced examination at Cambridge, but without the study of French, has this year found it expedient to form a class "in studies preparatory to the academy, comprising a thorough training in the elementary English branches, together with French, botany, and drawing," and adds French also to the regular course in the academy. We do not know whether Andover has adopted the same method, but she has already her English department, long established and successful, and would only find it necessary to require study there before entering upon the classical side.

There are disadvantages connected with this plan, the most obvious of which is the necessity of sending boys away from home at so early an age. It would be better for the home schools to do this part of the work if they could. The full course at the German gymnasia is nine years, and we may be sure that we cannot, any more than the Germans, complete a full and extended course of study — cannot reach high attainments — without systematic and long attention, nor without being willing to make for ourselves and our children the needful sacrifices.

— Very important educational improvements have been in progress in several European countries during the past five-and-twenty years, of which little seems to be known in this country. Thirty years ago or more, Horace Mann, and Professors Stowe and Bache, in their reports on foreign education, described the Prussian schools, and thereby did much to stimulate educational progress in America. But those publications, which did not aim at completeness, are now quite obsolete. Mr. Mann, for instance, set forth in imposing array, with much rhetorical embellishment, the provisions which had been made in different countries, especially in Prussia, for training teachers in normal schools. But his glowing enumeration is insignificant by the side of the present normal-school statistics of the same countries.

A small pamphlet in German, now before us, affords fresh and authentic information, of the most interesting and valuable description, about Prussian common-school education as it exists at the present time. It comprises the revised and improved programme of studies prescribed by the government, together with the detailed requirements for the normal training and the examination of teachers. What makes this little *brochure* extremely noteworthy is the fact *that it is the last word on the subject, from the most competent pedagogists or schoolmen in the world.* It is evidently a complete whole, a harmonious *system*, where each perfect detail is blended in the general excellence. It contains a clear and precise statement of the aims and requirements in respect to each subject of instruction. The time to be devoted to each branch is also prescribed. The following studies are obligatory for all children: religion, the mother-tongue including writing and grammar, arithmetic, practical elementary geometry, *realien* (comprising geography, history, the elements of natural history, and the rudiments of physics), drawing, singing, gymnastics, and, for girls, needlework. To each of the last four branches the pupils of the upper classes are required to give two hours weekly. In giving the gymnastic exercises, the teachers must follow the course laid down in the official manual prepared for the purpose.

To the average American teacher, the above schedule of studies will probably appear rather formidable; and most likely it will not be apparent to him how *time* is to be found to teach them all to any purpose, in the period allotted for the course of instruction in the common school. But the Prussian teachers, it is said, do find time for this, without subjecting their pupils to the "cramming" process, or to what we call

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"high pressure." Nor is it very difficult to discover how the Prussian teachers are enabled to do what seems to most American teachers impracticable. This programme throws much light on the subject. In the first place, it distinctly indicates what is to be accomplished, and puts just and reasonable limitations upon the requirements. And so the Prusssian teacher does not fritter away the time of his pupils in attempting to teach them a great mass of useless details which book makers have seen fit to print in text-books. But this is just what most American teachers are doing to an immense extent, greatly to the profit of book makers and book publishers, and at the same time to the great detriment of their pupils. And how can they be expected to do otherwise? No such a teacher's guide as this before us has been furnished by any American State. In the Massachusetts school-law the subjects to be taught are named, and nothing more. It is so in all the States, or in nearly all. The consequence is, the teachers are very generally left by the local authorities to teach what there is in the prescribed text-books. There are exceptions to this state of things, we are aware, in many of the city schools where there is an efficient superintendence exercised by the school boards and their experienced officers. In New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and some other cities, programmes have been adopted which are intended to secure a rational and economical handling of the subjects to be taught. But nowhere is this intention satisfactorily realized. And speaking generally, it is substantially correct to say that the American teacher has for his guide, instead of a carefully prepared, rational programme, a list of prescribed text-books, too numerous and too voluminous by half, the contents of which he is expected to teach his pupils as best he can. He knows very well, from experience, that whatever else his pupils may be expected to know, they must not fail to answer any questions on the text of the prescribed books, so far as they have been studied. Hence of necessity his chief business must consist in giving out lessons and in hearing recitations. In fact, the characteristic of American teaching, in all its grades, is that it consists mainly of the hearing of recitations from text-books. The Prussian method is totally different. The Prussian teacher *teaches his pupils and works with them.* The text-book is used only for reference, and as an aid to the pupils in preparing reviews. In this way the Prussian teacher makes very short work of geography, on which our American teachers feel compelled to waste a great amount of time, and so must crowd out drawing or singing.

But this pamphlet not only indicates the right way of handling the subjects of instruction; it shows also how the teachers are prepared for this sort of work. A perfect programme is a most useful instrument in skilled hands, but it is only so much waste paper in unskilled hands. The Prussian ministry of instruction is by no means content simply to put forth a well-contrived course of study, and then tell the local authorities to carry it out. It prescribes, at the same time, the course of culture and technical training for the teachers, to enable them to handle the programme according to its letter and spirit. And what is more to the point, it provides in abundance the institutions in which this culture is imparted. Prussia was the first country in the world to set the example of establishing normal schools, the earliest of these institutions dating back as far as 1701. In 1819 it was decreed that ten should be established, one in each province. Now there are *eighty-eight.* In the whole German Empire there are one hundred and forty-three. And the course of training in these professional schools varies from three to six years.

If this pamphlet which we have taken as our topic could be translated and printed, and distributed largely throughout America, it could not fail to render an important service to the cause of popular education.

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